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FEBRUARY, 1916

Clytemnestra

By A. Mackintosh

Out of the drinking cup,
Out of my own hearth-fire,
The taint of blood goes up,
The scent of the burning pyre.
When the feasters' shout is high,
Or the spinning maidens sing,
I hear the dead man's cry,
The dead who was my king.

For this is an ageless thing,
And the blood runs fresh again
In the cleansing draught from the spring,
And the storéd wine I drain.
And the joyous marriage-song,
And the drinking-song at the board
Is the voice that sobbed so long
In the agony of my lord.

Oh, dark stern face of him
I wedded and could not love,
Oh terrible eyes grown dim,
And torn black hair above,
Oh hands so strong in fight
So weak in the folding net,
Dead feet that by day and night
Follow the slayer yet,

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Lo I am drawing near
To the door of the house of death.
Must I for ever hear
The sound of the labouring breath?
Must I for ever see
The murdered body lie,
And on my own roof-tree
The blood that will not dry?

Ecclesiastes

Oh vanity of vanities,
And following of wind
Through the dim avenues and deep
Abysses of the mind,
When will our ears be deaf at last,
When will our eyes be blind?

Oh vanity of vanities,
And lighter than the air,
And restless hearts unsatisfied
With searching everywhere,
When will the restless heart be still,
And loosened from its care?

Oh vanity of sorrowing,
And emptiness of mirth,
And wandering fires of thought in clay
Imprisoned at our birth,
When will the wandering fires go out,
And earth return to earth?

To the Mother-Heart

By Theodore H. van Beek

THE little boy who followed you all day
With brave uncertain feet, and babywise
Caught at your skirt to smile up in your eyes—
Oh! mountains high—till in your arms he lay;
The little boy for whom the heart will pray
In vain when the light fades from evening skies—
The mother-heart that bleeds but never dies
Tho' all things fail, tho' all things pass away;

The little roguish boy—ah! who could tell
From this, this shattered heap of bloody clay,
Vested in martial rags, and where it fell
Reeking its execration to the skies,
The little boy who followed you all day
And smiled into your face with angel eyes?

The Story of My Books

By Edward Carpenter

THE fate of my books has been interesting—at any rate to myself! Leaving aside *Narcissus and Other Poems*, and *Moses: a drama*—which were written in early days at Cambridge, and were only, so to speak, exercises in literature and efforts to vie with then-accepted models—*Towards Democracy*, of course, has been the start-point and kernel of all my later work, the centre from which the other books have radiated. Whatever obvious weaknesses and defects it may present, I have still always been aware that it was written from a different *plane* from the other works, from some predominant mood or consciousness superseding the purely intellectual. Indeed, so strong has been this feeling that, though tempted once or twice to make alterations from the latter point of view, I have never really ventured to do so; and now, after more than thirty years since the inception of the book, I am entirely glad to think that I have not.

It is a curious question—and one which literary criticism has never yet tackled—why it is that certain books, or certain passages in books, will bear reading over and over again without becoming stale; that you can return to them after months or years and find entirely new meanings in them which had escaped you on the first occasion; and that this can even go on happening time after time; while other books and passages are exhausted at the first reading and need never be looked at again. How is it possible that the same phrase or concatenation of words should bear within itself meaning behind meaning, horizon after horizon of significance and suggestion? Yet such undoubtedly is the case. Portions of the poetic and religious literature of most countries, and large portions of books like *Leaves of Grass*, the *Bhagavat Gita*, Plato's *Banquet*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, have this inexhaustible germinative

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quality. One returns to them again and again, and continually finds fresh interpretations lurking beneath the old and familiar words.

I imagine that the explanation is somewhat on this wise : That in the case of passages that are exhausted at a first reading (like statements, say, of church doctrine or political or scientific theory) we are simply being presented with an intellectual "view" of some fact ; but that in the other cases in some mysterious way the words succeed in conveying the fact itself. It is like the difference between the actual solid shape of a mountain and the different views of the mountain obtainable from different sides. They are two things of a different order and dimension. It almost seems as if some mountain-facts of our experience *can* be imaged forth by words in such a way that the phrases themselves retain this quality of solidity, and consequently their outlines of meaning vary according to the angle at which the reader approaches them and the variation of the reader's mind. None of the outlines are final, and the solid content of the phrase remains behind and eludes them all. Anyhow, the matter is a most mysterious one ; but as a fact it remains, and demands explanation.

I have felt somehow with regard to *Towards Democracy* that—while my other books were merely subsidiary, and mainly represented "views" and "aspects"—this one (with all its imperfections) had that central quality and kind of other-dimensional solidity to which I have been alluding. And my experiences in writing it have corroborated that feeling.

I have spoken elsewhere about the considerable period of gestation and suffering in my own life which preceded the birth of this book ; nor were its troubles over when it made its first appearance in the world. The first edition, printed and published by John Heywood, of Manchester, at my own expense, fell quite flat. The infant showed hardly any signs of life. The Press ignored the book or jeered at it. I can only find one notice by a London paper of the first year of its publication, and that is by the old sixpenny *Graphic* (of August 11th, 1883), saying—not without a sort of pleasant humour—that the phrases are "suggestive of a lunatic Ollendorf, with stage directions," and ending up with the admission that "the book is truly mystic,

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wonderful—like nothing so much as a nightmare after too earnest a study of the Koran!" The *Saturday Review* got hold of the *second* edition, and devoted a long article (March 27th, 1886) to slating it and my socialist pamphlets (*Desirable Mansions*, etc.) as instances of "the kind of teaching which is now commonly set before the more ignorant classes, and which is probably accepted in good faith by not a few among them. A haphazard collection of fallacies, to which the semblance of a basis is given by half-a-dozen truisms, flavoured by a little Carlylese, or by diluted extracts of Walt Whitman . . . such is the compound which 'cultivated' Socialism offers as a new and saving faith to the working classes, and of which the works before us offer a good example." Then follow severe comments on my absurd views about usury and the manners and customs of the rich, and finally a long quotation from *Towards Democracy*, of which book the writer says: "And this sort of thing goes on through two hundred and fifty pages, the blank monotony of which is only relieved here and there by a few passages which it would be undesirable to quote, and which it is not wholesome to read."

The London Press—when it did design to notice my work—followed the same sort of lead; and it was left (as usual) to comparative outsiders to make any real discovery in the matter. Curiously enough, a very young man (George Moore-Smith), in a long article in the *Cambridge Review* of November 14th, 1883, led the way in drawing serious attention to the first edition. Havelock Ellis also dug it out of a second-hand bookshop. The *Indian Review* (Wm. Digby) of May, 1885, had a remarkably sympathetic and intelligent notice of the second edition, and I owe much to my friend W. P. Byles's introduction of the book to Northern readers through the *Bradford Observer* (of March 19th, 1886).

With the third edition (1892) a certain amount of timid acknowledgment set in. Notices in a few more or less well-known papers were friendly, though brief and cautious, as with a scent of danger. The fourth and complete edition did not appear till ten years later (1902), and by that time the book had established itself. It had ceased to demand Press appreciations, favourable or otherwise; and so the critics—*very luckily for themselves*—escaped, and

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have escaped, without ever having had to give any sort of full pronouncement or verdict on the book!

To return to the first edition. I only had 500 copies printed; but at the end of two years, when I had gathered material enough for a second edition, there were still a hundred or so of these on hand. All the same I did not feel any serious misgiving. I caused 1,000 copies to be printed of the second edition (260 pp.), sent them round to the Press again, and waited. This was in 1885. If anything, the reception accorded was worse than before—in a sense worse, because there was more of it! By 1892—when I needed to print a third edition—only some 700 copies of the second edition had gone: seven hundred in seven years! The prospects were not good, yet I did not feel depressed. I had certainly not expected any great sale; and there were even signs of improvement. My *other* books were beginning to attract a little attention. It was obviously also hard on this book to have it published in Manchester. So I determined to go to London. There was no possible chance of getting a publisher there to take it as his own speculation; so I went to Mr. Fisher Unwin and asked him to print at my expense and sell it on commission—which he naturally was quite willing to do. The book had now grown to 368 pp., and its price had to be raised from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; but its sales actually improved, and for two or three years ranged at about 200 copies a year. I began to think it was just possible that my little bark would navigate itself, that it would float out on deeper waters and into the world-current; when something disastrous happened which left it in the shallows for quite a few years longer.

That something was the Oscar Wilde trial or trials, which took place in the spring of 1895; but to understand how they affected *Towards Democracy* I must go back a little. Early in 1894 I started writing a series of pamphlets on sex questions—those ordinary questions of Love and Marriage which at that time were generally tabooed and practically not discussed at all, though they now have become almost an obsession of the public mind. As pamphlets of that kind would have no chance with the ordinary publishers, I got them printed and issued by the

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Manchester Labour Press—a little association for the spread of Socialist literature, on the committee of which I was. The Pamphlets were *Sex-love, Woman, and Marriage*; and they sold pretty well—three or four thousand copies each. Encouraged by their success I began early in 1895 to put them together, and add fresh matter to them, till I had a book ready for publication—which I afterwards entitled *Love's Coming-of-Age*. This book I offered to Fisher Unwin (as he was already selling *Towards Democracy*) and he accepted it—undertaking to produce the book himself and give me a fair Royalty.

But meanwhile the agitation with regard to the Wilde affairs increased. Wilde himself was arrested in April, 1895, and from that moment a sheer panic prevailed. Fisher Unwin refused to continue the production of the proposed book. He thought it too dangerous (though, as a matter of fact, it contained no reference to Wilde and his views); and not content with that he finally went so far as to turn *Towards Democracy* out of his shop! I felt sorry for his perturbation and quite understood some of its causes; but the matter was naturally very inconvenient for me. Thus my two books, *Towards Democracy* and *Love's Coming-of-Age*, like two poor little orphans, were now both out on the wide world again; and I had to consider what to do with them.

For the moment I will go on with *Love's Coming-of-Age*. Being routed by Fisher Unwin, I went to Sonnenschein, Bertram Dobell, and others—altogether five or six publishers—but they all shook their heads. The Wilde trial had done its work; and silence must henceforth reign on sex-subjects.* There was nothing left for me but to return to my little Labour Press at Manchester, and get the book printed and published from there—which I did, the first edition being issued in 1896.

It is curious to think that that was not twenty years ago, and what a landslide has occurred since then. In 1896 no "respectable" publisher would touch the volume, and yet by to-day the tide of such literature has flowed so full and fast that my book has already become quite a little old-fashioned and demure. But the severe resistance and

* I may say here that I never happened to meet Oscar Wilde personally.

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rigidity of public opinion at the time made the volume very difficult to write. The readiness, the absolute determination of people to *misunderstand* if they possibly could, rendered it very difficult to guard against misunderstandings, and as a matter of fact nearly every chapter in the book was written five or six times over before I was satisfied with it.

Love's Coming-of-Age ought, of course (like some parts of *England's Ideal*), to have been written by a woman; but, though I tried, I could not get any of my women friends to take the subject up, and so had to deal with it myself. Ellen Key, in Sweden, began—I fancy about the same period—writing that fine series of books on *Love, Marriage, Childhood*, and so forth, which have done so much to illuminate the Western World; but at that time I knew nothing of her and her work.

My book circulated almost immediately to some extent in the Socialistic world, where my name was fairly well known; but some time elapsed before it penetrated into more literary and more "respectable" circles. One of the first signs of its succeeding in the latter direction took a rather amusing shape. I had, one day, to call upon a well-known London publisher (who was already publishing some of my books, though he had refused this particular one) on business, and having discussed the matters immediately in hand, he presently turned to me and inquired how my *Love's Coming-of-Age* was selling. I, of course, gave a fairly favourable account. "I think," said he in a somewhat chastened tone, "that perhaps we made rather a mistake in refusing some little time back to take it up. A Sunday or two ago I was at church [probably a Congregational or Unitarian Chapel], and the minister quoted a page or two from your book, and spoke very highly of it, and actually gave the published address and price, and all; and I saw quite a lot of people noting the references down." He paused, and then added: "Quite a good advertisement—worth thirty or forty copies, I daresay." I could not help smiling. No wonder he was sorry! But the story gave promise of better things to come.

In 1902 the said publishing firm was glad to take the book up and publish it on commission for me—which they (and their successors) have done ever since. And its sale

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in England (though not phenomenal like that of the German translation) has, I must say, been very good.

To return to *Towards Democracy*. Considering its expulsion from Mr. Fisher Unwin's shop and the generally panicky condition of the book market in London, there seemed nothing to do but to return to Manchester and place it also in the hands of the little Labour Press for publication. The two thousand or so copies remaining in Unwin's hands were my property, and I had only to remove them to Manchester, get a new title-page printed, and have them issued from there. This I accordingly did, and in 1896 the Labour Press edition appeared—368 pp., the same as Fisher Unwin's. Naturally the Labour Press connection was not very favourable as regards circulation, and the price (3s. 6d.) was high for Socialist and Labour circles. The spread of the book remained slow—slower, of course, than it had been with Unwin, and hardly amounted to 100 copies a year.

This was bad; but worse remained behind. Somewhere early in 1901 the Labour Press—whose financial affairs had never been very satisfactory—went bankrupt! I knew, of course, what was pending; and as the stock of *Towards Democracy* belonged to *me*, and I knew that if left at the Press it would be in danger of falling into the creditors' hands, there was nothing left but to smuggle it away as soon as I could into some place of safe keeping. Mr. James Johnston, City Councillor, always a good friend, came to the rescue, and offered me storage room in his office. I hired a dray. And so one foggy day, with a good part of a ton of *Towards Democracy* on board—which I helped to load and unload—I jogged with the drayman through the streets of Manchester amid the huge turmoil of the cotton goods and other traffic. A strange load—and I never before realised how heavy the book was!

It lay there for some months, and then about July of the same year I made arrangements with Sonnenschein and Co. for them to sell the book on commission, and the stock was transferred into their hands. From that time its sales slowly went forward—from 100 or 150 per annum in 1902 to 800 or 900 in 1910, when the Sonnenschein business, and with it my book, passed into the hands of George Allen and Co. In 1902 the fourth part of *Towards*

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Democracy, i.e., "Who Shall Command the Heart?" was published; and in 1905 this was incorporated with the three former parts in one complete volume. Later in the same year I succeeded (a long-cherished project) in producing a pocket edition of the whole on India paper, which has ever since sold alongside and in equal numbers with the Library edition. Thus, after twenty-one years (in 1902) these writings (begun in 1881) came to an end; and three years later the book took its definite and permanent form in print and binding, and some sort of rather indefinite place in the world of letters.

Talking about their place in the world of letters, some of my books have, I fear, puzzled the public by their titles. *Ioläus* has been much of an offender in this way. The uncertainty as to who or what Ioläus might be, the difficulty of knowing how to spell the word, and the impossibility of pronouncing it, proved at one time such obstacles that they quite adversely affected the sales. On one occasion I received a telegram from a firm asking me to send at once 200 Oil-cans. My puzzlement was great, as I had indeed never embarked in the oil trade, nor in my wildest dreams thought of doing so—till suddenly it flashed upon me that the message, having had to pass through a rustic post-office, had been transformed on the way, and that the romantic friend and companion of Hercules had been turned into a paraffin tin! After that I modified the title so as to avoid any such sacrilege in the future.

Coming back to *Towards Democracy* again, I do not know that I have ever seen a very serious estimate or criticism of that book in any well-known literary paper. Like others of my works it has come into the literary sheep-fold, not through the accepted gate, but "some other way, like a thief or a robber." It has been generally ignored—as already explained—by the guardians of the gate, yet it has quietly and decisively established itself, and the "sheep" somehow have taken kindly to the "robber." And perhaps the matter is best so. A book of that kind is not easy to criticise; it cannot be dispatched by a snap phrase; it does not belong to any distinct class or school; its form is open to question; its message is at once too simple and too intricate for public elucidation—even if

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really understood by the interpreter. That it should go its own way quietly, neither applauded by the crowd, nor barked at by the dogs, but knocking softly here and there at a door and finding friendly hospitality—is surely its most gracious and satisfying destiny.

But though the ignoring by the critics of *Towards Democracy* has seemed natural and proper, I confess I have been somewhat surprised by their non-recognition or non-discussion of the questions dealt with in the other books; because, as I have said, these books are on a different plane from *Towards Democracy*. They deal with theories or views which flow (as I think) perfectly logically from the central idea of *Towards Democracy*—just as the different views or aspects of a mountain flow perfectly logically from the mountain-fact itself. We cannot discuss the central idea, but we can discuss the aspects, because they come within the range of intellectual apprehension and definition. If the world—it seems to me—should ever seize the central fact of such books as *Leaves of Grass* and *Towards Democracy*, it must inevitably formulate new views of life on almost every conceivable subject: the aspects of all life will be changed. And the discussion and definition of these views ought to be extraordinarily interesting. It is therefore surprising, I say, that no serious discussion of the underlying or implicit assumptions of these two books has yet taken place. It is true, of course, that to-day the world is witnessing a strange change of attitude on almost all questions, and a vague feeling after the new aspects to which I am alluding; but it does not concatenate these views on to any central fact, and therefore cannot deal with them adequately or effectively. It is as if people, having taken drawings of a hitherto unexplored mountain from many different sides, and comparing them together, should not realise that it is the *same* mountain which they have been observing all the time, and that there *is* a unity and a reality there which will explain and concatenate all the outlines. I say it is a little disappointing that this point has not yet been reached, because it would make the discussion and definition of the new views so wonderfully interesting. On the other hand, it is obvious that in the midst of the enormous output and rush of

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modern literature, critics generally have thrown up the sponge, and are content to get through their work perfunctorily or as best they can, without the added labour of tackling, or attempting to tackle, a great new synthesis.

The attempt made a quarter of a century ago—in *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure*—to define the characteristics of (modern) civilisation, and to show the civilisation period as a distinct stage in social evolution, destined to pass away and to be succeeded by a later stage—of which later stage even now some of the features may be indicated—has never as far as I know been seriously taken up and worked out. The Socialists, of course, have certain views on the subject, but they are limited to the economic field, and do not by any means cover the whole ground; and various doctrinaire sets and sects are nibbling at the problem from different sides; but a real statement and investigation of the whole question, and a linking of it up to deepest spiritual facts, would obviously be absorbingly interesting. I first read the paper which bears the above name at the Fabian Society (? in 1888), and, needless to say, it was jeered at on all sides; but since then, somehow, a change has come, and even Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw, who most attacked me at the time, have ceased to use the word "Civilisation" in its old optimistic and mid-Victorian sense. What we want now is a real summing-up and settling of what the word connotes—both from the historical point of view and with regard to the future.

Another paper in the same book, which shocked a good many of my Cambridge friends, was my "Criticism of Modern Science." The Victorian age glorified modern science—not only in respect of its patient and assiduous observation of facts, which everyone allows, but also on account of the supposed laws of Nature which it had discovered, and which were accounted immutable and everlasting. A light arising from some quite other source convinced me that this infallibility of the scientific "laws" was an entire illusion. I had been brought up on mathematics and physical science. I had lectured for years on the latter. But now the reaction set in; and—rather rudely and crudely it must be confessed—I turned on my old teacher to rend her! I published, in 1885, and in Manchester, a shilling pamphlet called "Modern Science: A

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Criticism," and sent it round to my mathematical and scientific friends. I think most of them thought I had gone daft! But, after all, the whirligig of Time has brought its revenge, and the inevitable evolution of human thought has done its work; and now, one may ask, where *are* the airy fairy laws and theories of the science of the last century? The great stores of observations and facts are certainly there, and so are the marvellous applications of these things to practical life—but where are the immutable laws?—where are the clean-cut systems of the families and species of plants and animals? where is Boyle's law of gases? where the stability of the planetary orbits? where the permanence and indestructibility of the atom? where is the theory of gravitation? where the theory of light, the theory of electricity? the law of supply and demand in political economy, of natural selection in biology? of the fixity of the elements in chemistry, or the succession of the strata in geology? All gone into the melting-pot—and quickly losing their outlines!

It is true that in the great brew which is being thus formed, rags and chunks of the old "Laws of Nature" are still discernible; but no one supposes they are there for long, and on all sides it is obvious that the scientific world is giving up the search for them, and the expectation (in the face of such things as Radium, Hertzian waves, Karyokinesis, and so forth) of ever reconstituting Science again on the old Victorian basis. These fixed "laws," it is pretty evident, and their remaining *débris* will melt away, till out of the seething brew something entirely different and unexpected emerges. And that will be? . . . Yes, what indeed out of such a cauldron might be expected to emerge—a living Form, a strange and wonderful Figure!

Yet the curious thing is that while this process of the dissolution of scientific theory is going on before our eyes, and on all sides, no one seems to be aware of it—at any rate, no one sums it up, gives it outline and definition, or tackles its meaning and result. Tolstoy was pleased with the attacks on modern science contained in *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure*, wrote to me about them, and had the chapter printed in Russian, with a preface by himself. But his point of view was that Science, being a serious enemy to Religion, anything which bombarded and crippled Science

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would help to free Religion. That was not my point of view. I do not regard Science—or rather Intellectualism—as the foe of Religion, but more as a stage which *has to be passed through* on the way to a higher order of perception or consciousness—which might possibly be termed Religion—only the word religion is too vague to be very applicable here.

Another airy castle which is obviously fading away before our eyes is that of the “Laws” of Morality. The whole structure of civilisation-morality is being rapidly undermined. The moral aspects of property, commerce, class-relations, sex-relations, marriage, patriotism, and so forth, are shifting like dissolving views. Nietzsche has scorched up the old Christian altruism; Bernard Shaw has burned the Decalogue. Yet (in this country and according to our custom) we jog along and pretend not to see what is happening. No body of people faces out the situation or attempts to foretell its future. The Ethical Society professes to substitute Ethics for Religion as a basis of social life; yet never once has it informed us what it means by Ethics! The law courts go mumbling on over ancient measures of right and wrong which the man in the street has long ago discarded. Much less has any group attempted to foreshadow the new Morality and concatenate it on to the great root-fact of existence. In my “Defence of Criminals: A Criticism of Morality,”* I gave an outline and an indication of what was happening and of the way out into the future; but that paper, as far as I know, has never been seriously discussed.

Nevertheless, under the surface new ideas are forming, the lines of the coming life are spreading. The book *Civilisation*—first published by Sonnenschein in 1889—has had a good circulation, and been translated into many languages. Though somewhat hastily and crudely put together, yet owing to a certain *élan* about it, and probably largely owing to the fact that it gives expression to the main issues above-mentioned, it has been well received.

One idea, which runs all through the book—namely, that of there being three great stages of Consciousness: the simple consciousness (of the animal or of primitive

* One of the chapters in *Civilisation: its Cause and Cure*.

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man), the self-consciousness (of the civilised or intellectual man), and the mass-consciousness or cosmic consciousness of the coming man, is only roughly sketched there, but is developed more fully in *The Art of Creation*. It is, of course, deeply germane to *Towards Democracy*. And though we may not yet be in a position to define the conception very exactly, still it is quite evident, I think, that some such evolution into a further order of consciousness is the key to the future, and that many æons to come (of human progress) will be ruled by it. Dr. Richard Bucke, by the publication (in 1901) of his book, *Cosmic Consciousness*, made a great contribution to the cause of humanity. The book was a bit casual, hurried, doctrinaire, un-literary, and so forth, but it brought together a mass of material, and did the inestimable service of being the first to systematically consider and analyse the subject. Strangely, here again we find that his book—though always spreading and circulating about the world, beneath the surface—has elicited no serious recognition or response from the accredited authorities, philosophers, psychologists, and so forth; and the subject with which it deals is in such circles practically ignored—though in comparatively unknown coteries it may be warmly discussed. So the world goes on—the real expanding vital forces being always beneath the surface and hidden, as in a bud, while the accepted forms and conclusions are little more than a vari-coloured husk, waiting to be thrown off.

Relating itself closely and logically with the idea (1) of the three stages of Consciousness is that (2) of the Berkeleyan view of matter—the idea that matter in itself is an illusion, being only a film between soul and soul: *called* matter when the film is opaque to the perceiving soul, but called mind when the latter sees through to the intelligence behind it. And these stages again relate logically to the idea (3) of the Universal or Omnipresent Self. The *Art of Creation* was written to give expression to these three ideas and the natural deductions from them.

The doctrine of the Universal Self is obviously fundamental; and it is clear that once taken hold of and adopted it must inevitably revolutionise all our views of morality—since current morality is founded on the separation of self from self; and must revolutionise, too, all our views

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of science. Such matters as the transmutation of chemical elements, the variation of biological species, the unity of health, the unity of disease, our views of political economy and psychology; production for use instead of for profit, communism, telepathy; the relation between psychology and physiology, and so forth, must take on quite a new complexion when the idea which lies at the root of them is seized. This idea must enable us to understand the continuity of man with the protozoa, the relation of the physiological centres, on the one hand to the individual man, and on the other to the race from which he springs, the meaning of reincarnation, and the physical conditions of its occurrence. It must have eminently practical applications as in the bringing of the races of the world together, the gradual evolution of a non-governmental form of society, the communalisation of land and capital, the freeing of woman to equality with man, the extension of the monogamic marriage into some kind of group alliance, the restoration and full recognition of the heroic friendships of Greek and primitive times; and, again, in the sturdy simplification and debarrassment of daily life by the removal of those things which stand between us and Nature, between ourselves and our fellows—by plain living, friendship with the animals, open-air habits, fruitarian food, and such degree of nudity as we can reasonably attain to.

These mental and social changes and movements, and many others which are all around us waiting for recognition, will clearly, when they ripen, constitute a revolution in human life deeper and more far-reaching than any which we know of belonging to historical times. Even any *one* of them, worked out practically, would be fatal to most of our existing institutions. Together they would form a revolution so great that to call it a mere extension or outgrowth of civilisation would be quite inadequate. Rather we must look upon them as the preparation for a stage entirely different from and beyond civilisation. To tackle these things in advance, to prepare for them, study them, understand them, is clearly absolutely necessary. It is a duty which—however burked or ignored for a time—will soon be forced upon us by the march of events. And it is a duty which cannot effectively be fulfilled piecemeal, but only by regarding all these separate movements of the

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human mind, and of society, as part and parcel of one great underlying movement—one great new disclosure of the human soul.

My little covey of books, dating from *Towards Democracy*, has been hatched mainly for the purpose of giving expression to these and other various questions which—raised in my mind by the writing of *Towards Democracy*—demanded clearer statement than they could find there. *Towards Democracy* came first, as a vision, so to speak, and a revelation—as a great body of feeling and intuition which I *had* to put into words as best I could. It carried with it—as a flood carries trees and rocks from the mountains where it originates—all sorts of assumptions and conclusions. Afterwards—for my own satisfaction as much as for the sake of others—I had to examine and define these assumptions and conclusions.

That was the origin of my prose writings, most of them—of *England's Ideal*, *Civilisation*, *The Art of Creation*, *Love's Coming-of-Age*, *The Intermediate Sex*, *The Drama of Love and Death*, *Angels' Wings*, *Non-Governmental Society*,* *A Visit to Gnani*,† and so forth. They, like the questions they deal with, have led a curious underground life in the literary world, spreading widely as a matter of fact, yet not on the surface. Like old moles they have worked away unseen and unobserved, yet in such a manner as to throw up heaps here and there, and in the most unlikely places, and bring back friends to me on all sides—lovely and beautiful friends for whom I cannot sufficiently thank them.

* A chapter in *Prisons, Police and Punishment*.

† In *Adam's Peak to Elephanta*.

Success

By Arthur Eckersley

THE railway station was an inspiring place this fine morning. There was so much noise and movement, such a glitter of sunshine up in the glass of the high roof—above all, such a sense of great and joyous happenings pervading everything—that it made one feel at times almost riotously glad to form part of such a delightful world.

This at least was its effect upon the man who was the central figure of the scene; but then he had his own special and private reasons for gladness. Not that they were wholly private. In one way this was the best of it all; the sense he had that all these people shared, in their lesser degree, the joy that possessed him. He could feel his own exhilaration reflected back to him from the eager faces, the smiles and congratulatory looks that formed the background of it.

He stood, as was right and proper, a little apart from the throng in a cleared space that had apparently been kept for him. Behind, at a respectful distance, were the two gentlemen, who had been deputed to attend his pleasure. Beyond them he was only vaguely conscious of a confused blur of crowding figures, policemen, officials, some uniforms perhaps that would account for the gleams of sharper colour, and at the back of all the shifting mass of the common people, the people whom his efforts had saved, who loved him in return with such intensity of devotion as made them partners in the happiness of which this day was to be the climax.

His heart was beating furiously. He caught his breath, and, with an enormous effort, endeavoured to school his face to that look of impersonal austerity that was, he knew, proper to one who was the centre of so much regard. The attempt was not very successful. His eyes were still

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shining, and only by biting his lips could he suppress the smile of boyish delight that threatened every moment to overspread them. At all events, however, one point was settled. He had sometimes wondered, away back in his former drab and unsuccessful life, whether a man on the pinnacle of some great and conspicuous triumph would have leisure to enjoy it. Now he knew.

To help his self-control, he forced his mind to consider the events that had brought him to his present position. Not the deed by which he had turned a whole nation from mourning to victory. That was ancient history by this time, already a little blurred as to its details even to himself who was responsible for it. But later, the rewards; wealth, fame, and honours beyond counting, culminating to-day in this state progress to the home that was the nation's gift to him, which he was to share with Alice.

Alice—that was the word that supplied the last touch, focussing everything into sharper reality. It was for her arrival that he and this multitude of eager onlookers were now waiting. She who had sympathised so long was to exult to-day, to drive beside him through the tumultuous streets, to taste their homage. . . . He glanced back into the long perspective of the lean years and laughed aloud.

As though this momentary lapse on his part had been a signal, he was aware in the same instant of a ripple of added excitement through the crowd. The two gentlemen behind him took each a discreet step nearer. There was a vibration in the air; then, with dignified smoothness, a blaze of light and colour, the train that was bringing Alice to join him drew into the station. She had arrived.

He stood motionless, only confusedly aware of a hurry of deferential officials. Perhaps there was crimson cloth under his feet, but it might have been only a path of sunlight down which the next instant he saw her advancing towards him . . . Alice. . . . The face that he remembered as always a little pale and worn-looking was now lit with a smile of welcome as her eyes met and rested upon his. How utterly unaltered she was by all these tremendous happenings.

Even as he took her in his arms, however, he saw that this familiar appearance was partly due to the fact that she

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still wore the same rather shabby clothes that he remembered in the days of his obscurity. The sight raised in him one of those swift gusts of anger to which he was subject. It seemed monstrous that Alice, of all people, should thus affront his new dignity. But next moment the rage had passed, and he saw, even in this conservatism of hers, an added zest to that which lay before him. Very gently and smilingly he released himself from the arms that clung with such almost fierce pressure about his neck; and turned to give the signal for departure.

Soon, through the lines of excited faces, pressing one behind the other, all eager for a glimpse at him, they had gained the courtyard of the station and the waiting carriage. Then the Progress began. As they turned out of the gates, the first impression of his real welcome broke upon him in a confusion of sound and brilliance. There was the flutter of innumerable flags, filling the air with a dazzle of bright colour. At many points of the route bands had been stationed, which on their approach crashed out some inspiring martial music, the tune of which was, however, drowned in the continuous, almost deafening, roar of applause that kept pace with them. On both sides of the road, as far as his eyes could reach, stretched this tumult of waving hats and handkerchiefs; all the inhabitants of the city seemed to have turned out to cheer him. This was a triumph, indeed, beyond anything that even he had anticipated. He longed more than ever to be able to laugh and shout back his greetings to all these friendly people. But he knew that this would not be correct. Even his surely excusable impulse to bow and smile an acknowledgment had been checked by the hand that for a moment Alice had laid upon his arm. He glanced at her then, and saw her sitting beside him, so grave and controlled that the sight sobered him. No doubt she was right. Impassive reception of this honour as only his due, that was the fitting attitude. But the heart within him sang all the more merrily for his outward calm, keeping time to the rhythm of the music that he could never quite catch. . . .

He thought of many things during that wonderful drive. His mind seemed to be working with such increased energy that he could savour the past and present simultaneously.

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Detached pictures from his former life floated before him, adding each by contrast to the sum of his present happiness. How hard he had worked in those days, and with seemingly such an entire absence of result (yet in reality it had all been leading to this!). All his life till now he had been considered a failure. Even Alice, though she had believed in him, or pretended to, had suffered from what appeared the futility of all his efforts. Indeed, her trials had been sharper than his, because of the sneers, or, worse still, the sympathy, of those others, her relatives, the Malevolent Ones. . . .

But to-day, as he knew, it was precisely from them that he was to extract the sweetest drop in his cup of triumph. He looked about him as he remembered this. The drive seemed now to have lasted for a long time, and he saw that they were nearing the end of it. Already before him towered the magnificent building that was the concrete sign and reward of his achievement, to which he was bringing Alice to live henceforth in luxury. Had ever wife such a home-coming? He glanced towards her again at the thought. Somehow she seemed—or was it his fancy?—as though all this splendour was beginning to oppress her. There was surely fear in her eyes. . . . But perhaps, after all, it was only natural. Women were like that.

For a moment, in this passing anxiety, he had forgotten the thought that had caused him such added exultation a moment before. Then he recovered it—the Relations. Always they had sneered, pitied. . . . Well, to-day they should see. This had been all carefully arranged at his orders, though in what manner he had not troubled to ask. (It was indeed one of the pleasantest attributes of this new greatness, that detail had entirely lost its old power to hinder. One wished that a thing should be thus and thus, and it was so without further bother—a vast improvement!) He had requested that the Relations should be given places close to the door of the palace, from which they might watch and be duly impressed by his arrival.

It was no surprise to him, therefore, to recognise them as the carriage drew up at the foot of the flight of steps that led to the great entrance. He saw that they had been stationed so that he must almost touch them—delicious

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thought!—as he passed. The whole tribe was there, uncles and cousins; and in the most conspicuous place that one whom he had hated beyond all the others, the brother-in-law who for so long had goaded him with taunts. This fellow had in his own utterly unimportant way attained some success (success!), and had used this to excuse a tone of galling superiority. "Ambition," he had once said contemptuously. "My dear George, of what use are ambitions without efficiency? Dreams, we practical people call them." The words had stung. Well, he and these others were now to witness the result of dreaming. Was there triumph in this? The man at whom they had sneered lowered his eyes to veil the fierce exultation that he knew must be glowing in them.

The sunshine was brighter than ever here, glittering on the many-coloured flags, the uniforms, the white radiance of the steps that seemed to stretch up and up indefinitely. The carriage stopped, and the two gentlemen-in-waiting, who had been seated opposite to him, sprang out. One of them assisted Alice to alight. . . . Last of all he himself stood up. His manner was perfect. Absolute and dignified calm to all outward seeming, though every nerve in his body was tingling with the rapture of such a moment as surely few mortals had experienced.

As he set foot upon the steps, the enthusiasm of the people, stilled momentarily by curiosity, broke out afresh. From somewhere near by, guns thundered a salute, shaking the air with their vibrations. Again the martial music rose, clearer now, so that it sounded even above the cheering, and he could keep pace with it as he climbed. Light and sound seemed to mingle and become interchangeable; dazzle of gold, tumult of many noises, through it all the pæan of his own exultant thoughts; so he mounted higher and higher. . . .

On the topmost step he lifted his eyes and found them, as he had known would be the case, staring into those of his enemy. Alice was still beside him, but for the moment he had forgotten her. There was no one in the world but himself and this contemptuous one who must witness his glory. It was the climax. In that look he touched the zenith.

Then, just as he was passing on through the doors,

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beyond which he could now dimly see the magnificent, half-recognised figures of those great persons who were waiting to receive him, something happened. . . . For an instant he was conscious of a change upon the face of his enemy. He saw the fury of hate and humiliation in it grow to a swift resolve; the hand that had been hidden was lifted; there was a glint of steel, and then . . . a sudden shattering blow . . . the light split into a thousand dazzling stars, the music roared in his ears like falling water . . . then both faded into nothing.

His own two attendants had carried him through the hall, and into a little room that opened out of it. There the young doctor of the asylum had for a while busied himself with an examination that from the first held no possibilities of doubt. He rose from kneeling beside the body, and confronted the woman who stood, pale but dry-eyed, looking down upon it.

"Instantaneous," he said gently. "Most of them go like that at the end." Then added, "It sounds brutal to speak of it at this moment, but it may help you to know that your husband could never have recovered his reason, though he might have lingered here waiting for this release for years. It is surely better for it to have come quickly."

"Much better," she said; then, almost with an air of apology, "He had a hard life, full of disappointments. It was that which drove him insane. He was always very ambitious in his own mind."

The young doctor followed her gaze to the worn face upon which rested now the smile of one who was beyond the need of dreams.

"In his own mind," he said, "he triumphed. What more could anyone wish?"

Trivialities

No. I. Acids in Solution

By Granville Barker

MY DEAR LETTICE,

On the whole : No. "Mr. Arthur B.S. regrets that he is unable to accept Miss Lettice N.D.'s kind invitation to tea."

It is a case of conscience, a balancing upon a razor edge, perhaps, but a matter needing decision, not one for the tossing of a coin. It has taken him a day to decide; he will now present you with the whys and wherefores of the decision. Detailing them in cold ink will do him good, reviewing them may even do you no harm.

I am not coming because you have not invited my wife. There !

Let us go back a bit. You and I first met—did we not?—something over fifteen years ago. We were twenty. I am now thirty-five, you are probably not so old; my wife owns to forty-four. These are foolish facts, the foundations of this rather foolish matter.

I can look back, I think, with detachment upon that tennis-playing, music-loving, theatre-going set that you and I were part of. Anti-romantics—were we not?—products, perhaps, of the mood of national self-distrust which followed that little dose of fighting in South Africa. Our country was going to the dogs, our ambition was to help it go gracefully.

What has become of us all? Three, at least, are dead. One (we know his name too well) has come to grief. He found out the other day that I was back in England and it cost me £5. I fear I am so callous about him that I only asked myself was the tale he told worth the money; but if he repeats it to you in a begging letter (and he'd try to borrow money off a starving tinker) don't believe

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him; it's a shocking lie. Jack Pearson has done, it seems, sensationally well. I think he is neither more nor less of a charlatan than we always thought him. Most of us have married, though you'll note that, except for the Burbidges, we've none of us married in the set. Of the women I really think only you and Jane Davis survive single, and I'm told that Jane has taken to politics, of the patriotic sort. I am the latest bridegroom. I thanked you for the sleeve-links, and now, after a decent interval, you ask me to tea, at your club.

You have said no doubt a dozen times by this: "There's Arthur has married for money." You have said it, I hope, with the approving, cynical smile that we all learned the trick of and would practise. It's quite true enough a charge for tea-table talk. Did my wife not enjoy a most comfortable income (thank you!) I certainly should not have married her, nor would she, I hope, have risked marrying me. Surely, my dear Lettice, you expected nothing else of me.

Viewing life as we did at twenty, what other should it mean to us at thirty-five? For how wonderfully level-headed we were! To be good pals, but not to push even friendship to the unselfish extreme that might embarrass its recipient; to think well of each other, but never so well that it must hurt us to hear wittily unpleasant things or that we be tempted to a defence, unless that in turn could be made but another facet of an attack; to hold to such a just sufficiently bracing standard of manners, morals, ambitions, and ideals that there could be no excuse for falling below it and no temptation to soar above! And I protest that I have held to this code and still think it a good one. Had I grown romantic and sentimental I should have grown egotistical and fussy, too. And I am not. I am a very pleasant companion, as you would find if I came to tea.

But, before we get to the why and wherefore of this refusing, to prove, too, my boasted lack of egotism, may I break down the old code so far as to say a few things to your face such as I should expect your real best friend and mine to like to hear behind your back while she (or would it be he?) just lacked the ill-nature to repeat them to you? If you think I am wrong in my etching of you

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it won't matter; if I'm right, pray forgive me. The flat truth is, though, perhaps, that I feel in my bones you've been saying nasty things about me and my wife and I want to pay you out a little if I can.

Lettice, you were the wittiest of the set. No compliment; I think you were. For even now phrases of yours endure with me and can make me smile at odd and inappropriate moments. Wasn't it you who said of Mrs. Lennox that her happiness was a kind of pessimism? You told Jack Pearson, our foreordained *arriviste*, when he blithered about his mystical side, that he believed in *This World to Come*. But as a rule you only struck sparks from the appearances of people, seldom from any idea of what they might be under their skins. Abstract ideas tired you a little; "bored" is the word you would have used. It is rude to say so, but as I grew weary of the constant sound of my own laughter (one does) so the constant glitter of this wit of yours began to weary me a little, too. Perhaps by this time it is wearying you a little. When I ask a mutual friend how you are I'm always told, "As witty as ever." Now to be as selfish as ever, as I am, or as dull as ever, or even as fat as ever, would show only a decent consistency. But as pretty as ever, or witty as ever! Oh, my dear Lettice, no; that surely is the rattling of bones I am angry with you, you see, and petulant.

You ought to have married. Probably, by this time, you would have regretted it. But that's the point; you ought by this to have done something you could regret. Haven't you been as much too constantly clever with your life as you used to be with your tongue? You used to be, you know. You were always on your guard. You gave one no chance to get simply fond of you, one had to be so much on guard in return; I found that out, when through a few days' weakness I let myself—not try, but stop trying; considered sitting down, so to speak, on the sentimental slide and sliding to your very pretty feet. I did indeed; but remember that, in spite of our pretences, we were very young. It was no use. I said about it afterwards that flirting with you was like eating apple tart; sweet enough, but one went in such fear of the cloves.

Why were you never content to make a fool of yourself? The woman who never will is like the general that makes

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no mistakes. But the greatest, said Napoleon, is he who makes *fewest*.

Your husband, I'm sure, would have had nothing to regret. "Damn your impudence," I hear you say. Or have you stopped mildly swearing? For I think you'd have managed to marry somebody not quite so clever as yourself; indeed, a little foolish. And you'd have been a wonderful wife for a fool. A pleasant fool would have been so grateful to you. He wouldn't have minded your superiority, he wouldn't even have minded your letting him know of it occasionally. But then, you were always one for such absolute give and take; you respected your own independence too much to be beholden to anyone, therefore it stood to reason—didn't it?—that no one could ever be happy beholden to you. My dear, the world is not so mathematically made as that, nor can we be quite so sure, I think, of our own value.

I suppose it was in search of some sort of happiness that you planned the road you are still travelling so straight ahead. But happiness lurks round corners. And, standing by your side now, looking back and forward, too, I must say the road does look to me a devilish long one. It looks devilish long, Lettice, and devilish straight, and the worst of these long straight roads is (for I've walked them in France) that you never seem either to get anywhere or to know how far you've travelled.

I agree, it would be just like old times to re-start one of our strictly intellectual flirtations over a cup of tea and a cigarette. What a way you had with a cigarette! And it isn't that my wife would object; please don't think that. She'd only hope I should enjoy it. Indeed, to please her, I should have to pretend to enjoy it. Lettice, I will confess to you that there was always a good deal of pretence over the enjoyment of those semi-amorous tourneys of ours. To feel that I must always be as witty as you were and take just such a sporting, self-important view of life, or else should be ashamed. Lettice, frankly, it was a strain. Don't tell me now that you felt just the same about me or I shall laugh.

And now I've given up pretending. I grew too lazy, and I thought, after all, that if I did find out the truth about myself it couldn't be so very dreadful. That's

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where we men have the pull of you; we're more cynical about ourselves than women; we are, you see, the older civilisation. Do you still cling desperately to the game for very fear of the little life that may be left you if you cease to play it? Should you run the risk? I daren't advise. I had a shock; I had several, but I faced the mental looking-glass and survived them. I remembered the fable of the Emperor's new clothes. How full of stale metaphor I am, you are thinking. My old habit! I remember you used to say that I came to tea like a Salome in her seven veils, seven moral tropes to be flung off at you and only then was I pleasantly shocking.

You wouldn't like my wife, though, oddly enough, she might not dislike you. For she is able, it seems, to like apparently uncongenial people for qualities she discovers in them which they would loathe to think they possessed. But you wouldn't like her. She says she is dull; she is wrong. But she is clever at dull things. She says she is incurably middle-aged. That's true, and she has taught me to aspire to be. She is plump and likes being plump; she says one should be fat by fifty. She goes to church; she likes going; she says it does her good. She's a bit of a snob; she likes ladies and gentlemen. There is nothing in that, you'll say, for we are all so well-born nowadays. But her definition is rather strict; it includes the practice of good manners. And she completes the circle, for good manners, she says, are the behaviour of ladies and gentlemen. Sometimes it seems I know so many people outside that circle and have not long strayed in myself.

She is troubled a little by the difference in our ages. For some time she would not marry me lest we should appear ridiculous together; I am stupid enough to look younger than I am. She is sensible, though sensitive about it, but, somehow, I don't like to have to watch her sense coming to the rescue. She has illusions about me, harmless ones, which luckily are not those I still hold about myself. So I can study to preserve her illusions. I tell her I will. She laughs at that.

She thinks that good behaviour and reputation are most important things and expects me to think so, or, if I don't, to act as if I did. Indeed, she demands that as a wifely right. In fact, she takes life seriously; she even

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takes politics seriously and masters the papers every day. She is meticulous about money; she thinks stamps should be paid for. She likes servants kept in their place. She won't have Maupassant lying about the house; if I must read him, she says, lock him up. She likes children, but she likes them to behave. She likes her dinner.

Letting, long before you have reached this point I see that smile I used to know so well curving your mouth. You're thinking of something witty to say. Now, listen. If I were to come to tea with you, once and several times again, you wouldn't blurt it out to me—oh, no! Better if you would for then I could laugh and tell it to my wife; and she can laugh her best at jokes about herself. But the unspoken malice would flavour our talk, our cigarettes, our tea; it would sweeten the sugar and sour the cream. Why is it that you, and your like, can never forgive the simple, happy woman? Yes, that thwarted wit of yours would thicken and grow into a very conspiracy of thought against her. And if for one single second I were weak enough to join it, I should be so ashamed.

Still, if ever you feel old enough come to tea with us. For one thing I forgot; she loves her home and it is rather a charming place; it has an atmosphere. I forgot this because I can never think of it and her apart. But, at present, I know you'd be restless here.

Or have you made younger friends?

Yours as always,
ARTHUR B.S.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Failure of Sir E. Grey

By R. W. Seton-Watson

"What we all want is the certainty that individual Ministers will be no more immune than individual generals from the consequences of failure. At present there is no such certainty. There is not even a reasonable probability that failure will mean retirement."—*Times*, January 17th, 1916.

"The one idea has been, and is, to keep us all in the dark about our own business for fear we should be scared. It is Ministers who are scared, not the people."—Mr. H. M. Hyndman, May, 1915.

HAVE we a Foreign Policy to-day?

Have we ever had a Foreign Policy since the death of King Edward?

Is there any prospect of its present controller evolving a Foreign Policy in the near future?

Such is the problem to the discussion of which the present article is devoted. It has been written by one who before the war was a Liberal, but whom the war has forced to "scrap" one fond illusion or prejudice after another, and who is prepared to "scrap" many more things in his pursuit of an energetic and constructive Foreign Policy, as an indispensable aid to military success.

I.

King Edward succeeded to the throne during the course of a foreign war, when the dangers involved in our much-vaunted policy of "Splendid Isolation" had become only too apparent, and when this country, for a number of reasons, enjoyed abroad an unpopularity differing only in degree from that which the Germans have won for themselves in the present war. Above all, he was confronted at every turn by his own nephew, William II., as a perpetual element of restlessness and uncertainty in European politics, for ever reiterating his pacific intentions, yet no less frequently parading the terrors of his mailed fist.

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From the very first King Edward's aim was perfectly clear and logical, and was pursued with all his unrivalled diplomatic flair, personal tact, and knowledge of the intricacies of Continental politics and of human nature in general. This aim was the removal of the chief danger-points in the European situation, and they were many. Our long isolation had bred in us a spirit of arrogance and a disinclination to study our neighbours, which culminated in the regrettable but by no means "inevitable" incident of Fashoda. The South African War taught us a much-needed lesson—not to despise small nations—and revealed to us the depths of our insularity and unpopularity, and the dangers to which these two hard facts exposed us. The explosion of Pro-Boerism on the Continent was like a flash illuminating the abyss at our feet.

King Edward, unlike his Imperial nephew twelve years later, took the warning to heart. The Anglo-French Agreement and the Anglo-Russian Convention were, above all, the work of his constructive genius. The policy to which they provided a solid base has, of course, been represented, and indeed decried, by his enemies as one of "Einkreisung"—the encircling or even isolation of Germany. It is an unjust definition, but represents a jealous rival's natural attitude to our new policy of turning former enemies into friends. Such a transformation was bound to be galling to those whose political game it suited that we should remain at enmity with France and Russia. The idea of "Einkreisung" is only true in one very limited sense—as an attempt to remove as many inflammable objects as possible from the reach of a man who was never tired of brandishing a flaming torch of "Kultur" round his head. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the *rapprochement* of the Western Powers with Russia was the inevitable result of the predominant position won for the Triple Alliance by the success of Bismarck's policy of isolating the potential enemies of Germany. The consolidation of German influence in Turkey only served to accentuate this fact.

The Agreements with France and Russia constituted a definitely constructive policy. What still remained to complete that policy? Obviously an Anglo-German Agreement. Many observers of foreign politics, especi-

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ally on the Liberal side (and, I have to admit, myself among the number), were most anxious to attain this end. Many of us had long been aware of the poisonous and reactionary outlook of the Prussian Junkertum, of the officers' corps and the Tirpitz clique, of the Pan-German pamphleteers with their dreams—to-day mere dreams no longer!—of "Mitteleuropa" and "Berlin to Bagdad"; but we consoled ourselves with a belief in the growing strength of liberal and progressive elements in German society as a counterpoise to Jingo influences, and considered that every year gained for peace made the resort to arms more improbable. Events have shown that we exaggerated their influence and their backbone, and even among the most ardent pacifists there are not many whose eyes have not been at least partially opened.

A good understanding with Germany was entirely desirable, from the standpoint of those who wished a forward policy of Social Reform at home and a restriction of activity abroad to the mere retention and development of the Empire. But an understanding, if it was to be attained on sound lines, presupposed two things—first, that Germany's rulers were acting *bona fide*, and that in any negotiations their real aim was a permanent arrangement, free from all ulterior motives. The cumulative evidence of German preparedness for aggression in the spring and summer of 1914—evidence which need not be recounted here—reduces this presupposition to very doubtful proportions. Secondly, that no action which we might undertake must injure existing arrangements, and that no intimacy with a new acquaintance, however desirable in itself, is worth the estrangement of an old and valued friend. In other words, the Entente with France must be treated upon the basis, *Noli me tangere*. Personally, though I was appalled in July, 1914, at the prospect of war with Germany, I remember now with satisfaction that during that month I more than once warned my friends in Berlin that they must reckon upon the absolute certainty that any attack on France would involve immediate war with Britain also.

Granted these two assumptions as to the necessary tactics to be followed with a view to an understanding with Germany, can we find any thread to the policy

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pursued by Sir Edward Grey in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of war? Till 1910 he had followed the lead of King Edward, Sir Charles (now Lord) Hardinge, and Sir Arthur Nicolson. Since then there have been growing signs of indecision and "wobbling," which were duly exploited by the Wilhelmstrasse and its exponents in the British Press and in circles of international finance both in London and Paris, to say nothing of the cruder campaigns organised in various Continental newspapers (notably the *Neue Freie Presse*; the *Kölnische Zeitung*; the *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Vossische Zeitung*, and *Kreuzzeitung*; the *Pester Lloyd*, and *Le Jeune Turc*).

The first serious campaign of "Grey Must Go" preceded the Agadir crisis by some months, and coincided with one of the more acute Cretan crises. After Agadir it was renewed with increased vigour by the Germanophile section of the British Press, influenced quite unconsciously, but for that reason all the more effectually, by manœuvres from the German Embassy. While Sir Edward Grey was being quite unjustly attacked as anti-German, the true criticism upon his policy would have been its negative character, its lack of any pronounced quality of "pro" or "anti." Being entirely honest and well-meaning, and genuinely anxious for the preservation of peace, he proved himself a most successful follower of King Edward's "directive"; but when that was once withdrawn he tended more and more to follow the line of least resistance, and to prove his good intentions (which need never have been challenged—for, after all, it is not good intentions, but judgment, constructive power, sympathetic knowledge, and energy at the hour of danger that we are entitled to demand from our Foreign Secretaries) by yielding ground before a determined outcry from within the ranks of his own party. To admit this incontestable fact is, however, a long way from suggesting that Germanophilism was merely the product of doctrinaire Radicalism.

From the winter of 1911 onwards there was (to the initiated) a noticeable increase of overtures to Germany on the part of Sir Edward Grey, the most notable incident of the new era being Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin. This visit, so far from being blameworthy in itself, may be regarded as a laudable and genuine attempt to promote good

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relations between Britain and Germany. But Lord Haldane's subsequent attitude in relation to that event is blameworthy; for it suggests either angelic innocence or superhuman folly. Either the Cabinet was fooled by a misleading account of his visit and by a concealment of the disillusionment which he has publicly assured us that he brought back with him, or—it is a disagreeable alternative—his public utterances last summer contain grave mis-statements. In either case, Sir Edward Grey's continued intimacy with Lord Haldane, above all his continued reliance on Lord Haldane's political judgment, inevitably arouses misgivings, and strengthens our doubts as to whether Sir Edward Grey has any strong line of policy. Incidentally it proves—what certain notorious incidents within the Foreign Office had already proved—that he is not a good judge of character, a defect in a Foreign Secretary which is apt to have serious effects in dealing even with his own countrymen, and infinitely more so in dealing with foreign diplomatists and statesmen, whose psychology differs so radically from his own. It is necessary to emphasise in this connection the reasons why Lord Haldane has forfeited, and justly forfeited, the confidence of the whole nation. The dilemma may be stated briefly in the following form: Either he was fooled by the Germans; and in that case his knowledge of German affairs, as opposed to German philosophy, is worthless, and the nation has the right to insist that his advice and opinion shall be entirely ignored on German matters. Or he gave a dishonest report; and in that case a Foreign Secretary who submits to his influence or relies upon him to-day is himself a danger to the nation.

In judging whether Sir Edward Grey can be said to have had a definite policy, it is necessary to remember that the warning which Lord Haldane claims to have transmitted to the Cabinet early in 1912 was by no means the first warning of Germany's intentions. It is certain that he had received in the spring of 1908 a definite warning from the then French Premier, M. Clemenceau, as to the aggressive designs of Germany, of the determination of the Germans not to respect Belgian neutrality and of the absolute necessity of adequate military preparedness on the part of England. M. Clemenceau assured him that

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150,000 British troops would be of no avail, but that if 250,000 British troops could be landed on the other side of the Channel within ten days of the outbreak of war the German rush could be stopped, and that if England had 500,000 men ready the course of the war would be changed. In the light of our experiences since the outbreak of war the wisdom of M. Clemenceau's warning is apparent.

This remarkable incident throws some light upon the suicidal policy of "drift" which preceded the war—a policy of moral commitments towards Continental States without any preparation to meet their probable consequences. Such a lack of policy (for policy it most emphatically was not) was equally insane as the basis of a system of European alliances in which military obligations are the inevitable corollary to political advantages, and, on the other hand, as a means towards attaining an agreement with Germany; for it should have been obvious from the very first that the only factor likely to impress the German Government with the need for coming to terms was a clear and overwhelming demonstration of armed power. In foreign policy, as in the schoolroom, it is impossible to have one's cake and eat it.

But not merely did Sir Edward Grey fail to appreciate the psychology of the German ruling class. As late as May, 1914, he betrayed his complete failure to gauge the psychology of France, when he remarked to M. Clemenceau, "At last I am convinced that France is a pacific country." Translated into English psychology, what can such a remark mean, save that till then he had looked upon France as a jingo nation, permeated with the spirit of "revanche," and had regarded the indefinite nature of his commitments towards her as a means of keeping the "switch" in his own hands. The best that an apologist could say is that the observation was let fall by a man who, after holding for eight years the office of Foreign Secretary, was paying his first visit to the capital of his country's closest political friend!

So long as peace endured in Europe Sir Edward Grey's lack of a constructive policy was only apparent to a few rare observers. His undoubted eagerness to preserve European peace and his genuine efforts in that direction served to conceal his defects under a cloak of admitted

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good intentions. It was just these good intentions, and his obvious qualities as a straightforward English gentleman, which explained the admiration which we felt for him so long as we remained in ignorance of the inner history of his policy.

But what of this inner history? As we shall see, a considerable period before the outbreak of war had been devoted by Sir Edward Grey to private overtures to Germany and even to risky negotiations with her behind the back of the other two Entente Powers; while all the time the German campaign of "G.M.G.," representing him as hostile to Germany, were merely skilful manoeuvres of the Wilhelmstrasse Press Bureau. Each time they were repeated, his lack of a settled policy, combined with his honestly pacific tendencies, increased his eagerness to meet the critics at least halfway; with the result that his devotion to peace led to the imposition of periodic blackmail. In support of this assertion a whole series of concrete facts may be adduced.

In the autumn of 1911 Italy, by her invasion of Tripoli, became involved in war with Turkey, and Sir Edward Grey adopted an attitude which was anything but favourable to Italy. In the course of the autumn and winter he twice sent Circulars to the other Great Powers inviting them to address a joint Note to Italy, warning her not to tamper with the Dardanelles. The only effect of this step was a severe diplomatic snub for its author. The second invitation presented to the Austro-Hungarian Government in the sense indicated was actually handed by Count Aehrenthal* himself to the Italian Ambassador in Vienna, with the words: "This may amuse you. I shall not answer it."

Sir Edward Grey's Balkan policy will be dealt with more fully at a later stage. For the moment I merely refer to his *naïve* acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Ambassadors' Conference in London, thus putting the Entente in a permanent minority, playing into the hands of Germany, and incidentally suggesting that once more he was not following any definite line of policy. His eagerness to forward the cause of European peace was altogether praiseworthy, but such an aim, when pursued as a mere abstraction, becomes a chimæra. During these conferences, early

* Then still Minister for Foreign Affairs.

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in 1913, the former Grand Vizier, Hakki Pasha, was sent to London to negotiate about the Bagdad Railway. His mission is understood to have been arranged in Berlin between the Young Turk leader, Djavid Bey, and the Wilhelmstrasse. The Bagdad Railway negotiations dragged on for over a year, until at last an Anglo-German agreement, with Turkey as a subsidiary party, had been reached. It was initialled in the late spring of 1914, but had not yet been signed when war broke out. The publication of its contents to-day would hardly be calculated to strengthen Sir Edward Grey's position as a bulwark of British interests against Germany.

The Treaty of London (May, 1913) was virtually imposed upon the Balkan delegates by strong pressure from Sir Edward Grey; and Bulgaria in particular regarded Britain as irrevocably committed to supporting her claim to the Enos-Midia line. Yet, when Bulgaria's criminal attack upon Serbia and Greece ended in disaster and the Turks took advantage of her distress to reoccupy Adrianople, Sir Edward Grey, far from holding Turkey to her newly assumed Treaty obligations, actually continued to negotiate with Hakki Pasha about the Bagdad Railway, while the Ottoman Government were engaged in tearing up the Balkan Treaty concluded under his auspices. He did this in the teeth of urgent warnings from experienced advisers as to the disastrous consequences for British prestige in the Near East of so undignified a proceeding. His whole attitude was not merely treated in Central Europe as an ignominious "climb down," but also strengthened throughout the East the belief that Britain was afraid of Turkey and would do anything for her separate advantage. It is superfluous to point out that this abandonment of Bulgaria rankled fatally in the minds of King Ferdinand and his statesmen, and explains as much as anything else the distrust with which they have regarded British diplomacy, and which finally decided them to adhere to the Central Powers. What is an even more fatal criticism from the diplomatic point of view, Sir Edward Grey deeply offended Bulgaria without at the same time doing anything to conciliate Greece, Serbia, and Roumania, the two latter of whom it had so long been a tradition of British policy to treat as negligible quantities.

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Much more serious and open to even graver criticism is the parallel negotiation with Germany regarding the Portuguese colonies. The origin of this affair is wrapped in considerable mystery, and dates from before Sir Edward Grey's accession to office. When at the end of November, 1899, soon after the outbreak of the South African War, Mr. Chamberlain made friendly overtures to Germany, the idea of an Anglo-German agreement was mooted by William II., and suggestions were made for a partition of the Portuguese colonies in the event of their liquidation. Certain negotiations were conducted behind the back of Lord Salisbury, then in poor health and abroad; and a Treaty embodying a scheme of compensations and territorial rearrangements was actually initialled. It was, however, never signed, for two reasons. On the one hand, Lord Salisbury opposed it, doubtless recognising that we were merely putting a premium on German intrigues for the destruction of Portugal. On the other hand, it was discovered to be unworkable, if only because the Dutch had a right of pre-emption on the Portuguese half of the island of Timor. The scheme was thus upset and remained in abeyance until Sir Edward Grey, having been freely accused by the "pro-German" clique of wishing to prevent Germany from obtaining "a place in the sun," agreed to revise the Treaty and make it workable. This was in the winter and spring of 1913-1914. When it is remembered that the Portuguese possessions include points so important as Goa, Madeira, Cape Verde, Angola, and Mozambique, it will at once be obvious that a scheme of partition of these colonies might have enabled the Germans entirely to encircle the Dominion of South Africa.

For the past year our Press has been full of the idea that the Dominions must in future be consulted even in matters of European foreign policy. How much more, then, in Colonial matters which so intimately concern them? Yet of these negotiations about the Portuguese colonies practically no word seems to have been allowed to transpire! It would be interesting to know how far the leading South African statesmen were taken into the confidence of the home Government in this affair. The natural line of defence for the Foreign Office was that the new partition was more favourable than that of the earlier Treaty;

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but this is an argument savouring strongly of the era of Metternich, and ill adapted for the use of a Liberal Government and Foreign Secretary.

The affair, which had originally been kept secret from the French, got to their ears early in 1914 and caused great consternation in Paris. Two messages were sent to London to the effect that if the fact of the Treaty's conclusion were to be published before or during King George's impending visit to Paris, the Government of the Republic could not be responsible for the consequences! France, indeed, is understood to have lodged a protest at Berlin, as she was entitled to do under the existing Franco-German agreements. Finally, in view of the French attitude, the Germans asked that the matter should be left in abeyance for the time. The British Foreign Office interpreted this as a sign that the Treaty was to be dropped; but Prince Lichnowsky, as late as the end of June, 1914, privately declared this view to be unfounded, and stated that he hoped to find means of solving all difficulties. Chief of these obstacles was the fact that Sir Edward Grey, after having initialled the Treaty, took the view that he could not sign it finally unless it was to be published, and that in order to make the situation quite clear he would be obliged to publish simultaneously the so-called "Windsor Treaty," which had been concluded with Portugal, and by which Britain guarantees the integrity of Portugal and her possessions. He appears, however, to have made no arrangements by which these two apparently inconsistent Treaties could be reconciled. Germany naturally raised objections to this course, which would have made her look the dupe of England. The *naïveté* of such a suggestion on the part of Sir Edward Grey seems yet another indication that he had no policy, but was merely striving blindly towards peace, in a well-meaning and honest but entirely aimless manner.

His whole attitude on the outbreak of war is in keeping with this theory. Given the negative policy of the four previous years, and given also the facts of the Central European situation and the absence of any positive aim (for the platonic desire to avert war is not a positive, but a negative, aim), it is hard to see how he could have done better during the fourteen critical days which ushered in

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the Great War. But even his best endeavours in that crowded period, regarded in the light of previous history and of subsequent developments, only serve to emphasise still further his lack of a definite policy, and that fatal vacillation between alternative actions which has proved so disastrous in his dealings with the Balkan States.

Meanwhile it will be obvious that all this necessarily appears to the German mind in a very different light, and explains the extraordinary bitterness of the more honest German political circles towards Sir Edward Grey, and also the secret satisfaction of that inner ring which knows the real truth regarding his purposelessness and vacillation, that he should continue to direct our policy, or rather to deprive our policy of all directive, while supplying the German nation with a convenient and obvious target for projectiles of abuse.* Those who do not know him as we in this country know him—and that applies to the vast majority of Germans—fail to appreciate the degree to which his character blends pure subjective honesty with that ultra-English quality of objective inconsistency which lies at the root of all Continental misconceptions as to English national character. Hence they invariably jump to the conclusion that he was wittingly dishonest and that all his negotiations regarding the Balkans, Portugal, and Bagdad were an elaborate “blind,” concealing plans of exceptional perfidy and intended to forestall Germany’s own designs of aggression till the right moment arrived. The delays between initialling and signature might be taken to lend some colour to this view. Unquestionably those who explain the motives of others by the motives likely to actuate themselves in such circumstances—and this is a typically German frame of mind—might be excused for arguing on these lines.

No doubt the German Emperor, who tried “bluff” upon Sir Edward Grey as upon so many other people (on two separate occasions he assured him in conversation that in the event of war the German armies would reach Paris in

* William II. performs, with more reason, the same function in this country; but the average Englishman has less need of an “Aunt Sally” than the average German. With the former grumbling is merely a useful tradition and an incentive to his rulers; with the latter, a necessary foundation for the elaborate logic upon which he builds up any political case, and without which he feels absolutely bewildered.

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little over a fortnight), was perfectly well aware that such suspicions were based upon error. But the effect of Sir Edward Grey's lack of policy upon German psychology was undoubtedly a very vital factor during the first period of the war.

In this connection we may point to the allegation brought by the German Chancellor last summer against Sir Edward Grey, of having said in his parting interview with Prince Lichnowsky that Britain might render to Germany more effectual services by taking part in the war than by remaining neutral. This assertion has not been denied by Sir Edward Grey, though in his letter to the Press he denied the conclusions which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg drew from it. Yet if it be true, it proves even more conclusively his lack of a policy.

Within six weeks of the day when he is alleged to have made this remark, we find Sir Edward Grey concluding a convention with Russia and France, pledging us not to conclude a separate peace. Once more, then, we are confronted by two alternatives—either he said nothing of the kind or he has no policy, for no one with a clear policy could conceivably have made such a remark in good faith and followed it up so rapidly by a commitment which would render it meaningless.

The letter addressed by Sir Edward Grey to the British Press in answer to the Chancellor contains one specially illuminating passage. Writing a year after the outbreak of war, he complained that the Germans, by rejecting his proposals for arbitration, had destroyed the last chance of averting war; "and what a good chance it was." The phrase is either meaningless or, taken in its proper context with the various secret treaties and negotiations to which we have referred, it means that he was prepared to concede to Germany practically all her demands in return for peace. I limit my criticism of such an attitude to pointing out that anyone who knew anything of the German character, especially of the ruling German's character, would have known that this was the surest way to confirm them in their aggressive designs—designs for which we now have overwhelming evidence.

Sir Edward Grey's lack of a policy would have been highly dangerous even if it had involved complete passivity;

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but though there was no guiding principle, there was plenty of activity. This took the form of a growing tendency towards secret diplomacy, a growing habit of leaving Parliament, and still more the country at large, completely in the dark as to foreign policy, and a growing reliance on a tiny clique, of which at least one influential member had the closest ties, both political and private, with high German diplomatic circles. The pledge given to Parliament after the first Moroccan crisis, that no further arrangements would be concluded with foreign Powers without previous consultation with Parliament, has been repeatedly ignored, not merely in spirit, but in letter. (That the Dominions have been ignored in matters of foreign policy is, of course, the fault, not of Sir Edward Grey, but of the lack of any Imperial constitution; and one of the first tasks which will confront us when peace returns will be to remedy this deficiency.) The apologists of Sir Edward Grey will doubtless reply that he observed the strict letter of the pledge by only initialling, not signing, the Treaties in question. But even this excuse cannot be pleaded for the Windsor Treaty, still less for the fatal Treaty concluded between the Entente and Italy in April, 1915.

II.

During the first nine months of the war Italy's neutrality presented one of the most vital and delicate problems in the European situation. Our traditional friendship with Italy rendered the prospect of her military co-operation highly agreeable, the more so because the general aims of her policy seemed to conflict neither with British political interests nor with the more abstract aims of general policy proclaimed by British statesmen. Our programme rests upon the principle of nationality and the rights of small nations. The two chief aims pursued by the Italian Government and General Staff—the completion of Italian national unity and the acquisition of a safe strategic frontier—are at once legitimate in themselves and in no way incompatible with the Entente's programme. There was thus no conflict of principle between Italy and the Triple Entente, and it ought to have been perfectly possible to reach an equitable compromise between the national claims of Italians and

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Southern Slavs. Unhappily, those who conducted the negotiations between Italy and the Entente seem to have been inspired by other motives. The secret Treaty, as finally concluded on April 27th, assigns to Italy the Trentino, Gorizia, Trieste, the line of the Julian Alps to near Fiume, the whole of Istria and its islands, the whole of the Dalmatian mainland and islands down to a point between Trogir (Traù) and Split (Spalato), and finally the South Dalmatian islands of Vis (Lissa), Hvar (Lesina), and Korčula (Curzola). Such an arrangement, if ever carried into effect, would involve the handing over to Italy of at least 700,000 Slavs, and indeed of the very Slavs among whom the movement for Serbo-Croat national unity has struck deepest root. As its framers were from the first well aware that it could only be imposed in direct defiance of the wishes of the population concerned, and that Serbia, in her position of trustee for her kinsmen, could never become a party to such a betrayal, it was decided to conceal the whole negotiation from the Serbian Government and incidentally to ignore the numerous exiled Serbo-Croat leaders who were in every way qualified to represent the inhabitants of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Istria. The whole responsibility does not rest on the shoulders of Sir Edward Grey: it must be shared by M. Delcassé and by MM. Sazonov and Isvolsky, who were influenced by the same narrow Orthodox feeling which has been responsible for Russian misrule among the Ruthene Uniate Catholics during the occupation of Galicia; but it is to be observed that neither the French nor the Russian statesman had committed himself to the high-sounding phrases of the British Government on the subject of nationality and the rights of small nations. By acknowledging Italy's right to occupy the Dalmatian coast upon strategic grounds and against the wishes of its inhabitants, Sir Edward Grey knocked the bottom out of the British programme, and robbed Britain of the moral right to denounce the German conquest of Belgium. Germany has as good a right to Belgium and Holland as Italy has to Dalmatia. Both claims rest on strategic reasons, and upon the sword. Italy's claim to Dalmatia is the less tenable because, in addition to flouting the rights of race and language, it ignores the economic facts of the situation and would spell complete and imme-

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diate ruin for that unhappy province by cutting it off from its economic hinterland.

Those who understood the psychology and aspirations of the Southern Slavs and of the other races of the Dual Monarchy urgently warned Sir Edward Grey before it was too late that Italy's entry into the war was the one thing needed to galvanise Austria-Hungary into life at a moment when she was cracking at every joint. Their warnings were disregarded, and they were assured that military opinion expected Italian intervention to be decisive. Yet, as might have been predicted, the Austrians were able to hold the Italians in check on that difficult frontier without seriously affecting their power of offensive in Galicia, and within three months were actually able to reduce the garrisons of Pola and of Bosnia to half their strength before Italy's entry. This Treaty was the work of a small group of diplomatists following thoroughly Metternichian principles. On the French and British side it was a gross betrayal of those principles for which the two peoples fondly imagined their representatives to be contending; on the Russian side it was an intrigue directed by a few reactionaries against the Catholic element, without which Yugoslav unity is impossible; while on the Italian side it in no way reflects the generous impulses which led the nation to break its bondage to the Triple Alliance. In justice to the Italian statesmen who negotiated the Treaty, the extreme difficulty of the problem must be taken into account. The pro-German Giolittian opposition on the one hand and the extreme nationalist agitation on the other compelled them to secure in some form a guarantee that the prospective territorial gains of Italy would afford compensation for her losses. The progress made by public opinion in Italy during the last six months encourages me to refer openly to-day to an arrangement which has been known to me from the beginning; for it is clear that the Italian public has now reached a truer appreciation of the moral as well as the strategic and military factors in the situation and of the vital need for a close understanding between Italy and the whole Yugoslav race, whose interests are identical with her own. The moment has arrived for a generous revision, such as would win the Yugoslavs for ever to the Italian side and ensure permanent peace in the Adriatic. If anything were

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needed to reinforce my argument, it is the success of Austria's menace to Montenegro, whose ejection from Mount Lovćen is a far graver blow to Italy even than to the Southern Slavs themselves.

III.

The Balkan policy of Sir Edward Grey is for all the world suggestive of a child trying to work out a Chinese puzzle with the wrong bricks. He has never, either before or during the war, shown any signs of comprehending the vital significance of the Balkans in a European war, above all to British policy. His lack of a constructive policy towards Serbia has become notorious in the light of recent events; but it was no less marked at the outbreak of war. Entente policy towards Serbia and Bulgaria was tacitly left to Russia to manage, on the basis of the comfortable catchword that we must not be more Slav than the Russians. This in itself is a fatal mistake, for it overlooks both the fatalistic trait which influences the Russian character so deeply and also the inexpressibly narrow outlook of Russian governing circles even in Slav matters—two factors which quite definitely necessitate our being *more*, not *less*, Slav than the Russians in such questions as the Southern Slav, the Polish, and the Bohemian.

The complete indifference displayed by Sir Edward Grey as to the merits of the dispute between Serbia and Austria-Hungary, and the problems which had given rise to it (Blue Book, Nos. 1 and 5), can no doubt be justified by his earnest desire to preserve peace and to avoid anything which might offend Austrian or German susceptibilities at the critical period. But he must even then have been perfectly well aware that the Serbian Government was entirely innocent of the Archduke's murder, that one of the assassins was the son of an Austrian police spy, that the behaviour of the Bosnian police was something more than strange,* and that the whole Austrian case against Serbia lay in the hands of Count Forgách, the man who, while Austro-Hungarian Minister in Belgrade some years previously, had been

* In this connection it is worthy of notice that as early as May, 1914, a prominent New York newspaper announced that a plot against the life of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was being planned in Vienna, and that the intention was to throw the blame upon the Serbian Government!

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publicly proved responsible for an elaborate plot of forgery and espionage against Serbia and the Serbo-Croat Coalition in Croatia.

Serbia was from the first excluded from the position and privileges of an ally; but that did not deter the Entente from putting pressure upon her to invade Austro-Hungarian territory, when such a diversion might assist the allied cause. In September, 1914, this invasion was carried out in the teeth of expert military opinion and of the obvious alphabetic facts of the situation. It of course failed, both in Bosnia and in Slavonia; indeed, strategically it was bound to fail; and the results were disastrous for the Serbo-Croat population, which had welcomed the invaders, and was hideously punished when the authorities returned a few weeks later.

So little had Sir Edward Grey gauged the true situation in Serbia in the autumn and winter, that the final rout of the Austrians took him completely by surprise, though all who knew Serbia were well aware that it was purely a matter of making good the deficiency of ammunition in the Serbian army. When at last this began to arrive (and that the necessary steps were taken is very largely due to the urgent messages of the British Military Attaché, Colonel Harrison, and the then correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Crawford Price) the tide turned very rapidly.

At the very moment when lack of ammunition made itself most seriously felt an incident occurred which throws a flood of light upon the Bulgarian attitude, and supplied a warning which was disregarded. As the ammunition upon which Serbia's salvation depended was at last beginning to arrive, strong Bulgarian bands, *with machine guns*, raided the Vardar valley from the nearest point of Bulgarian territory and destroyed one of the chief bridges on the only railway linking Salonica with the outer world. This dastardly act was passed off by the Government of Sofia as a regrettable incident of which they had no cognisance; but every child knows that a raid with machine guns can hardly be undertaken even in the most primitive country without the knowledge of the authorities.

Save to the blind, Bulgaria's attitude has been perfectly logical from the very beginning of the war. Those who controlled her destinies were fully conscious that the mid-night attack of June 29th, 1913, which began the second

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Balkan War, was both a crime and a blunder, and were savagely angry at its failure. They were determined to upset the Treaty of Bucarest at the earliest opportunity, they were hostile to those who had imposed it, and at the same time they were distrustful of those who had induced them to conclude the Treaty of London under what was little short of a guarantee, and had then almost without a murmur allowed the Turks to treat it as a mere scrap of paper. Hence, when the great war came, they were without illusions, and resolved at all costs to be on the winning side. During the first and second Austrian invasions of Serbia (August–September, 1914) Bulgaria held back, for three very good reasons. She was afraid to move until she saw which side the Turks would take: she was uncertain as to the attitude which Greece and Roumania might adopt in the event of her entry on the German side; and she was impressed by the Russian conquest of Galicia. When the third Austrian invasion seemed about to triumph, she tried to drive the last nail into the coffin of Serbia by cutting the Vardar valley. Here she was merely following the approved Bulgarian policy of “a stab in the back.” After its unexpected failure she reverted to strict neutrality. To all suggestions of intervention she replied by an emphatic insistence upon the cession of Macedonia—with “effective guarantees” for its retention—as the only possible programme which could secure her adhesion to one side or the other.

For some years past only two factors have counted in Bulgaria. The first is King Ferdinand, who is Austrophil and still more Magyarophil, and who had reached a private understanding with Vienna at least as early as June, 1913, if not in the late summer of 1908, when the joint Austro-Bulgarian *coup* against Turkey was in preparation. The second factor is the “Macedonian” party, consisting of political refugees from Turkish, and latterly from Serbian and Greek, rule in Macedonia. This party controls a large section of the army and the Sofiote bureaucracy, sticks at nothing in its savage fanaticism, and is politically blind to everything save the redemption of Macedonia. The moment that its aims coincided with those of the King, who controls foreign policy without even consulting Parliament, there was nothing else in the country which could check

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them. This alliance represented a league between diplomacy and brute force.

At the turn of the year Bulgaria noticed a growing tendency on the part of the Entente to exercise pressure upon Serbia, and began to regard the Entente as more likely to deliver the Macedonian goods than the rival firm of the Central Powers. The question at issue has been persistently confused by the advocates of Bulgarian or Serbian ethnological theories. In reality it was merely a question of Baksheesh. Bulgaria had fought for Macedonia—had fought by methods of political and military treachery—and had lost. But, after all, Macedonia was the price of Bulgaria's participation, and if the Entente valued her military aid against the Turks sufficiently highly to pay the inevitable price, then it had to be paid quite irrespective of the Treaty of Bucarest or the mediæval frontiers of Tsar Dushan. Unhappily, it was not till August that Sir Edward Grey realised that any solution of the Macedonian question had of necessity to be *imposed* upon the Serbs, instead of being left to their initiative.

In February, 1915, however, a definite offer of intervention against the Turks was made to the Entente by Dr. Radoslavov. It is not altogether clear through what medium it was made, but for some inexplicable reason it was not transmitted to London. As we shall see, the Entente snubbed the smaller Powers when they made overtures to us and then exposed itself to counter-snubs by making undignified overtures to them after the psychological moment had already passed.

For the next six months Sir Edward Grey played with the idea of a Serbo-Bulgarian Agreement; and after the Russian retreat and the Suvla Bay disasters the Bulgarians responded by playing with Sir Edward Grey. In August he at last realised what was obvious in January, that internal conditions in Serbia made it impossible for her to yield Macedonia voluntarily, and that strong if friendly pressure on the part of the Entente was an indispensable condition. But quite apart from having realised this six months too late, he had in the meantime, by the Treaty with Italy and by his steady refusal to accept Serbia as an ally, enormously increased the difficulty of concessions by the Serbian Government. Serbia could not be

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asked to concede Bulgarian "national unity" in a form which she has steadily refused to recognise, without an assurance that the Allies would support her own claim of Serbo-Croat national unity; and it was just this assurance that Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues were indisposed to give, owing to their commitments to Italy. From the moment that the mismanagement of the Dardanelles Expedition became apparent to the Bulgarians (and it must be remembered that the whole Balkan Peninsula was ringing with the details at a time when the British public was still allowed to know nothing), only one thing could have prevented them from joining the Central Powers, and that was the prompt display of military force, as a practical proof that we should not allow our ally to be crushed. Unhappily, Sir Edward Grey and his military advisers showed only too clearly that they did not appreciate the issues at stake. They did not realise what has been obvious for the past nine months, even to the man in the street, that Serbia alone blocked the German advance to Constantinople and Bagdad, and that Serbia alone provided the road for a serious offensive against Germany's weakest spot, the great Hungarian plain.

IV.

Throughout the period wasted in negotiations with Bulgaria there was always an alternative policy. Instead of offering the unscrupulous Ferdinand the territory of our ally or our friend in the name of a principle for which he cares nothing, we might have taken our stand on the Treaty of Bucarest and rallied Greece and Roumania in its defence. Unhappily, our policy towards Greece has been even more unsatisfactory than our policy towards Bulgaria. All through the autumn of 1914 Greece was known to be willing to come in on our side whenever we wanted her; but we never did want her, and indeed steadily discouraged her intervention. Early in December the situation changed, and the Entente invited Greece to join them, but as no promise of support against Bulgaria, in the event of her joining the Central Powers, could be obtained, the Greek Government not unnaturally declined to take the risk. None the less, there is the strongest reason to believe that at the very beginning of the year detailed plans for the intervention of Greece on

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the side of the Allies were laid before the British Government with the knowledge and consent of King Constantine, and that they were not even considered. In the last days of January Mr. Venizelos drew up his famous Memorandum to the King, definitely advising intervention, and, if necessary, even the cession of Kavala to Bulgaria, in return for the acquisition of Smyrna. This latter proposal was, however, promptly withdrawn in view of the revival of Bulgaria's financial arrangement with Berlin, the Greek Premier naturally treating this as a proof that his Bulgarian colleague was not "doing business" with the Entente. In March, in view of the attack on the Dardanelles, which is believed to have been undertaken in the teeth of advice from the Greek General Staff, Britain and France again invited the Greeks to join us, and Mr. Venizelos went so far as to favour intervention without any definite guarantees from the Entente. The rejection of this policy by King Constantine led to the resignation of Mr. Venizelos and the formation of the Gounaris Cabinet. Only a few weeks after its accession to power, tentative proposals were made on its behalf to the Entente through a member of the French Cabinet. Prince George of Greece was sent to Paris by his brother, the King, with a virtual offer of intervention in return for the Entente Powers guaranteeing the integrity of Greek territory. The French were inclined to consider the offer, but it was rejected by London on the ground that no attention could be paid to "unauthorised amateur diplomacy." This astonishing phrase was allowed to reach the King of Greece, and having been applied to his own brother on a mission which was anything but unauthorised, naturally gave the greatest possible offence.

August came, and with it the moment when the German plan for the invasion of Serbia (which had been in careful preparation ever since German troops first appeared in the Hungarian Banat in January, 1915) was at last complete, and when the straightening of the German line against Russia made possible the release of the necessary troops. Sir Edward Grey, instead of taking immediate steps in conjunction with his allies to meet this new menace, was engaged in ineffectual efforts to repair the mischief caused by his betrayal of the Southern Slav cause on the Adriatic. It was only after Sofia knew the Germans to be ready that the Allies summoned Serbia to consent to the cession of

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Macedonia to the Bulgarians, undertaking themselves to garrison the disputed territory till the end of the war. But by that time Ferdinand had already made up his mind that the Central Powers were going to win; while even the Entente's friends in Sofia were rendered suspicious by the fact that our offer to garrison Macedonia was limited to the east bank of the Vardar, whereas the districts most coveted and least likely to be disgorged lay on the west bank. This fact did not, of course, decide the issue, but it is interesting as showing how even in small details we invariably contrived to create an unfortunate impression.

The actual invasion, foreseen by all students of the Balkans for nine months previously, found the Entente Governments, and, above all, Sir Edward Grey, not merely wholly unprepared, but actually relying upon Greece to rescue us from the consequences of our own inaction. How little our leaders grasped the situation may be gathered from the fact that, three weeks before the Germans opened fire on the Danube, one of the highest military authorities in England assured a Serbian representative that in his opinion the whole operation was probably bluff.

When hard facts disproved this opinion, it might have been expected that we should act promptly and strain every nerve to recover lost ground and to redeem a situation which was becoming grave, but was still far from desperate. Instead of this, Sir Edward Grey pinned his whole faith upon Greece fulfilling her Treaty with Serbia by a declaration of war against Bulgaria. The common view of this Treaty is that Serbia was bound to furnish 150,000 troops against Bulgaria in the event of the latter attacking one or other of the contracting parties; and as, in view of the Austro-German menace from the north, that number could not be spared by the Serbs, Mr. Venizelos, on September 21st, asked France and Britain to make good the deficiency, and thus enable Greece to observe her part of the Treaty with some reasonable chance of success. It was on this basis that the allied troops were sent to Salonica.

As a matter of fact, the Treaty was much more comprehensive than is generally supposed. Under its provisions the *casus fœderis* arises not merely in the event of a Bulgarian attack on Serbia, but also of an attack from any other quarter also; and therefore Greece, in not coming to Serbia's aid against Austria-Hungary in 1914, had

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already broken her pledge. Hence Sir Edward Grey, who must have been well aware of this fact, was surely running a very grave risk when he relied upon Greek constancy in a situation which his own diplomatic failures had rendered infinitely less favourable.

On September 23rd Bulgaria mobilised against Serbia; yet on September 27th Sir Edward Grey practically vetoed Serbia's proposal to take advantage of her own military preparedness and to attack Bulgaria before she could be ready. Next day (September 28th) in the House of Commons he uttered his famous pledge that, in the event of Bulgarian aggression, "we are prepared to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner that would be most welcome to them, in concert with our allies, without reserve and without qualification." At the moment everyone in England, and above all in Serbia, took this to mean that we were going to send Serbia the military help for which she was clamouring; but on November 3rd Sir Edward Grey explained to an astonished world that he merely meant to convey that after Bulgaria had joined Germany "there would be no more talk of concessions from Greece or Serbia." The *naïveté* which could prompt such an explanation is only equalled by the confusion of mind which could read this interpretation into a phrase so explicit and unequivocal.

If the references to Serbia in his statement of September 28th were extraordinarily misleading, his simultaneous references to Greece were directly mischievous in their effect. Following upon a prolonged attempt to barter Serbian territory to Bulgaria in the teeth of Greek disapproval (based upon fear for the fate of *Greek Macedonia*), his assurance that Bulgaria had no aggressive intentions (this, five days after the Bulgarian army had begun to concentrate between Vidin and Zaječar!) and that in Britain there was not only no hostility, but "a warm feeling of sympathy for the Bulgarian people," created anger and consternation at Athens, and was directly responsible for the fall of Mr. Venizelos and the King's repudiation of the Serbo-Greek Treaty. Then at the critical moment, when Greece's betrayal of Serbia opened the road of the Bulgars to Skoplje (Usküb), there were, at Salonica, not the promised 150,000 allied troops, but 35,000 French and only 13,000 British, the latter under strict injunctions

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on no account to cross the Greco-Serb frontier. It would be interesting to know whether this order was given with the approval of Sir Edward Grey. Attempts have been made to throw the whole onus of the Serbian disaster upon Greece's defection; but it is well for us to remember the unpalatable fact that Greece's failure in her Treaty obligations towards Serbia alone saved Britain from the charge of failure to fulfil *her* pledge to Greece. Nothing can exonerate Greece's desertion of her ally, but in view of our tergiversation and irresolution, some allowance must be made for King Constantine's attitude towards the Entente. Moreover, if it had been intended to deceive the Serbs and to dislocate their plans of defence, no better method could have been imagined! For not the least of the enormities for which Sir Edward Grey is responsible has been, that though he and his military advisers were from the first opposed to sending military help to Serbia and blocked it at every turn, they none the less carefully concealed the fact from the Serbian General Staff, instead of giving them fair warning that help would not be forthcoming. Worse still, they kept urging the Serbs to hold the Danube front at the risk of exposing their flank to Bulgaria's onslaught.

While Sir Edward Grey remained apparently unconscious of his duty towards a small but gallant ally, whom he had persistently excluded from the counsels of the Entente and whose function as a bulwark of British interests in the Middle East he failed to understand, our French allies showed a growing perception of the issues at stake. Finding himself insufficiently backed up from London, M. Viviani, then still Prime Minister, crossed the Channel shortly before the reconstruction of the French Cabinet; and one of the objects of his visit was to urge a more vigorous Balkan policy. A little later M. Millerand, then still Minister of War, crossed upon the same quest, and found it necessary to prolong his stay in order to extract some, albeit ambiguous, promises from our reluctant authorities. As he remarked to an English friend, he felt he could not return without some guarantee of military support, "otherwise the rupture would have been too grave." But from these promises our Government began at once to recede, and within a fortnight General Joffre himself found it necessary to come over to plead the cause of Serbia (October 29th). On his arrival, Sir Edward

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Grey, throwing to the winds all his public pledges to Serbia, definitely urged upon the French Generalissimo complete withdrawal from Salonica and the abandonment of the Serbs to their fate. General Joffre replied with the historic phrase: "*Vous nous lâchez sur le champ de bataille!*" ("You are deserting us on the field of battle, and we shall have to tell the world!") Seldom, if ever, has a British Foreign Secretary exposed himself to so humiliating a retort from the lips of an ally. But the taunt was effective. General Joffre carried his point, and in the biting phrase of Sir Edward Carson, the Government "decided that what was too late three weeks before was in time three weeks after." But those three weeks, which might have transformed the fortunes of the campaign, had been irretrievably lost through Sir Edward Grey's lack of a Balkan policy. Even then our hesitation continued. Instead of attempting seriously to check the Bulgarian advance in Macedonia and to thwart the long-cherished Austrian design of a port on the *Ægean* (which, as things are, would rapidly become a German submarine base), the Government allowed itself to be beguiled by a plan (if plan it can be called) for the abandonment of Salonica and the Dardanelles and the concentration of a defensive force on the Suez Canal—presumably in order to wait till the Germans had established their hold on Greece and Roumania as well as Bulgaria, reorganised the Turkish army, completed the Bagdad Railway, replenished their own supplies from Asia Minor, and were ready for the invasion of Egypt. On December 3rd the pressure of these craven spirits wrested a decision from the Calais conference in favour of evacuation; but happily the French Cabinet refused to ratify so disastrous a decision, and after a further week of disunion the War Council of the Allies finally overrode Sir Edward Grey.

Thus for many weeks a strain was put upon the Entente which would have been extremely dangerous but for the chivalrous loyalty of the French and their knowledge that the British nation does not share the pusillanimous views of its Foreign Secretary. In Paris the question is being asked on all sides: why Sir Edward Grey, after such repeated fiascoes, does not follow his late colleague, M. Delcassé, into retirement? and what everyone is saying in Paris, from the Quai d'Orsay to the Académie Française,

surely need no longer be concealed in London. How intolerable the situation has become, how ruinous to our prestige in the Near East, might be proved up to the hilt by allusions to the fiasco of our Turkish policy in the summer of 1914, to the notorious *Goeben* incident, and more recently to the situation in Roumania. But it will suffice to quote the astounding message conveyed late in November by King Constantine to prominent representatives of the Entente, to the effect that the conquest of Serbia renders the Salonica Expedition superfluous and that the "protection" of the Franco-British forces in their retreat into Greek territory can only be guaranteed by Greece in return for an explicit undertaking to re-embark immediately! This seems to have been a little too much even for Sir Edward Grey to stomach; but it was, after all, merely the logical outcome of that vacillation and lack of directive to which King Constantine very aptly alluded in his conversation with the *Times* correspondent (*Times*, December 7th). M. Gustave Hervé writes in *La Guerre Sociale*, of December 8th, that after that interview "our English friends must begin to realise that they are largely responsible for the present attitude of Constantine. Our friends in England do not take sufficient account of our peculiar temperament, so different from theirs. We, in whom the sentiment of honour is more developed than the sentiment of interest, are incapable of entertaining for an instant the idea of abandoning the Serbs. We are, perhaps, idiots, but we are made so." Pleasant hearing, yet who can say that it is undeserved—not by the British nation, but by the British Government? When the man who on the eve of war was the fiercest opponent of the new French military service can write thus, it is high time that our Ministers should endeavour to be worthy of such splendid allies as the French.

It is also high time that the British public should awake to the fact that Sir Edward Grey and his military advisers are sowing the seeds of future trouble with France. And here silence is full of dangers; the true and only remedy is free speech. For there can be no question of any quarrel or even of any divergence of view between the French and British peoples at the present juncture; all that is needed is to restore French confidence in British leaders, and that can only be done by the choice of leaders qualified to lead.

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Britain is suffering to-day from the fatal habit of cloaking the faults and errors of our leaders, both civil and military, of pooh-poohing serious criticism as mere "whimpering," and pleading that we are doing our best in the best of all possible worlds. That is not the way to win the war. The method at present favoured by a section of the Press is to plaster London with the ill-considered assertion of one of our party leaders that "Germany is beaten." Beaten, forsooth, when her armies have marched in triumph from Ypres to Vidin, from Mitau to Prizren! That savours of the period when officers labelled their luggage to Pretoria, only to arrive there as prisoners—not of the "Black Week" when we set our teeth and laid the moral foundations of our future victory.

A very common argument against any change at the Foreign Office is that the fall of Sir Edward Grey would greatly encourage the Germans; and it may be readily admitted that if he were to give place to Lord Haldane or a member of the U.D.C., the enemy would have good cause to rejoice. It is quite true that Sir Edward Grey is regarded by the man in the street in Germany as the arch-conspirator and author of this war; that is a convenient dogma which it has suited the German Press Bureau to inculcate. But official Germany has long known that his honest aimlessness and *naïve* obstinacy make him one of their greatest assets, and the German Chancellor was unwise enough to hint this in his recent speech, when he ascribed Germany's Balkan successes in large measure to our mistakes. The fall of Sir Edward Grey, as the result of a demand for a more energetic conduct of the war and for still closer co-operation with our allies, and the substitution of a man of energy and first-rate ability, would be far the most serious and disconcerting blow which the Germans had yet received.

The fear of drastic changes is entirely out of place in the middle of a life and death struggle such as the present war. No past service, however signal, can atone for the long series of blunders from which we have tried to select the most flagrant. France and Germany and Russia are at present strewn with reputations which this war has wrecked, very often unjustly. Why should we alone adhere to homœopathic methods?

The Privy Council Case

By Sir George Makgill

IN the case against Sir Edgar Speyer, the Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, admitted that it had been brought in the public interest, and that it was a case upon which it was proper that a decision should be given by the Courts. Yet he gave it against the British interest and in favour of the foreign. I appeal to all patriotic Britons to see that the matter does not end there. I am advised that the decision regarding the repeal of the third clause of the Act of Settlement, or Gladstone's Act of 1870, and also in regard to the interpretation of Asquith's Act of 1914, is open to objection in law. But, apart from this, it is open to the gravest objection on public grounds. The interpretation of both acts was based on the assumption that each successive Naturalisation Act must be understood as opening the door of British rights wider and wider to the alien.

The Lord Chief Justice emphasised this in the case of the Act of 1914, even referring to the fact that it was ratified after the outbreak of war with Germany as being no argument against its being interpreted in favour of persons of German birth. We have the astonishing decision, therefore, that even when we are at war with Germany, the law, if questioned, is to be interpreted in favour of increased rights to hyphenated Germans.

And this is no isolated decision. There is the Continental tyre case, also decided in favour of the Germans by Lord Reading. There is Mr. Justice Younger's decision giving interned enemies the right to sue British subjects. There is the Government's refusal to prosecute the firm of Merton. It seems, therefore, that English law is now made not for Englishmen so much as for German intruders. Where British interests clash with German, some of our party politicians have long constituted themselves the Foreigners' Party, championing the cause of the alien

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the Germans are destined to be defeated, for the odds from man-power downwards are against them; indeed, so true is this that we may say, without the smallest boastfulness, that if we don't win it will not only be our own fault, but our most certain deserts.

When war broke out the English common sense realised that instinctively. Our former pro-Germans began to psalmodise—"be kind to Germany"—and some of them were so distressed they left the Cabinet. The rest, seeing only the numerical superiority of the Entente, prated glibly about dividing the Austro-German Empire up into political packets, and in the "steam-roller" quite ninety per cent. of the people in these isles thought they had found the convenient expression and instrument of victory.

They forgot the head, which is not the hydra of a Democracy governed by consent, which means that there is no government; and they forgot that expediency, which is the principle of Democracy, is the antithesis to military efficiency, which in these days is not conditioned by bravery, but by those very principles and essentials which individualism abhors and Democracy, which has no system, finds most repellent to its philosophy. And so it has been from the outbreak of war. All the time Democracy, with its panaceas—voluntaryism or casual effort, individualism, get-rich-quick, conscientious objection, secularism, schism, disintegration, national ease, insularity, ignorance, and inertia—all the time, invariably and inevitably, Democracy has been "too late." We rose to the occasion with our traditional greatness. We did what we could and far more than we expected to. If example won wars, then assuredly we might add example to the latent forces in our favour, but, unfortunately, example is only as the goodwill of a business, just as good as it is worth, and no better.

Shred by shred our peace-time wrappings have been discarded. "Too late" has proved even too strong an argument for what we fondly but foolishly regarded as the fastness of British liberty—the right of opinion in war. Again our common sense has triumphed. Compulsion has come for the best of all reasons, because it had to come.

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Face to face with our historical continuity, our patriotism has not failed. Nowhere have the unled people, struggling with their insularity, failed. If we have come in always too late, it is not their fault. The cause of our remissness, our failures, lies in Britain's leaders, and it lies with them because the principle of Democracy, and so the standard and test of power or popularity, is expediency.

This can be proved again and again. Take the Gallipoli disaster. The men have won immortality; the author or authors of that expedition and its leaders have lost every vestige of reputation. Now that it is over, let there be no criticism. Yet this must be said. In Sir Ian Hamilton's report the cause of our failure was indecision. "Insuperable reasons" were discovered—too late. The head was wrong, though the spirit was glorious. Now, in Nelson's days, the head was right. And that is the difference and our difficulty. Again, take compulsion. Mr. Asquith solemnly pledged his word never to introduce it. As usual, too late, he does introduce it—to find that England is not only ready for it, but positively pleased that at last a decision has been reached. Nothing illustrates more clearly our weakness in war as this revelation of Britain's spirit. The people are far in advance of their leaders, naturally and professionally timid, slovenly, unimaginative, and ignorant of the first necessities of war. It is the head of our fish that is rotten, and necessarily so. Our leaders are peace-time politicians. Only the chance of our constitution enables them to stick to their posts. In war the corollary of "Wait and see" is too late. They are too late because in peace it is their political business to be late, not, that is, to lead, but to await the inspiration. A people which wages war like that is simply running on its chances.

If we examine the attitude of Labour towards compulsion we find the same anomaly. Over the body of Keir Hardie, a double-conscriptionist walks into Parliament in the teeth of Labour Ministerial opposition. Yet these same Labour Ministers vote shortly afterwards for the Bill. They have learnt their lesson, that is all. Timid, out of real touch with the spirit of the times, they did not think Englishmen thought so nationally. Politics. The head, this

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time of Labour, was wrong, nothing more. It was too late. Mr. Henderson, who opposed Stanton, changes his mind a few weeks later in the approved manner of political party expediency. He has had to learn from the men he is supposed to lead. The sails of England are full, an astute man, Mr. Henderson, yields to expediency. He knows that military necessity is the only thing now that matters. This time he is right. The majority is on his side. He drops Mr. Winstone for the patriot, Stanton.

Always it is the same story from August, 1914. The Press has to force the Government to intern the enemy; to see to the defence of London; to prevent cotton from passing into Germany; to whip up the authorities to provide the necessary munitions. The latest scandal in this connection is the so-called blockade which our feeble and philanthropic Government is desperately seeking to run by compromise and formulæ, instead of handing it over to the properly constituted power—the Navy. Why do these things happen? The answer is simply—political principle. Because Mr. Asquith and his Party *insist upon civil authority* in war, and refuse to leave military and naval matters, which they don't understand, to the soldiers and sailors whose profession it is to deal with them.

It is here that the source of all our weakness lies. The war is being run by civilians, men who even in peace are temperamental theorists and idealists, and professionally compromisers. War to them is an excrescence, hindering their natural utilities, which are politics. Since the beginning of the war they have winged our Navy; always afraid of decision, of action, of anticipation. Inevitably. They are lawyers. War to them is Chinese, They don't understand it, and never will. The figure-heads of Democracy, they hold their positions on popularity, which means that they don't govern or lead, but wait as Quakers await the inspiration. Civilian control is their ideal and their principle. Their power is the vote or opinion. Their greatest fear is that the soldiers and sailors may assume the direction of affairs, which would deprive them of this authority. Now, civilian control in war is contrary to all the lessons of military history.

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The result of this civilian control is that *responsibility* is non-existent. They tried to destroy it even in the Navy by abolishing courts-martial. Soldiers and sailors go, but the politicians remain. Mr. Asquith, for instance, has contradicted himself solemnly on half-a-dozen occasions about compulsion. But to politicians self-contradiction is a virtue. It is proof of pliancy, they think. It is the democratic custom. The last thing that occurs to them is that in war government by fits and starts is fatal and apt to be catastrophic.

The exclusion of Ireland from the Bill is a flagrant instance of this government by expediency. Fear was the motive, as a Minister has explained. Fear! A pretty confession for the British Government to make in the seven-teenth month of the war, the knowledge of which might at least have been withheld from our enemy. And so with the "conscientious objectors." What is all this poppycock of Ministers who tell us now that we "are within little of a great success" when we were faced with a great disaster, and now ingenuously admit to "fear"—political fear—in the home? It is the result of civilian control: that control which talked of saving Serbia and did nothing till General Joffre came over to force us to; that control which has made our blockade the joke of America; that control which two years before the war shrived its conscience before the "spiritualism" of Germany; that control which deals in feathers and protestations according to party political usage, and has lost us one advantage after another in the war from the day of the still unexplained and militarily unexplainable policy—for it must in the circumstances be ascribed to a policy, seeing that the sailors responsible were exonerated from blame—which allowed the *Goeben* to steam into the Golden Horn and so forfeit the perfectly obtainable neutrality of Turkey and, through Turkey, of all the Balkan peoples.

After the German victories last summer in Russia the cry went forth for a "Man." But people forgot that in a Democracy there cannot be a "Man," as otherwise it would be an autocracy, and that the men who "govern" in a

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Democracy are necessarily only the figure-heads of fashion or popularity, who do not, and are not supposed to, lead in the military sense at all. So that cry found no echo. To-day we talk of "revolutionary" committees. They come up, like mushrooms, in "pub" and drawing-room. Men ask one another: "What revolutionary committee do you belong to?" They are signs and safety valves. Men let off steam at these gatherings. Probably every day of the week the twenty-two are voted in a dozen rooms to perdition. Hot air! The constitution, unwritten, inscrutable as the Sphinx, awes and contains them. "We cannot shake these incorrigible twenty-two," men say. Of course they cannot. There is no responsibility. Ministers break word as easily as a monkey breaks a nut. Sensation follows sensation, so that we now open the papers to see what is the latest *gaffe*. To be sure, the revolutionary sense is dead in England, dead as Free Trade. There is no precedent for military government, no alternative, the would-be revolutionist explains; and truly we have moved a long way from Cromwell, who handled politicians "at push of pike." So the "Too lates" have it. "Mr. Asquith is stronger this week," men say. "Will Simon bring them down?" Poor gentle Sir John! What an unkind fate it was that placed so estimable a lawyer in a Cabinet which had to conduct war! And he, too, of whom they say: "He would have been Prime Minister"!

Or we ask each other the questions of the hour: "Have you seen a copy of the Danish Trading Agreement?" "Did you read the (suppressed) appendices of the recent American Note?" "Do you know the names of the German Companies trading in England?" "Can you understand why they don't do something to organise shipping so as to reduce freights?" "Have you heard the latest about the 'Freedom of the Seas' policy?" "Do you think anyone is really responsible for the defence of London?" etc., etc., and one man says this and another that, and nearly a year after Mr. Belloc had satisfactorily shot off a half of the total German effectives, spruce Mr. Tennant shatters our illusions by estimating the total German losses at two and a half millions—which, of course, is fairly correct.

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These are the difficulties of our insular Democracy in war. The top men in peace are all the wrong men in war, and naturally, seeing that for the most part they rose to their positions in the cloudland of peace idealism, which is the negation of action or war. Thus, in the gravest hour in European history, *we alone* in Europe refuse to be professional. Fashionable novelists and poets become our military "experts," to the laughter of the world. Lawyers govern, interfering with the Army and the Navy, or successful politicians start madcap expeditions; lip-service rules, dictates, and obfuscates the public vision as in the good old days of blather before the war. So far we have learnt little. Everybody knows it. Wherever we go we jostle against the appeal for a man, for men, for government or decision, for the puking and purging of our old peace bag of tricks, the old models, the old mannequins, the old curmudgeony—bingos of insular self-satisfaction.

Meanwhile the single Head of the enemy pursues his single course. Yesterday it was Serbia, to-day it is Montenegro. "A Bishop," the Hun will report, as he inks out Mount Lövken from his General Staff map, while here we console ourselves with the notion that money will enable us shortly to begin our "castle-ing." It is an illusion. Money never yet won a war. A people of 100,000,000 will not be starved into submission; they certainly won't be with the sham blockade of England's humanitarian lawyers: who are more afraid of the Irish than of the enemy, and have got themselves in a sad tangle over sea-power through their saintly ignorance of war and their silly talk of "militarism" and the "last war" and what not other catchword hot from the electioneering still-room where they bottle the nards and spices of Democracy and bake the cakes and jam puffs of the electorate.

It is lucky for the lawyers we are all confirmed Mark Tapleys, and that so many of us are making such a lot of money; otherwise even the Democratic ticket might run amok in the welter and turmoil of forcing the Government to "get on with the war," as we say wearily at each fresh scandal. "After all, we can't make many more mistakes

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now," a diplomat said to me the other day. Or, as an airman put it, "They are too deuced clever," and then he justified his statement by telling the story of how "we," at the instance of "they," had taken in a zealous M.P., who went aeroplane (Defence of London) inspecting, and never knew that he had inspected the same machines in *different* places twice over.

A plane is faster than a car running under police-trap regulations. "I confess I cannot see the joke," interjected a well-known war lecturer, and for the first time I agreed with him, though not for the same reason. "What is fun for you is death to me," I quoted from the fable, whereat the popular war lecturer grew quite magnetically wrathful. Fortunately, our hostess came to the rescue. "I thought," she said, "I thought *Sea and Air* had told us the Germans hadn't any more petrol."

Truly, the problems of Democracy fighting under Radical rules, or the catch-as-catch-can method, are bewildering, and but for the patriotism of a section of the Press would have proved disastrous. But the spirit of the country has carried us through the ordeal, and to-day there is no longer any question of the will or unity of "us." It is a great victory. Our acceptance of compulsion is the most determined thing we have yet done nationally. The danger is "they": who have even so far recovered confidence as to fill up the superfluous folio of the Duchy of Lancaster. The "Inner Council" has once more etiolated into a committee meeting. Lord Haldane still dances Columbine in and out of the "wings" of Downing Street, just as the German, or presumably now naturalised German, band of four musicians appears regularly in my street on Thursday mornings to vent upon us its stereotyped repertory of "Rule Britannia!", "God Save the King," and "The Lost Chord," and then shakes out its trumpets.

All the same, the hour of quickening is at hand. Somehow, the gentlemen who conduct war by committees, compromise, and cold comfort must be induced to take a few necessary decisions, if we are to win the war and impose our own conditions, and somehow I believe even that

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miracle will come to pass if those who can see through the fog and have sufficient impersonal patriotism press on for its consummation. The war will be decided on the field of battle, in no other way. As before said, we possess all the means to win, and win outright; it will depend whether we utilise our resources, and very particularly our brains; that is our problem. There is no other.

England—one can speak confidently of England again, now that Britain, owing to the defection of Ireland, is a misnomer—has proved her spirit, her readiness, her determination; all to-day that remains to be done is the sweetening of the Head. Two principles only are needed, for once we get them we shall be fighting, for the first time, on sound military lines. They are responsibility and government. It is for Parliament to enforce the first, the People to inspire the other. We can secure these conditions bit by bit, thrust by thrust, through the usual machinery at the disposal of Democracy, but it is a slow process and a devious route, and there may be many pitfalls on the way, though, on the other hand, could Parliamentarians but brace themselves to the endeavour, it might not unlikely prove to be a mere matter of technique and a little moral courage. Or we can obtain the national need, like soldiers. By crying “thumbs down” on civilian control, and so hand over the business of the war on land to the soldiers, and that on the seas to the sailors.

Quite so. Militarism, which is the only safe way to fight. In short, fight the Germans like Germans. Democracy is willing. Our pacifists, agitators, cranks, and “orators” can’t salt the tail of the “blue bird” of war with its bonuses and Whitehall munitions wages, against which even the speculum of the U.D.C. cannot find the toxin for a “pure culture.” War pays. But war will pay trebly if we win. That is Mr. Snowden’s trouble and our hope. It is why we mean to win. It is the reason why we must not permit our amateurs to spoil or muddle our chances.

England, Music, and—Women

By Ethel Smyth

Two years ago it would have seemed to me waste of time to discuss musical topics in England; this country, once the leading musical nation in Europe, was producing little or nothing, and most people professed to see in the enormous amount of concert programmes printed yearly and garnished chiefly with foreign names a proof that we were getting "more and more musical." As well might sterile parents adopt alien children and cry: "See how we are increasing the population"! No one seemed to understand that music is a complex civilisation we once possessed, have lost, and shall never recover until we win back the state of mind from which great art can spring.

The public action and outlook of a country are the essence of its spirit, and for many years it has been obvious that all was not well with England. Think of the politician: at worst a liar and time-server, at best a cipher, in all cases a person whose honour is rooted in the dishonourable ethics of the Party System, and whose divorce from any but the baser forms of reality is complete. Think of the Church: not poor in good men, yet as a body quick to compromise with evil; by turns torpid and canny. Think of the Press: flavoured to suit a generation that has never heard the word "duty," and whose gospel is "ninepence for fourpence." As for those who govern us, there is a proverb that a fish begins to rot at its head; on Marconi day even the most self-complacent realised that something we thought an unalienable heritage had passed out of English public life. And England said much, . . . but did nothing.

My contention is that as long as *qualities of passion*, such as enthusiasm, patriotism, moral courage, sense of duty, and so forth, play no part in the national scheme, it is vain to pray for the re-birth of a lost art. For art is a passion-flower: think how Scotland blazed into music to welcome Prince Charlie! And as I believe that nothing but tragedy could give us back the clean, simple things

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without which there can be no sound national life, I am thankful for this war—a terrific upheaval that may break up the old, sour soil and give good seed a chance.

The moment, then, is with us, and wherever else he may be lacking, in music we have the man; one who saw his opportunity and pounced; who, thanks to his peculiar genius combined with circumstances that free him from the necessity of trimming his sails, is an ideal stimulant for the torpid, and flail for the prejudiced. Again and again you will see this bold horseman ride the public at fences that stubborn, stiff-legged animal neither wished to tackle nor dreamed it could surmount; and lo! after a while the spirit of Pegasus informs its bosom, and it begins to like the game. I fancy Sir Thomas Beecham may tread other paths later on; it would not in the least surprise me if he were to die Astronomer-Royal, Prime Minister, or even Archbishop of Canterbury. But I think he will stick to music long enough to lay the foundation of a musical civilisation for us.

I have wondered all my life how it happened that a people gifted with exquisitely fine ears, beautiful voices, and natural technical facility came to lose this art. Literature has always been with us, and there have been great schools of painting, but since Purcell's time no music. One day a remark of Hermann Bahr, the Austrian writer, gave me a clue. He was talking of people you meet in trains, and said, "I should never dare ask a countryman of mine if the mountains were not looking splendid, for as likely as not the wretched man would begin explaining that he didn't admire mountains himself, that what he really liked was flat landscapes, and so on. Now the Englishman, a really civilised being, perceives my remark was a bit of ritual, and gives the right response: 'Yes, very fine.'" I told Bahr I once heard an English wife say to her husband: "If you think anyone knows what tune you are whistling, you're mistaken"; and the reply was, "I don't *wish* anyone to know what tune I am whistling." Bahr was delighted, and said it was England in a nutshell.

Now I quite admit there is much to admire in this instinctive discounting of one's own personal preferences as a matter of small importance, but after all music is an art of exteriorisation; if you constantly repress feeling you

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end by having none, or at least it gets buried so deep that when the time comes you can't get at it. Nothing shall persuade me that in Elizabethan times the hall-mark of the Anglo-Saxon was reserve, impassivity, and understatement, as it is to-day; and I wonder whether, during the evolution of this culture Bahr so much admires, song gradually froze to death?

It is a significant fact that opera has never found a home in England; how should this art appeal to a people growing more and more averse to personal ebullitions and making a fuss? If you needed an emotional outlet there was oratorio, where irreproachable sentiments may be uttered in unison with five hundred other people. How safe, how impersonal, how decent! Later, when it became obvious that other nations couldn't get on without opera, of course we had to have it too; and the way we set about it proved our grasp of the subject. Needless to say, it appeared among us in the familiar garb of financial enterprise, which means that box-office considerations reign supreme. Now in countries where opera is a real need the public demands both fine performances and plenty of novelties. Hence the subvention, for out of 100 new works barely 5 come to stay, and the useless outlay on the 95 has to be covered somehow. But as the Opera House is looked upon as a reservoir through which a constant stream of fresh water must flow and not as an old tank, the public cheerfully backs the bill.

Do English people realise that we are the only nation in Europe that refuses to make any sacrifice for this complex and costly art that cannot possibly be worthily practised without subsidy? Is it not incredible that no statesman has dared to ask the richest city in the world to put its hand into its pocket and endow a National Opera House in London? The grant to the British Museum is £300,000 a year. I once heard a Cabinet Minister explain it was because this comes under the head of education, whereas music is considered an amusement. (What did I say about a lost civilisation?) If inclined to frankness, he might have added that in the case of manuscripts, mummies, and pictures you have something to show for your money, but a fine performance . . . once it is over, what have you to show for that?

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Well, we got what we deserved, namely, . . . Covent Garden! I hope the war has finally killed that unspeakable institution, but how like it to have achieved the unmerited honour of a military funeral! Otherwise there was and is nothing but sporadic outbursts of opera in London, and small travelling companies, doomed to flit like locusts from one spot of the desert to another. And as variety is an expensive article and England conservative to the verge of imbecility the changes are rung on a few popular works, some of which are masterpieces possible to produce decently on a small scale, while others have to be mutilated to fit the frame. Nothing is farther from my mind than to speak slightly of these companies; it is their zeal and pluck that have kept the spark alive throughout the provinces, but . . . it is not the real thing.

Can it be wondered at, then, if those of us whose bent is music-drama gravitate towards countries where there is a living operatic tradition? There, instead of being a terror furtively concealing a score you are a client bringing possible grist to a busy mill, and if your work is accepted you can count (except in crises like the Boer War, as I found out to my cost) on its being decently, even reverently, handled. There art is a sacred thing, and long habit has taught directors that, as Angelo Neumann put it, adequate preparation and success are synonymous terms. An extreme statement, of course; what he meant was that just as a bad production can ruin a masterpiece, so nothing but clever casting and unlimited rehearsal can ensure its success. The days and hours the Russians will spend over the perfection of detail staggered all who saw it, but we English want to have the goods without paying the price, and so there is a silent conspiracy to ignore the vital necessity of ample rehearsing. If a novelty of any kind, not only an operatic one, fails to produce an impression, no one suggests that the performance may have been inadequate; it is always the fault of the composer.

There is no surer proof of genuine and living love of art than curiosity, no deadlier symptom than the lack of it, especially when combined, as so often happens, with besotted admiration of the classics. In Vienna, the most musical town I know, the smart and the humble will throng

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to sample a work by someone whose name they never heard before; if anyone imagines that listening in London to music threshed out elsewhere does just as well he is mistaken, for nothing educates like assisting at the birth of new ideas. Here in England only two moods are instinctively understood: the suggestion of physical energy (a good mood) and the most nauseating sentimentality of which there are two brands; the amorous, heard in trains on Saturday nights, and the pompous, highly appreciated in the concert-room. I much prefer the former myself, particularly since the restrictions on the sale of liquor. Let us hope the great upheaval will set free many choked streams of genuine emotion; then the public may gradually wean itself from the ditch-water habit.

The practical value of a musical civilisation pans out thus in the world of opera. A work may fall flat at X, but at Z, only fifty miles off, be a huge success, and from thence go the round of the theatres. Music-lovers in X will make a point of seeing the performance at Z, and finding it far better than their own will be furious with their director who has baulked them of the honour of launching the sensation of the year; and the director will have to look to his laurels, for there is a splendid rivalry between these various communities. Thus, by constantly checking and rectifying first impressions, a public trains itself to jump to a new idiom or ethical standpoint, and can even guess whether or no an unknown work is having a fair chance. An English football crowd will see when a half-back has missed his opportunity, but our opera public has not the faintest notion of the game of opera; how should it, having heard nothing but a few classics and one or two modern works hatched elsewhere and borne hither on the wings of boom? (Needless to say, I am not alluding to Sir Joseph Beecham's great achievement, the wholesale transplantation of a foreign art to our shores.)

As regards even production the critical faculty seems non-existent; good and bad performances are equally applauded (a lack of discrimination that perhaps accounts for English cooking); indeed on all sides the ignorance that prevails in matters operatic is disconcerting. The other day young composers were benevolently urged to go to the Shaftesbury, note what the public

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likes, and produce a masterpiece on similar lines. One cannot refrain from pointing out that if there were no racecourses you would hardly make a success of breeding thoroughbreds, yet composers are constantly challenged to produce a Derby winner! As for the receipt recommended, surely an individual outlook is the first condition of a masterpiece, and we know that even in musically civilised countries originality is apt to affront; for which reason the public too often began by hating what it now loves. *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and many other box office trumps fell flat at first and retired to the cupboard for years. Another thing: this being, as I have said, the most complex of arts, the launching of a new opera is a delicate and risky operation. A sore throat, a row in the Town Council, a blizzard, the falling of a conductor off the top of a tramcar (a musical conductor I mean!) are incidents that in my own experience have tripped up new works on the threshold. When I was a student the very existence of *Hoffmann* had been forgotten. Suddenly it was revived, I think at Dresden, and achieved a *succès d'estime*; a month later it was produced at Leipzig under the incomparable direction of Mahler. The unanimous verdict was: "Music vulgar, libretto impossible"; and not till some ten years later did *Hoffmann* finally triumph. You who fly to see it whenever it is given, is it possible to believe this? Yet so it was, and the moral is: there is no receipt for writing a work which is at the same time a masterpiece and a certain success.

To revert to conditions here. The worst of a country bereft of tradition is that landmarks and signposts have to be set up. Trade interests thrive on boom, and people must be saved from the dread calamity of admiring the wrong thing. Abroad you get furious partizanship; I was once at a concert given by Schönberg where yells drowned the music, blows were exchanged, arrests made, and finally the lights turned down and the audience ordered to disperse. I never enjoyed a concert so much. But partizanship is quite another thing to nursed and shackled judgment. In England a conductor, a performer, a composer is suddenly and with curious unanimity presented by the authorities with the Triple Crown. Dissent spells heresy, and from henceforth the chosen ones can do no

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wrong, with the natural result that they stop growing. Before men of incontestable supremacy criticism falls flat on its stomach. I have heard Nikisch, whom, war or no war, we all love and admire, conduct disgracefully; he had been too busy raking in dollars to study his score, or perhaps too tired to rehearse. Anyhow there it was and no one seemed to notice it. As for Richter, I remember one of many similar occasions. He was conducting a novelty and evidently in trouble; the eyes of the orchestra were on sticks and every brow dew-bedecked. "What's wrong?" I asked the composer. "Merely," he said, "that a bar or two on every page is $\frac{3}{4}$ and he's beating 4 all the time." Next day the newspapers spoke slightly of this work, which, they said, had been conducted by Dr. Richter in his usual masterly fashion. I venture to say that nowhere else, except perhaps America, could such a thing happen. Or, again, you may often see an English audience bored to death by the work of a triply-starred composer eventually goaded by the frantic efforts of the faithful into a semblance of animation; on one such occasion I watched the gradual return to consciousness and instantaneous plunge into enthusiasm of a great authority who had been slumbering peacefully in the stalls; but perhaps he had been up late the night before. In the end a fair amount of noise will be achieved, but nothing like the frenzy you will read of next day in the Press.

All this humbug and snobbishness must be got rid of before we can hope for better things; that is why it behoves us to thank heaven for Sir Thomas Beecham, who, right or wrong, goes his own way and refuses to toe the line.

In conclusion, a word about music and women. I wish it were possible to say it without referring to myself, but it is not; especially as of late, since Sir Thomas Beecham is producing it, I have been asked why a typically English comic opera, based on a story of Jacobs, was to have had its first performance abroad.

The happier conditions there of which I have spoken had something to do with it, but there is another reason—namely, that wherever the artistic instinct is strong, judgment is objective; consequently, a woman who practises art is just an artist among others. Here, where instinct is weak and prejudice cultivated as a virtue, a

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critic's first and last thought in connection with a woman's work is her sex. He may praise or blame, but in either case there is a third thing between him and her work, consequently his light is not dry. You can, with luck, startle him into objectivity for two minutes, just as you can induce a dog to stand on his hind legs, but in less than no time down he is on all fours again. In fact years ago I came to the conclusion I still hold that it is impossible, try as he may, for an Englishman to judge a woman's work at all.

Even in matters which are not, like art, an open question, and can be tested by results, such as laboratory work, gardening, organisation, &c., &c., a strain of condescension runs through all male comment on the activities of "the ladies." To give a recent instance: the report of the pressmen who spent part of November touring the munition factories states that in work never before done by women demanding both skill and strength they have proved not only their equality but their superiority to men (*The Times*, November 16th); also that in many cases their output is rather more than double that of the men (*Manchester Guardian*, November 16th). Rather a serious matter, it seems to me, but in many instances I found it treated as a sort of joke, and the women (whose wages are no joke) patted on the back like children. One of the halfpenny papers summed up the attitude to perfection: a picture of girl grocer-assistants, under which was written, "These women can tie up parcels as neatly as men"—exactly as you would talk of performing dogs or seals!

This testimonial moved me deeply; to such promotion might I too have aspired but for the war; with operas running at two of the leading Opera Houses of Europe I might have finally shed my English title of "our leading *woman* composer"! And yet I doubt it. In the land of the Brontës and Jane Austen George Eliot thought it well to take a masculine pseudonym, and I am certain that if Selma Lagerlöf and Anna de Noailles, two of the greatest living writers, had been Englishwomen they would only have achieved qualified rank in their own country. Some few men might have recognised them as stars of the first magnitude but they

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would have kept the awful knowledge to themselves. "The old girl's a wonder," said Mr. Bagnet, "but I never tell her so; *discipline must be maintained*"; the majority preoccupied with the thought that these authors are women, would never have really penetrated their work at all.

When will our men rid themselves of this sex-obsession—so graceful in the adolescent, so hideous in old gentlemen at club windows, but, to say the least of it, out of place in art criticism? You see it at its most rampant in connection with music; if a work is too long it is feminine discursiveness (as if men were always brief and to the point, good Heavens!); if snappy and abrupt it is woman's impatience; but if direct, lucid, and strong, "these are qualities we do not as a rule look for in women."

Now I humbly submit that art is action, constructive action, and without strength no one can build. Probably the qualities of men and women of this breed are identical; certainly all first-line work by women artists has exactly the characteristics of remarkable women all down history. O men, think of Caterina Sforza, Saint Teresa, Catherine of Russia, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Tudor, Joan of Arc, Mrs. Pankhurst, Edith Cavell, . . . every one of them women to the core and strong as steel. Or do you agree with the riding-master who wrote to *The Times* just before the war that in his experience women who ride astride are generally "somewhat manly characters," and added: "I am told Queen Elizabeth did it, but she of course *was not a womanly woman*"! And note how in the case of another on my haphazard list, the re-fashioner of the War Office, the inventor of the modern hospital system and Army transport, the iron-willed organiser and ruthless chastiser of inefficiency has been forgotten in order to sentimentalise at ease over the Lady of the Lamp!

There is literally no end to the nonsense talked on this theme. Someone regretted the other day that up to now woman had failed "to reveal the secret of her sex" in her art: a phrase, I say it again, that could not have been coined out of England. As if all creative spirits were not bi-sexual! But I think I know what was in the writer's mind:

"Those soft little creatures
With pert little features
That flatter and coax are the sort I prefer."

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It is the secret of these souls our friend wishes to find revealed in our work. So he will, if he looks carefully (though I think the real thing in human shape would give greater satisfaction) but not that only. Woman's soul is not a one-stringed lute; perhaps he wishes it were! And yet the odd thing is that, having settled to their satisfaction what is womanly, men do not notice that their lives depend on our being something quite different. The other day a porter observed to me of a colleague—there had been an accident—"Why, 'e fainted at the sight of blood, just like a woman." I remarked that if that was our habit we should make poor nurses, even in peace time, and after a wondering pause he said, "That's true. I never thought of that." All my life I have noticed that at times of domestic catastrophe it is not only on woman's tenderness, but, above all, on her strength that men rely. As well they may.

"That's all very well," I hear someone say, "but up to now where are the great women-composers?" My answer is that as long as we are kept out of the rough and tumble of musical life you won't have many.

When a boy leaves the College of Music he jumps straight into the stream. Perhaps he becomes a coach in musical comedy, gets to know the works produced, in an emergency is told to conduct; if music-drama is his bent he has meanwhile learned the whole technique in his stride. Or perhaps he will play in an orchestra; there is no better school of orchestration, even of composition; the whole of musical literature passes across your desk.

Now when her student days are over, a woman, like a man, has to earn her living, but, as every other door is shut against her, the fiery leader of the College band, the composer, perhaps, of the best string quartet of the year, has to teach scales to stupid children in the suburbs. Men give lessons too, but meanwhile they are on the top of the wave of music; strong breezes refresh their spirits and keep them keen. In the soul of the woman the glow gradually dies down, as happens to fires unfed. I met such a one a few days ago, and said to myself with pain: "This is the brilliant young genius I saw ten years ago at the Royal College of Music!" and for the time I felt bitter things about men who thus arrange life for women and then complacently wonder why she is not doing more in music. It

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is distressing, but a fact, that when an alien was behind the Queen's Hall Orchestra Sir Henry Wood was able to put through a pet scheme and include women in it. I never heard the strings so warm, brilliant, and dashing as at that time; it was man's soul and woman's blending as they should; perhaps, too, it was a case of generous rivalry. Now that orchestra has Englishmen behind it, and . . . the women have vanished from the scene!

I may sum up the whole situation thus: when a man becomes a Mount Everest in music, remember he is standing on the shoulders of a mighty range; but a woman must needs hurl herself upwards from the dead level by her own volcanic energy. If in the short time that has elapsed since she broke out of the harem where Puritanism had firmly locked her in, she has done well in literature, it is because no one can prevent you from reading and training yourself as a writer in your bedroom. Once a publisher is found (almost impossible for a woman till recent times), a fine book makes its own way. In every other walk of life, artistic, scientific, intellectual—except the stage, since "male and female created He them"—the way is barred by selfishness, prejudice, and professional rings of which the mass-exponents are the Trade Unions. The legal bann is still intact, and I doubt if the "strong" sex could have faced and finally broken down a barrier such as the medical profession held against women, once monopolists in the art of healing. When I am reminded, as often happens, that the best cooks are men, it is with great pleasure I inform my interlocutor that the L.C.C. gives free instruction in the art of cooking to both sexes, but women are not allowed to qualify for more than a certain wage, I think £50—a straw that admirably shows which way the wind blows. Meanwhile, in the rate-collector's office, as in Heaven, there is no discrimination between the sexes.

At this stage I hear another voice, and a very impatient one, exclaim: "Talk of King Charles's head; why, she can't even discuss music without dragging in the Woman's Question." Truly I cannot; nor could Socrates when he was pondering the chances of the regeneration and possible survival of Greece. I started by saying you can have no art-renaissance as long as the public life of your country, which includes its sanctioned outlook, is unsound; and

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the attitude of man to woman, based on the Prussian ethic of "might is right," on tyranny, jealousy, and selfishness, is a dangerous anachronism which only too perfectly illustrates our national averseness to facing reality—the quality Ministers had in mind when they started the war by suppressing the truth. Even in the far-off days of peace there were more women than men in England, and, alas! as time goes on the disproportion will grow. At present it looks as if the axe were laid at the root of this determination to keep us in the category of hewers of wood and drawers of water. But if, when the war is over, it is persisted in; if, notwithstanding the fact that every ounce of working power in the country will have to be utilised in order to pay our debts, women are still to be prevented from earning their livelihood in any sphere for which they can prove themselves fit, then you will have a flaw running through the whole system which will bid fair to rob us of the fruits of this terrible ordeal.

That is why the Woman's Question has come into this article, and why to-day, at a moment when minds are not indisposed to consider unfamiliar notions, I have ventured to state a belief I have held for many years—that in a new heart, and nothing short of that, lies our hope of the re-birth of music in England.

Corrupting an Empire

By Raymond Radclyffe

WHEN war broke out the whole nation was at a white heat of enthusiasm. It was prepared to make any sort of sacrifice, submit to any kind of compulsion; surrender all its rights. Rich people discharged their men-servants, and tramped round gasworks with a badge on their arm and a flask in their pocket. The patriotism of the poor was pathetic. They crowded the enlistment offices, and a citizen army of a million men was soon enrolled. The Colonies were even more loyal than the Mother Country. They gave everything they had. But the enthusiasm soon cooled down, and to-day we find a very mild compulsion Bill fought line by line in the House of Commons, whilst in the country the temper of the working class is distinctly unpleasant. Why has this change come over the country? The rich man drinks more champagne than ever; the workman buys jewellery and pianos for his women-folk, and bottles of whisky for himself. The war is not forgotten, but it is now looked upon as a means of livelihood, a way to get rich quick, an easy road to pleasure. All idea of suffering and self-sacrifice has gone and left in its place a selfish desire to make the most out of a conflict which many people think of as a blessing in disguise. The talk is not now of battles, victories, or repulses, but of exports and imports, rates of exchange, prices of commodities, tariffs and taxes. The war is no longer a struggle to destroy the German soldier, but to annex his money. The nation is lashed to fury because it sees the United States shipping hundreds of millions of dollars worth of goods to neutral countries. But it is really angry because a competitor has taken its trade. Mr. Runciman makes a long speech and threatens Germany, not with defeat on the field of battle, but in the counting-house. She is to be crushed, not by 17-inch shells, but by stupendous tariffs. Sir George Buchanan addresses the New English Club in Petrograd and promises a trade

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combine between Russia and England which shall settle the hash of the German trader in Russia once and for all. Now these speeches would not be delivered unless they were popular. They are. Everybody, when the war began, was all for kicking the German out of Belgium. That was not found very easy, as someone had forgotten to supply the necessary shells. So the Turk was to be kicked out of Constantinople, which looked a simpler job. But it wasn't, thanks to the fact that the Army and the Navy didn't begin kicking at the same time. To-day the public doesn't want to hear of the war on land and sea. It wants to hear of the awful ruin that will come to our enemies, thanks to an elaborate system of tariffs. I am not going to argue the good and the bad sides of a tariff war. If we could smash the German by a tariff, by all means let us have one, and the bigger the better. But it seems to me, a quite unmilitary person who has dwelt in the City some thirty years, that before we adopt the horrible measures of Mr. Runciman we must beat Germany in the field. We must destroy her armies before we can tackle any trade she may still have when the war is ended. For until her armies are defeated there is always the chance that they may defeat us, and then where will our wonderful tariffs be?

Why has the whole mind of the public dropped from the high-strung and pure patriotic tone it adopted when war began to a lower and more sordid note? The whole blame must be laid upon the political lawyers who govern the country. They did not respond to the passionate outcry for self-sacrifice, economy, and efficiency. They took no measures which by any stretch of the imagination could be called heroic. They closed public-houses a little earlier to please the teetotaler. They darkened the streets of London. But they omitted to provide arms or equipment for the recruits, and they neglected to give the artillery the shells they required. They asked the nation to drink less, but they refused to limit their own supplies in the House of Commons. They preached economy, but declined to cut down their own salaries. They refused to declare cotton contraband, or to intern aliens, and only gave way when they found themselves and their salaries in danger. The nation grew tired of nagging. It found the Ministers taking the war in a leisurely fashion; it followed its leaders.

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There was much method in the Ministerial policy. Mr. Asquith had the remarkable example of Sir Robert Walpole always before him. Sir Robert kept in office by the very simple process of bribing the members of the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith has kept in office by flooding the country with money. He knows only too well that no prosperous man can long remain discontented. Therefore he allowed millions to flow through the manufacturing districts. The total expenditure is said to be about five millions a day, and perhaps two-thirds of this has been spent in Great Britain. Soldiers were billeted in every town, and every small cottager found it profitable to feed the recruits. There was no fixed scale. Some women got 25s. a week for feeding a man, others only got 15s., but even at this price the profit was large. Allowances to married men were on a grand scale, and a poor labourer with seven children found his income doubled the day he joined the colours. Thus the very poorest were made comfortable. Boots, clothing, arms, horses, ammunition, and all the hundred and one necessities for a great army were ordered from factories, and thus the workman was kept fully employed and his wages raised. He could get as much work as he liked, and it is well known that in the North of England a capable mechanic has been able to earn up to £10 a week ever since war was declared. I need hardly point out that the average wages of such a man would not exceed £3 a week even in boom days. The owners of workshops, the proprietors of large factories capable of supplying the goods needed, made fortunes very quickly. War did not pinch them, it caressed them. But there were still large numbers of shops that did not make anything suitable for either Army or Navy. Such places languished until a bright idea struck that acute lawyer, Lloyd George. Why not nationalise such workshops? It was done; and when done there was hardly a factory left in Great Britain that was not twice as well off in war as it was in peace. The newspapers were placated by huge advertisements given out in the most lavish manner by an agent whose services have been rewarded by a knighthood. In their eagerness to spend money the Government gave some papers the same advertisement twice over in the same day and paid twice over. Indeed, the lines upon which the

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advertisement campaign was run were the same lines as those which paid a washerwoman 25s. for a week's board of a soldier. It speaks well for the honesty of the Press that, in spite of the huge orders at scale rates, many newspapers still continued to criticise. The advertising of the Financial Loans was conducted upon the same extravagant lines as those which asked for recruits. When the war has ended the most stringent inquiry will have to be made into this scandal, as into many others. It was deemed wise, in view of the German population in the United States, to spend large sums in that country also, and huge orders, at fabulous prices, were given out. Every American newspaper is full of lists of orders, presidents of companies boast as to the amount of profits they are making out of the Britisher whose money they take and whose business capacity they sneer at.

The war has been running eighteen months, and about £2,500,000,000 has been disbursed, flung broadcast, wasted in the most wicked manner. The *Economist* analyses each year the reports of 928 companies, with businesses all over the world. The profits of these companies for 1915 only show a decline of 3·2 per cent., as compared with 1914. Even this percentage is somewhat misleading, because the bulk of the losses were made in land and mortgage companies trading abroad; nitrate companies, whose principal customer was Germany; tramway companies abroad; trust companies, whose securities had depreciated. British companies, such as motor-cycle companies, showed an increase of 43·6 per cent. in net profits. Breweries, now under the most savage persecution they have ever experienced, actually increased their net earnings by 4·8 per cent. Iron, coal, and steel companies show an increase in net earnings of 25·3 per cent., but these companies usually write off large sums before arriving at their profits, and, in 1915, used 61·4 per cent. of their gross profits in this way, and even the brewery companies wrote off or placed to reserve 32·4 per cent.; so one gathers that they did not do extremely badly after all. Shipping companies would appear to have done comparatively badly, as they only increased their profits 15·5 per cent. But the *Economist* does not often analyse the reports of small shipping concerns, and it is these that have reaped the golden harvest. Also, in gaug-

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ing the prosperity of shipping, we must not forget that only seven companies are included in these statistics, most of them carrying passengers, and that one of these was the Argentine Navigation, which showed a loss of £51,000. We may safely say that the average shipowner has made a huge fortune out of the war. Tea and rubber companies show an increase in profits of no less than 44·4 per cent. The tobacco companies have done splendidly, considering that their figures compare with an unprecedented boom. Carreras, which is outside the Trust, has almost doubled its profits. The Trust does a large trade in enemy countries, and should, therefore, have been severely hit. Yet it made £1,850,000 and paid 22½ per cent., carrying forward £1,148,158. Its South African subsidiary made £26,634 more than in 1914 and raised its dividend to 25 per cent. The Canadian offshoot did not do well, and showed reduced earnings. But it cleared £475,361, which, when we remember that the goodwill is over £5,500,000, and is, of course, water, is not a bad return on the capital actually employed, for its quick assets are only £1,769,713. Boots and shoes have naturally had a wonderful year. Four companies, whose reports have just appeared, made £209,700 in 1914, but they succeeded in earning £318,900 in 1915, or an increase of over 52 per cent. Indeed, these four companies have made records, and I have no doubt that when the other competing companies issue their balance-sheets equally good results will be shown. It is interesting to note that J. Sears and Co., a company only formed a few years ago, but well managed and very successful, has to its credit £54,406 in War Loan and £51,362 in cash, which is not bad for a capital of £350,000. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, a large firm at Leicester, hold £145,888 in Government securities and £198,648 in cash, but their share capital is only £425,000, and is covered nearly twice over in quick assets. Verily, the making of boots for a complaisant Government is indeed profitable in days of war.

Now I submit with great seriousness that we are on the wrong lines. I cannot consider the huge expenditures which have resulted in such unparalleled prosperity in any way justified. We are at war. It is the most serious business human beings can possibly be engaged upon. We

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were wont to pray, "From battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us." Who would thus pray to-day? Not the shipowner, whose boats earn enough in one voyage to repay the whole cost of the ship. Not the maker of boots, who can see enough profit to apply for £50,000 in War Loan, and still have £50,000 left in his till, when a few years ago that same bootmaker was not earning £20,000 a year. Not the iron and steel maker, who has doubled his profits, but hidden them away under the head of depreciation. Nor the tool-makers, like Greenwood & Batley, of Leeds, who in three months made enough to pay at the rate of 50 per cent., whereas a year or two back the same firm could not pay any dividend at all. But why continue the list of phenomenal profits? We remember the flour millers, Messrs. Spillers & Bakers; Thorneycrofts, the engineers; John Brown & Co., the ship-builders. They stand out unconcealed, honestly telling the world what they have made. Thousands have hidden their gains. The bald fact that five millions a day has been handed out cannot be hidden, for we all of us must one day foot the bill.

That is where the Government has been so clever. It pays away five millions every twenty-four hours, and knows quite well that not one person in a million will ask where the money comes from and who is going to pay it back.

That is where the Government has been so clever. It pays, knowing that those who get the money will keep their mouths shut, and that as long as the money is poured out the nation will wax fat and smile at such trivial incidents as the abandonment of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro; the loss of the Pacific Fleet, the retreat from Baghdad, and the horror of the Dardanelles.

But I still believe that England will awake some day and insist upon economy, efficiency, and honesty. We cannot win this war till such an awakening does come—no! not though we spend ten millions a minute and wallow in champagne and motor-cars. No war was ever won by mere waste. But many have been lost through it.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

WITH the New Year the operatic venture at the Shaftesbury Theatre has advanced another stage—from opera in English to English opera. Two new works have been performed, and before these notes appear in print a third will have been added to the list. These quasi-tentative productions are of great importance to the movement in favour of English music that flickers up fitfully, and as often burns itself out for want of suitable fuel to keep it active. The most hopeful sign about them is their indigenous quality. Even the failure among them is, in a certain sense, national.

Everyman failed because of flaws which are characteristic of our musical taste. Its composer, Madame Liza Lehmann, is a copious purveyor of "best-sellers." She is a recognised adept at the style of song beloved by the public of the ballad concerts. She knows the idiom thoroughly, and has even been clever enough at times to give it a seasoning of freshness without impairing its familiarity, a perfectly plausible paradox, but one that is seldom so well illustrated. Unfortunately for her that idiom is perfectly hopeless in the theatre. Even the tolerant British public found that out long ago. Ballad concerts may still be sure of support, but ballad opera is as dead as mutton, and everyone knows it. The transparent device of making the music continuous does not affect the idiom.

Although *Everyman* does not at the outset suggest operatic treatment, one can conceive of many ways in which its dignity and eloquence could be enhanced to that end. An inspired composer might deal with it symphonically on the lines of a "festival music-drama." Or, better still, he might apply that chastening economy of means which is Latin in spirit, and therefore the artistic antithesis of Wagnerism. The one thing not to do was to make it a continuous "sacred song" of conventional pattern. In that form it resembled a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon or Little Bethel's notion of the Hereafter. Its failure was

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due to the national vice of doping with sedative sound. The music will doubtless turn up again in the concert-room, and meet with popular success, but for the theatre it is the wrong dope.

Sir Charles Stanford's version of *The Critic* is an undoubted success, again for reasons which possess national significance. There is a certain kind of fun in which we have always excelled. It supplies the reason why, before the war, the Continental music-halls were flooded with English "turns." In their own line of business they could not be supplanted. The French adore *la blague*, and are splendid exponents of it, but we alone have the secret of *la blague à froid*. It is an accomplishment that is easily underrated by the pompous ones of the earth, but as an expression of the comic spirit it has its right of way to full recognition. Curiously enough, whilst we have always been ready to accept masterpieces of this kind as Literature with a capital L, we have been singularly loth to regard their musical equivalent as Music with a capital M. Perhaps that is the reason why our young composers do not invade a field in which it is their birth-right to excel, and prefer to give us lengthy symphonic poems on the gloomiest of subjects. Maurice Ravel once confessed to me a sneaking desire to compose the music for a "tramp juggler" of the "halls." Much as I admire him, I am not entirely confident of the result, but I believe some of our young composers, if they could throw off academic earnestness, would achieve something characteristic and in keeping.

Sheridan's burlesque of a tragedy in rehearsal has this national quality at its best. Moreover, the conversion of the tragedy into an opera was not only feasible, but really desirable in order to accentuate the actuality of the scene. Drama of the type parodied here has disappeared from our recognised stage. It still flourishes in obscure places, but it is doubtful whether the class of people who are attracted by Sheridan are at all familiar with the subject of his irony. But in opera the conditions still exist. The advent of music-drama has changed nothing. The operatic tenor still barnstorms, and the operatic chorus still acts with "wonderful unanimity." At this same theatre performances and audiences alike have been taking

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seriously on one evening the identical conventions which they geyed on another, when *The Critic* was performed. Hence the irony had more bite than it could possibly have had if Don Whiskerandos had merely "mouthed" his lines instead of singing them.

In the circumstances, Sir Charles Stanford had an easy task. Provided the acting was good—and it was—the irony would have told even if the opera had been set straightforwardly, as any opera destined to be taken seriously. He is indeed to be congratulated on not having gone out of his way to be funny, for his known excursions into that field, such as the *Ode to Discord*, have not exactly proved exhilarating. Instead of this he has contented himself with more or less apposite reminiscences of a playful kind. Few of these reach the lay majority of the audience, so that for practical purposes the music can be regarded as ordinary light opera. As such it is not particularly distinguished, though it proves a skilled hand. The fact is that so long as there is music, its quality really matters little. The humour would carry equally well whatever the tune, and most of Sir Charles' tunes would be equally at home in "straight" opera. This is eminently sound, for musical parody is too subtle for the theatre, and the more boisterous kind of fooling would become neither Sir Charles Stanford nor Sheridan.

The art of musical parody is extraordinarily difficult. It is usually evaded by simply grafting a familiar tune on to an equally familiar quotation from the composer to be satirised. As true parody consists in a witty exaggeration of mannerisms, it is obvious that a really clever parodist must not only have intimate knowledge of those of his victim, but his technique must enable him to go one better. For instance, in the *Ode to Discord*, of pious memory, the composer wished, among other features, to satirise the modern musician's love of a good orchestral row. But it takes a remarkable degree of proficiency to get a huge volume of sound from an orchestra. Try as he might, the parodist in this instance never succeeded in being as noisy as the object of his satire. If a cartoonist wants to caricature a man with a large nose, he makes it larger still. Here it was reduced to normal dimensions, and passed as any ordinary nose might.

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Books

TRAVEL AND GEOGRAPHY

CONSTANTINOPLE OLD AND NEW. By H. G. DWIGHT.
Longmans and Co. 21s. net.

Mr. Dwight, whose name is familiar to readers of this REVIEW, has written a capital book on Constantinople. To those who can conjure up happy recollections of the place these pages have rather a wistful flavour at the present moment. They read almost like an epitaph. Who knows? Who knows what changes are in store for that picturesque old town which the author knows and loves so well—for those gardens and courtyards and fountains? It is good, at least, to have the memory of them enshrined in a pleasing volume like this.

WAR

THE COLONISATION OF AUSTRALIA. By R. C. MILLS.
Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. net.

GLORIOUS DEEDS OF THE AUSTRALASIANS IN THE GREAT WAR. By E. C. BULEY. Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.

How relatively few are the Englishmen who have even heard the name of Edward Gibbon Wakefield! If they will give themselves the pleasure of perusing this careful piece of work they will see what manner of man he was, this acute thinker, to whom "more than to any other single man colonial self-government owes its existence"; who, in a word, created the Australia we know. And if they care to learn what Australia—for no other reason than that the genius of Wakefield was expended upon it—has been enabled to perform for Great Britain, they cannot do better than take up the volume by Mr. Buley, himself an Australasian, recording their feats at the Dardanelles and elsewhere. It is a book to read from cover to cover.

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JUNE, 1916

A Song

By Arthur Symons

SOMETIMES we meet each other by the way,
She passes with a bow,
She passes smiling, and I say: My God,
What, she can laugh then, now?

Quick to my lip there comes another smile,
Masking a sorry brow;
And then I think: But what if she, too, laughs,
As I am laughing now?

On Bowness Moss

By John Helston

At sunset's height, when most the deeps of men
Are moved, and send up from their silences
Thoughts that, as height and depth, are made akin,
I stood where time upon the peat-land is
Like some dark thing, snared, dead within a gin,
Stark-sinewed as the tombless centuries.

And bog-myrtles and rose-bays all around
Were wistfuller than flowers are that rise
In churchyards old, by tears made holy ground.

A blare of wind : anigh, rock whitebeam trees
Were of a sudden shaken bright and loud :
There came a sound of curlews in the skies :
And a strong sighing shook the blaes and heath :
While Skiddaw crept from earth into a cloud.

A voice in requiems for that day's death
Spoke in my ears, so I could understand,
How that long shadow on Northumberland
Laid on men's hearts its silence from afar ;
Till Solway's every lead and sand and scar,
And the day's end across the moss and flow,
By men should be forgotten, and no more ;
And none should mark, upon the Scottish shore,
Criffel's grey head crowned in the afterglow
With fire—as might the Roman, long ago,
Watching upon Birdoswald and the Wall.

There on the waste, through that slow evenfall,
I learnt how distance, making all things mute,
Has yet man's heart to hearken to her suit
Through the long wistfulness of time and space.
The camp fires once again on Burnies' Wark
Shone out for me. . . . When there was come the dark,
I lost the light by Annan waterfoot—
It put so much of tears into my face.

In No Man's Land

By E. A. Mackintosh

THE hedge on the left and the trench on the right
And the whispering, rustling wood between,
And who knows where in the wood to-night
Death or capture may lurk unseen?
The open field and the figures lying
Under the shade of the apple-trees—
Is it the wind in the bushes sighing,
Or a German trying to stop a sneeze?

Louder the voices of night come thronging,
But over them all the sound rings clear,
Taking me back to the place of my longing
And the cultured sneezes I used to hear,
Lecture-time and my tutor's "handker"
Stopping his period's rounded close,
Like the frozen hand of the German ranker
Down in a ditch with a cold in his nose.

I'm cold, too, and a stealthy snuffle
From the man with a pistol covering me,
And the Bosche moving off with a snap and a shuffle
Break the windows of memory.
I can't make sure till the moon gets brighter—
Anyway, shooting is overbold—
Oh, damn you, get back to your trench, you blighter,
I really can't shoot a man with a cold.

God's Crucible

By Trevor Allen

WHEN we two lie in rapt communion,
And night benignant clusters close above,
Bestowing through the hours a benison
Of secrecy upon our mingled love;

So still, so close, so intimately blest,
That soul strives unto soul through every limb,
And I can hear, beneath your rhythmic breast,
The bosom's chant, the heart's delirious hymn;

So still, so tense, in such devout embrace,
Until the sacred vintage of the soul
Glows in your eyes, suffuses all your face,
And, mouth to mouth, I drink the sweetness whole;

Surely, when thus we love, adore, beseech . . .
Our Self, our Being, is dissolved like dew
In God's divinest crucible, and each
To the other's cherished image shaped anew.

A Raison d'Être

By Grant Watson

THE brothers Woodhouse had lived in the Kimberley district for two years. Horace, the elder, a man of eight-and-twenty, had taken up a claim on the gold-fields; this he had worked for some months, and when the gold had petered out he found that he had fallen beneath the spell of the bush, and that there was nothing for him but to go prospecting for another find. Louis, the younger of the two, had been working on a farm, and now had just been appointed boss of a small station on the Ashburton River.

Louis was twenty-five, a clean-limbed, capable young Australian, with his head well set on his shoulders, popular with his comrades, and thought likely to succeed.

On Dangara, the station to which he was appointed, there were two white men and a tribe of natives. He was well accustomed to handling the rougher sorts of both races. On the day of his arrival he took a walk through the native camp. After the dogs, furious at the sight of a stranger, had been driven back, he sat down by one of the fires and talked to the elder men.

The camp was very similar to many others that he had seen; men and women, naked save for a waist-cloth, crouched over fires; dogs and babies in abundance, and here and there girls with large brown eyes, matted hair and white, even teeth, who watched every movement that he made. Twice during his conversation with the natives he noticed a young girl who sat on the opposite side of the fire, looking at him intently, and, as he thought, with a gleam of interest; but when he met her eyes she carelessly looked away and talked with the woman next to her as if she were not conscious of his existence.

After he had sat talking for some minutes, he distributed sticks of tobacco to establish friendly feeling, and then went to another group, and so through the whole camp.

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That evening, after his meal, he sat on the verandah of his house, watching the half-light fade away between the tree-stems. The huge tree-trunks shot upwards to spread into fantastic fan-shaped branches that met and interlaced. Through the gaps in the thick matting of leaves he could see here and there a star twinkling. This was his first evening in authority, his first evening as master of his own house, and he was glad to feel all the sweet sensations that it had to offer. His thoughts drifted away into the bush and there lost and refound themselves among its distant silences. The half light became fainter. When it was almost dark, he suddenly became aware of a figure that had silently approached and was now standing in front of him on the verandah. It was the figure of a woman, and he recognised the girl who had looked so keenly at him across the fire.

She came to within about three paces, and then stood looking at the ground at her feet.

He was accustomed to natives standing thus silently when they had any request to make.

He wondered what she wanted, but was not much interested, and would rather have been left to his own thoughts.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

For a moment she did not answer, then raised her eyes and looked at him. "I want em pickerninny."

"I not got any pickerninny," he laughed. Then her meaning flashed on him.

"You give me pickerninny," she said.

He laughed again and was silent. He was not at all sure he liked being wooed in so courageous a manner. He hadn't looked at the girl yet; he didn't rightly know what she was like. In the dim light he could see that she was young, and his recollection of her face was pleasant; still, he was embarrassed. He had a theory that it was a man's business to make such propositions. The girl watched his face anxiously.

"No, I not want any pickerninny," he said, looking up and pushing back his chair.

There was silence again between them, broken only by the scuttling of a wallaby that had ventured up on to the verandah and then had become frightened, and now

A RAISON D'ÊTRE

hesitated whether to jump over the edge into the darkness or else find again the steps. The girl made a petulant movement towards it and the scuttling ceased. Then she turned to the man, declaring in a voice deliberate in spite of its emotion.

"I not ask any money. I want only pickerninny. I not stay long time. By and by I go away plenty long time in bush." Then with a low sob she suddenly collapsed in a heap at his feet. Slowly she crawled forward till she felt his boot; then laid her face against it. Woodhouse felt that he was trembling. She had touched and stirred him. He could hear her deep breathing and the little catching sobs that she strove to keep back. He stretched forward with a hand till he reached her hair. "What for you want pickerninny?" he asked in a voice none too steady.

She gave no answer but a sob.

He rose and stood upright. "Let go my boot, do you hear?"

By force he had to unclasp her fingers. Then he bent over her, picked her up in his arms, and carried her into the house.

Illigara, the black girl, lived with Woodhouse for four months; then, as suddenly as she had come, she left him. She left one night without any warning, and he never saw her again, for a few days later he was thrown from his horse and killed. Illigara went away by herself into the bush, and there at the end of her time gave birth to a girl-child. For nine months she nursed her picaninny; then she went back to her tribe and gave the child to another woman. She had not wanted a girl, she wanted a boy.

It was not till she rejoined her tribe that she heard of Woodhouse's death. For three nights she went apart by herself and mourned, then she remembered that he had sometimes spoken to her of a brother who was working on the gold-fields to the South. She knew his name and she knew the name of the place, but she had no idea of the distance and only a vague idea as to direction.

She started off on her quest and walked southwards.

* * * * *

A hungry granite country stretched far and flat to the horizon. Slightly raised from the plain and running across it was a line of grey schist, marked by the stunted gum-

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trees that grew along its edge. The flat plain was red with decayed granite, and here and there in the powdery soil grew gnarled acacia bushes.

Under one of the twisted gum-trees three men were camped. Their billy was boiling to make the evening tea. They were burnt brown from exposure and powdered with the red dust, and in their eyes they had the keen look of searchers in wild and dangerous places. One of the men was breaking up rock in a dolly and the others looked on eagerly. They heard the snapping of a twig behind them and turned suspiciously. They were surprised to see a young black ginn standing not more than twenty feet away. They regarded her in astonishment. "What the devil are you doing here?"

For thirty seconds she stared at them, then walked towards Woodhouse and addressed him: "You Mr. Woodhouse, I think?"

"Well, and who are you, and where do you spring from?"

She had to concentrate all her forces on the man she had come for. The other men stared at her in amazement.

"You brother of Mr. Woodhouse. I live along of him. He give me pickerninny. Him dead fellow."

"Oh! Is that it?" said Woodhouse, the perplexity vanishing from his face. "But do you mean to say you followed me all this way and dogged me down? Well, how much do you want? I can't pay high for all my brother's little fads."

She answered quickly. "I not want money. I want pickerninny. Your brother give me girl-pickerninny. I want boy-pickerninny."

The other two men exploded in a laugh. "Go on, Horace," said one, "do your duty."

Woodhouse looked perplexed and annoyed, then whimsically he turned to his comrades with a smile: "Isn't there something about a deceased's brother's wife?"

The woman, who could not understand their talk, stood by anxious. Her eyes were fixed on Woodhouse as she addressed him eagerly. "You give me pickerninny. I not want money. I be your woman, plenty useful woman. By and by I go away plenty long time in bush."

Woodhouse was astonished. He had had a fairly large

A RAISON D'ÊTRE

experience of native women, but he recognised this as something out of the common. The girl regarded him with serious intensity. Then urgently: "You not be afraid. I not want money."

Woodhouse sucked at his pipe. He was serious when he addressed his next question. "How long you come look after me all this way?"

"Oh! Plenty days, master. Plenty, plenty!"

The three men were all interested now, and listening keenly.

"What's your name?"

"Illigara."

"What country you come from?"

"Country along o' Ashburton River."

"You come all that way?"

The girl nodded. Woodhouse looked at his two companions, but they neither of them made any comment. It was an affair very personally his own. He turned to the girl, who stood questioning and anxious. "Come here, Illigara; sit down and have some tucker. You tired, hungry fellow?"

She came a step towards him and waited irresolute, not sure that she had gained her point. He took his pipe from his mouth and handed it to her. With a smile she placed it between her own teeth; then she sat down with an air of quiet assurance. Woodhouse turned consciously to his companions. "Have either of you anything to say against this Illigara joining our party?"

They laughed with a touch of awkwardness. "She deserves all she can get. It's not many girls who walk as far to their weddings. We'll open a bottle of whisky in her honour."

*

For more than a year Illigara followed the wanderings of Horace Woodhouse. She worked willingly for him and learned to use dolly and washing-pan, her keen sight often catching the smallest colour of gold. Sometimes Woodhouse gave her money, but this she never asked for. But what she had demanded she did not get, for she had no child. Then one day the party happened to stop at a wayside store kept by a cousin of Woodhouse's, an elderly man who had spent most of his life in the wild places of the bush.

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The girl at once seemed to recognise in him the family characteristic that she so strangely was in search of.

In the evening she asked Woodhouse questions: "Which one that man? Him brother long o' you?"

"No, he's my cousin."

"Which one cousin? What you call cousin?"

"Sort of half-brother," said Woodhouse, and looked suspiciously at the girl. For a moment he thought that she might leave him; then he dismissed the idea, for his cousin Henry was a plain fellow, unwashed and elderly, and Illigara was only eighteen. Illigara sat in silence and asked no other questions, but seemed occupied with her thoughts.

After they had gone four days' march farther on their journey, Illigara disappeared. She went silently in the night. Woodhouse was annoyed to find her gone; but realised that he had no claim. Besides, it was absurd to go back four days' journey after a black ginn.

When Illigara got to the store it was empty. She sat down to wait the return of the owner. At midday she saw him in the distance on his horse. She hid behind the store till he had dismounted. Then she walked up to him. "You give me tucker, I come live along o' you. You give me pickerninny. That one your brother, him no good."

"Well, you're a cool one!" laughed the man.

"I come. I work plenty hard. I stay along o' you long time."

"Is it tucker?" laughed the man; "you hungry fellow?"

The girl nodded. "You give me pickerninny."

"All right, don't you fret about that," and the bushman felt in his pocket for the key of the house, and they went in together.

* * * * *

Illigara has lived several years at the bush-store. She has three children, two boys and a girl, and should any one happen to notice old Henry's black ginn they may see by the look of contentment on her face that she has not lived in vain.

An Easter Party

By A. Kuprin

Translated from the Russian by JOHN D'AUVERGNE.

IT was . . . well, it seems to me now like three hundred years ago. So much has happened; so many events, faces, towns, successes, failures, joys, and griefs, lie between then and now.

At that time I was living in Kieff, just at the beginning of the Podol beneath the Alexandrovsky Hill, in furnished rooms called "The Dneiper Docks." These were kept by a former river-boat's cook, who had been dismissed for drink, and his wife, Anna Petrovna, a real genius for robbery, malice, and greed.

Of the regular residents there were six of us—all single and alone in the world. In No. 1 lived the oldest *habitué* of the house. Once upon a time he had been a merchant and had kept a corset shop. Then the card fiend had caught him in her train, and he had played away his whole subsistence. After that he had found employment as a clerk, but his passion for gambling had again brought him to grief. Now he lived God knows what senseless nightmare of a life. He slept all day, and late at night he would slouch off to one of the low gambling dens, of which there are many at all the big river-ports on the Dnieper. Like all players who play for the sheer love of gambling, he was generous, broad-minded, and of course a fatalist.

The engineer Butkovsky lived in No. 3. To believe his own words, he had finished the School of Forestry, the School of Mines, and goodness knows what other technical institutions, not counting the higher schools abroad. And indeed, from the point of view of an all-embracing knowledge he was like a stuffed sausage, or rather, perhaps, like a trunk which has been packed full with every possible kind and size of garment, and then, after a tremendous struggle, closed and locked, but from which, when it is

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opened again, everything falls out topsy-turvy. He could speak freely and without any prompting about harbour piloting, aviation, botany, statistics, forestry, politics, prehistoric brontosaurus, astronomy, military science, harmony and dominants, town-planning, poultry-rearing, levelling, and sanitation.

Regularly once a month he drank himself drunk for three days, during which he spoke nothing but French and wrote little requests for money in the same language to his former engineering colleagues. Then for five days he crawled under a great blue-check English plaid and sweated the drink out. This was all he did, unless I except his letters to the newspapers, which he sent off right and left on the slightest excuse: on the necessity of draining the marshlands; on the discovery of some new star; on the opening of new artesian wells.

Whenever he had any money he used to hide it away between the pages of books which stood on his shelf, and then keep it there for a surprise.

I remember how he used to say (he had a burr, too, in his speech):—

“My friend, take down the fourth volume of *Elisée Reclus* from the shelf, and somewhere between pages three hundred and four hundred you will find the five roubles I owe you.”

In personal appearance he was quite bald, with a white beard and a fringe of grey whiskers spread out like a fan.

I myself lived in No. 8. In No. 7 there was a student with a heavy, clean-shaven face—an over-pious stammerer who has since achieved great fame as a Crown counsel.

In No. 6 was a German called Karl, a P.W.D. engineer, and in character a real, fleshy Teuton with a rapacious thirst for beer. No. 5 was occupied by Zoe, a prostitute, whom the mistress of the house liked better than all the rest of us put together. First, she paid more for her room than we did; secondly, she always paid in advance; and, thirdly, she was never rowdy or disorderly, as she only brought home (and that was very seldom) the best kind of guests, quiet and elderly men, and for the most part she spent the night in other hotels.

I ought to add that in one way we were acquaintances and in another way not. We borrowed from one another

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tea, needles and thread, boiling water, newspapers, ink, pen, and paper. In this our refuge there were altogether nine rooms. The other three rooms were let by the night or temporarily to chance couples. We never complained. We were used and hardened to anything.

* * * * *

Spring had come—the warm, soft spring of the South. The ice had gone down the Dnieper, and the river was flowing so strongly that as far as the eye could see it had overflowed the low-lying Cherniegoff bank. The nights had set in dark and warm, broken now and then by sharp, short showers. Where yesterday the buds on the trees were scarcely green, in the morning one awoke to find that they had suddenly blossomed into the first tender leaves.

Then came Easter with its great night of beauty and gladness. I had no friends to whom to go to celebrate the end of the fast, and so I just wandered round the town by myself, going from church to church, looking at the processions and the illuminations, listening to the carolling of the bells and the beautiful singing, and admiring the sweet faces of the women and children lit up by the warm light of the candles. There was a sort of intoxicating sadness in my heart, something very peaceful and soothing that brought a quiet, painless regret for all the lost purity and simplicity of my childhood days.

When I returned to my room I was met by Vaska, our corridor servant, a sly rogue with a large heart. I gave him the Easter kiss. Then, smiling from ear to ear and showing his great teeth to the gums, he said :

“The lady from No. 5 says you’re to go to her.”

I was a little astonished. I was not acquainted with the lady from No. 5.

“She’s sent you a note,” Vaska explained. “It’s lying on your table.”

I took the square-ruled sheet, which had been torn from an account-book, and under the printed heading of “Profits” I read the following :—

“Dear No. 8,

“If you are free and not too Squeemish do come up to my Room to Celebrate the Easter festival.

“Yours truly,

“ZOE KRAMARENKOV.”

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I went across to the engineer to take his advice. I found him standing before the mirror and struggling desperately with all ten fingers to bring some order into his unruly whiskers. He had on a glossy coat, in which you could see yourself, and he had put on a white tie round his well-worn, edge-stained collar.

It appeared that he, too, had received an invitation, and so we went off together.

Zoe met us at the door, begged our pardon, and blushed. She had the ordinary typical face of the ordinary Russian rouble prostitute: soft, kind, irresolute lips, a nose rather like a potato, and great eyebrow-less eyes that seemed to stare at you from all sides. But when she smiled—that gentle, homely, absolutely artless smile of hers, so modest, so quiet, and so womanly—her whole face changed, and she became really charming.

The gambler and the P.W.D. man, Karl, were already seated. And so, with the exception of the student, all the regular frequenters of the "Dnieper Docks" were gathered round Zoe's board.

Her room was just as I should have expected it. On the chest-of-drawers were empty chocolate-boxes, paste-board pictures, face-powder, and curling-tongs. The walls, too, were covered with photographs of clean-shaven, curly-haired chemists, haughty actors in profile, and threatening subalterns with drawn sabre. On the bed there was a regular mountain of pillows covered with an embroidered counterpane, while the table, covered with paper cut out to resemble a lace cloth, looked resplendent under its load of Paschal cake, kulitch, eggs, a whole ham, and two bottles of some unknown wine.

We all gave her the Easter kiss, cheek to cheek, politely and in the proper manner, and then sat down to table. I must say we were an extraordinary party: four men wholly wrecked and battered by their failure in life, four old wasters whose aggregate age was certainly well over two hundred years, while the fifth member of the party, our hostess, was a Russian prostitute, that is to say, the most unfortunate, the most foolish, the most naïve, the weakest, and the kindest being in the whole universe.

How kind she was in her own clumsy way; how shy in

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her hospitality; how friendly and charming in her simplicity!

"Take this," she said coaxingly, handing one of us a plate. "Take this and eat. No. 6, I know you prefer beer. Vaska told me. There—you'll find it beside you under the table. And for you other gentlemen there's wine. It's very good wine, too—Teneriffe. A friend of mine, a ship's captain, always drinks it."

We four, who knew life inside-out, had no doubts as to where the money came from for this Easter feast with its beer and "Teneriffe." But the knowledge in no way depressed us.

Zoe told us about her Easter-night impressions. At Bratstvo, where she had heard matins, there had been a dreadful crush, but she had managed, nevertheless, to secure a good place. The choir of the Theological Academy had sung wonderfully, and the students themselves had read the Gospel, and had read it in turn, too, in every language in the world: in French, in German, in Greek, and even in Arabic. And then, when they had gone to see the blessing of the Paschal cake, there had been such a bustling and hustling that the pilgrims had got their cakes and loaves all mixed up, and began to quarrel.

Then suddenly Zoe became very thoughtful, and with a little sigh began half-dreamingly to tell us how she used to spend Easter week in her village.

"We used to gather little flowers called 'dream-flowers.' You know, those little blue ones that come up first after winter. We used to make a dye out of them and paint the eggs with it. It gave a splendid blue colour.

"To get a yellow colour we used to boil onion-skins and rub the eggs with them. Besides that, we painted them all sorts of other colours. And then for a whole week we went about the village and played at cracking eggs, first with the pointed end, then with the other, and the winner kept all the eggs he cracked. There was one lad who had found a stone egg somewhere in town, and he smashed up everyone. But when we found out what the trick was, we took all his eggs and gave him a thrashing.

"And all through Easter week there were swings. In the centre of the village there were great big ones for the

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general public, and then, too, between each gateway there were the small ones—just a board and a pair of ropes. And all through the week we boys and girls swung and sang ‘Christos voskrese’ (Christ is risen). How fine it all was.”

We listened to her in silence. Life had battered and buffeted us so long and so fiercely that it seemed to have driven for ever out of our minds all remembrance of childhood, home, mother, and former Easters.

In the meantime the calico curtain over the window had grown faintly blue with the first cold light of dawn. Then it darkened again, changed to a dingy yellow, and finally lit up with the rich red rose of the rising sun.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll open the window,” said Zoe.

She drew back the curtain and pushed back the window. We all came over beside her. It was a lovely, festal morning, so pure and so fresh that it seemed as if someone had come in the night and with untiring hands had cleansed and purified everything, even the blue sky with its fleecy white clouds and the tall, stately poplars with their young trembling leaves. Before us rolled the Dnieper, blue and terrible near its banks, and yet at a distance, so calm, majestic, and silvery. And from all the belfries in the town came the glad pealing of the chimes.

Then suddenly, in spite of ourselves, we all turned away. The engineer was in tears. Holding on to the handle of the window and leaning his brow on it, he cried until his whole body shook and trembled from his sobs. God knows what was happening in the poor, broken, wounded heart of this old wastrel. I only knew about his past life from the stray hints he himself had dropped: his marriage with an unworthy woman, the spending of Government money, his attempt to shoot his wife’s lover, his grief at the loss of his children who had gone with their mother.

... .

Zoe’s sigh was full of compassion. She went up to him, put her arms round him, and laid his old grey head, with its ruddy bald pate, upon her breast. Then gently and soothingly she began to stroke his cheek.

“You poor old thing, you poor dear,” she cooed to him. “I know how hard it is for you. You’re all like stray dogs—all old and alone in the world. Never mind, bear up. God

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will help you. All grief will pass. Everything will come right again. Ah—you poor, poor man!”

With a great effort the engineer controlled himself. His eyelids were quivering, his eyes were red, and his nose was blue and swollen.

“Damn my accur-sed ner-rves. Damn!” he said angrily.

But from his voice I knew that in his throat, in his mouth, in his nose, the bitter, unshed tears were still lurking.

Five minutes later we took our leave, each of us reverently kissing Zoe’s hand. The engineer and I were the last to go, and on the very threshold of Zoe’s room we ran into the student who had just come back from a merry evening with his friends.

“Ha-ha,” he stammered with a stupid grin, and, as he spoke, he raised his eyebrows significantly.

“Tha-at’s where you’ve been, eh? H-m, h-m, so that’s the wa-ay you br-ring in Easter, is it?”

There was no mistaking the cruel, biting scorn in his voice.

Slowly, magnificently, the engineer gave him a look that took him in from the sole of his boots to the peak of his cap.

Then after a long pause he hissed into his ear in a tone of withering contempt:

“You scum!”

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

IN these days, when normal musical life has given way to an intermittent, spasmodic interest, it is easier to single out isolated impressions than to give a survey of the month's happenings. Looking back over the past four weeks I find that two such impressions stand out with sufficient prominence to call for comment: a Holbrooke concert and a French book. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke is a unique figure in contemporary music. Little that he has written seems destined to outlive his personal energy in obtaining performances, but were he to be suddenly removed he would leave an appreciable gap. His Cockney exuberance is combined with a half-humorous, half-pugnacious determination to make somebody "sit up." That the works in which he takes himself most seriously have a precisely opposite effect is a serious impediment to his popularity, but not at all out of keeping with the curious blend of qualities and defects he displays. Had he seen himself conjuring a trilogy out of a saucepan, his operas would possibly have been alive, but he elected to picture himself evoking the tragic muse from a magic cauldron, and they were practically stillborn.

If his new work—a string quartet inspired by the "Pickwick Papers"—were to be taken seriously, it would be a rank absurdity, but I am convinced such is not his intention. The book has impressed him as a huge joke, and impels him to make one as huge in music. That the two in nowise correspond does not matter. The music may reflect a personal impression of Pickwick differing from that of most people, or its inappositeness may be part of the joke. Perhaps Mr. Holbrooke himself cannot tell.

Regarded as musical fare for the listener's appetite it corresponds approximately to the meal one would obtain if one were provided with an assortment of small coins and taken blindfolded to an automatic restaurant. Little

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snatches of popular tune turn up here and there without rhyme or reason. At present only two movements are available for performance, and these are quite long enough, so that the apparently irrelevant quotation of "We won't go home till morning" may yet acquire a tragic significance when the work is performed in the complete version. It is more difficult to account for "The Banks of Allan Water." As Mr. Arthur Machen points out in his excellent "Hieroglyphics," the basis of *Pickwick* is brandy-and-water. "Scotch" did not become the fashion until much later.

There are numerous similar citations, many of them wild anachronisms, and a few vulgarised in the setting. If my conception of Mr. Holbrooke's intentions is correct, this is no reproach. One might as well blame Mr. W. W. Jacobs or Mr. Pett Ridge for an "h" dropped by one of their characters. But I do grumble at the context. Those distinguished authors do not write the narrative part of their stories in Cockney dialect. There, in a nutshell, is the trouble with most of Mr. Holbrooke's music. It is as ungrammatical, as unpolished as his own literary pronouncements. There is no reason for this. His ideas could only gain by being presented with more regard for artistic taste. But, no. To the end of the chapter Mr. Holbrooke will say musically: "You was," and the only set-off we have is that if he did not, he would not be Mr. Holbrooke, but some other person of the same name. On the whole I fancy we are better off with him as he is. He has not fulfilled all that was prophesied for him—by myself among others—fifteen or sixteen years ago after hearing his variations on "Three Blind Mice," but he has sprayed a certain pungency into our concert-rooms from time to time, when their atmosphere was getting stuffy.

The book that has impressed me is "*La Musique Française d'Aujourd'hui*," by a young critic and lecturer, G. Jean-Aubry. The greater part consists of a reprint of essays, many of which were already familiar to me, but it happens very seldom that stray contributions to various journals piece themselves so well together into a book. Except for certain references which supply dates to the pages on which they occur the volume might have been planned at the outbreak of war, so consistent is the view

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it presents. As M. Gabriel Fauré remarks in a considered preface, the opinions are not all beyond discussion, but many of them, and the questions to which they relate, are so manifestly applicable to the problem that confronts British music, that a perusal of them would be profitable even to those who prefer to hold aloof from the French movement. In an introductory paper on the current music of France and Germany the case for the former is stated with commendable discretion—more mildly than I should have stated it myself, for I have apparently held longer than the author that the German tradition began to decline as German materialism gained the ascendant.

The pleasure that the book has given me is seasoned with a twofold envy. When will our own musical renaissance have reached the stage described in these pages—a stage which the author, in turn, describes as no more than a bright dawn? And when will our musical criticism be permitted to approach its task in this spirit? At present its main currents are either academic or rankly opportunist and rarely well documented. The only point of view that finds clear expression is that of the schoolmaster. The wider horizon which places a score of divergent movements in their true perspective is lacking, chiefly because music itself is constantly undervalued. Has it not been a tradition in newspaper offices that the musical critic is the fool of the journalistic family? Only in the rarest instances is he permitted to develop his subject along consistent lines, and even then I doubt his reception were he to send in such finely-chiselled prose as this of M. Jean-Aubry. The cult of verbiage is so deep-rooted that those of us who know better are often forced, for mere self-preservation, to indulge it. The elegancies “don’t pay.”

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Ireland

By "Civis"

WE have talked a good deal of German disintegration, and speculation has repeatedly dwelt upon the German Particularism, which, it was fondly hoped, would set in to impair and finally break up the unity of German arms and so detach Prussia from the Empire. Yet so far none of these things has happened. Rather does the cap of Particularism fit us; instead of schism, Central Europe has materialised, consolidated with the recent German-Turkish Treaty of Alliance, and nowhere in the Germanic Empire have there been the smallest Particularist tendencies, and in no wise is there the smallest reason to believe that, as yet, the Teutons are disposed to reconsider the wisdom of Pan-German hegemony under the military sceptre of the King of Prussia.

The schism has, in fact, appeared in the British camp—there, in the historic plague-spot of our political life; nor can any man pretend to much surprise that it is in Ireland that treason has threatened, rather than in Bavaria or Bohemia, or Saxony or Austria, or even Hungary.

The Sinn Féin movement, no doubt, was a footling affair from the military point of view, doomed from the outset to failure. But to regard it merely from that aspect would be a grave mistake. It is not what it achieved that matters; its real significance lies in the possibility of such an outbreak in the twentieth month of the bloodiest war in history, when Great Britain is fighting for her very existence and her whole Imperial future. That is what we have to consider. It shows that there are men in Ireland ready to aid and abet the enemy by force of arms. It shows that such is the hatred of association with England that Irishmen can be got to stab her in the back in the hour of her greatest peril. It shows that Ireland is still the problem of this country, and that the problem is actual and not

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dormant, as the Government would fain have led us to believe.

It is not my purpose to touch on the rising or its origins. The question which seems to me to be of all importance to us is, as I said before, its possibility and the consequences.

Here we must go back, and here it behoves men to face the facts without fear or what is known as political expediency. For the expediency has failed, it is no use denying that. Yet more. This very expediency has been the nursery of the trouble, and if any good is to emerge from it this is the lesson we must learn and turn to account. If a school is laxly run there will, as all schoolmasters know, be grave misdemeanours. If men or boys are allowed to play with firearms, one day the weapons will "go off." If children are allowed to play with matches, no man need be surprised if the house is set alight. Now, this has been the position in Ireland ever since the *ante-bellum* Home Rule controversy.

At the head of Ireland Mr. Asquith appointed a mild scholar, chiefly distinguished as a writer of elegant trifles. This is the Asquith system, which consists in compromise, barter, and non-committal measures in accordance with legal practice. Without a doubt, Mr. Birrell was chosen, not for his administrative qualities, but for the very absence of them, because temperamentally and intellectually he seemed the last man in the world likely to take decisions; in short, the most easy-going, pleasant, and gentle a character to be found for the job of "not interfering," which was the policy of the Asquith Administration.

It would be interesting to know how many days Mr. Birrell spent in Ireland since August, 1914. That he took any steps to hinder the Sinn Féin military parades, etc., we know not to be the fact. The Sinn Féiners were allowed to organise, drill, arm, and march publicly through the streets, just as the Ulstermen were allowed to play at soldiers before the war, and the Nationalists have been allowed to do ditto ever since. In short, Ireland was not governed, it was permitted to drift. Nobody interfered because the policy was to make it no man's business to interfere. What happened over Ireland is precisely what happened over the Germans. The Government was taken

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“by surprise.” It was nobody’s responsibility to know and provide for eventualities. Wait and see has once more ended in inevitable disaster, that is all. For the fiftieth time since the war started the lawyers have proved their incompetency, even as political advisers to the Crown.

The Irish will be Irish, yet not more so than boys will be boys, and in apportioning the blame the least we can do is to admit, at any rate, the plea of provocation. For months past an anti-recruiting agitation has been carried on in Ireland, viewed by the authorities with that complacency which characterises them. In many places it became dangerous even to hold recruiting meetings, and when the Military Act was made law Ireland was excluded, as if Ireland were an independent island unconnected with this country or civilisation.

The Sinn Féiners are mostly boys, hotheads, dreamers, and “excitables.” They saw the serene indifference of the Castle—they drew the obvious inference. They knew that Mr. Birrell would do nothing and was not supposed to do anything. They saw that so greatly was the Home Government under the heel of the Irish Party that it “funked” applying the Military Act to Ireland; funkcd stopping the sedition preached openly throughout the island; funkcd even attempting to replenish the devastated Irish regiments at the Front with Irishmen, choosing rather to fill up the gaps with Englishmen than appeal to the nobility and good sense of the Irish people.

Thousands of men in Ireland foresaw the inevitable result of this weakness. It was the common talk for months past, and even in England men spoke of the trouble brewing and the “curious” state of Ireland that rumour reported on so knowingly and insisiently. We may say this: the Sinn Féin rising would never have taken place, and could not have taken place, had there been any intelligent government in Ireland; and that, *per contra*, the Sinn Féin rising is the natural fruit of the want of government, the blame for which lies not with Mr. Birrell, who never pretended to be an administrator or statesman, but with Mr. Asquith who nominated him. Nominated him as the most likely man to let things slide in accordance with his system and policy.

The tragedy of Ireland is always fraught with comedy,

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and so we have the paradox of Irishmen being shot for rebellion by Mr. Asquith's Home Rule Government, while Sir Edward Carson pleads for generous treatment. And while rebels are shot, Englishmen are conscripted to fill up Irish regiments, and even as the Nationalists condemn Sinn Féin they again persuade, or force, Mr. Asquith to continue the exclusion of the Military Act, thereby depriving him of the one chance he has to put an end to the political soldier-mongering which divides Ireland into two hostile camps, and so perpetuate the very conditions which led to the rebellion and all the evils of political or ineffective government.

It is here that the truth must be spoken. What is, then, the truth?

The truth is the lesson of the war, and it is this. If nothing else, the war has shown us the absolute necessity of a national *strategic* policy both now and in the future. And what we to-day realise only too vividly is that *Ireland can never be regarded as outside the strategic zone of British and Imperial interest.* All idea of absolute Home Rule has become a chimera. Ireland must henceforth be regarded as an essential military part of British defence, integral of our single strategic requirements. I do not say that this truth precludes the possibility of some form of autonomy, perhaps dividing the island into two separate administrative counties, but its revelation must now dictate all future British policy. That is to say, in the military sense Ireland cannot be detached from England. Strategically, Ireland is as indispensable to our defence as Heligoland is to Germany. Whatever political rearrangements are made in Ireland, this strategic consideration must be the determining factor; and Sinn Féin has provided us with a lesson that can never again be forgotten.

It is no good disguising this fact. The Home Rule controversy cannot now be revived in its old form. We shall never again be able to leave our shores *unfortified*, to regard these Islands as immune from invasion, to trust solely on the Navy. New weapons have appeared. From the air and from under the seas they have come, and they have shown that we are no longer an absolute Island. These new military considerations will obtain no matter how the war may end, and every year will add to their

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gravity. In this connection Ireland plays an indispensable part. Her defence, her ports, her railways, her naval and military bases must be under British control. Never again can we allow oil reservoirs for the enemy to be established on her coasts. We have only to think for a moment what would have happened if the Germans had been able to land 50,000 men from submarine transports to join in the Sinn Féin rising to realise the strategic importance of Ireland in any future war to this country. We have only to use our imagination for five minutes to see that Ireland cannot be allowed to become administratively detached from England, free, that is, to assume neutrality in time of war should it so please her, as is largely her sad position to-day. The war has knocked down many of our illusions and idols, not the least of which is the idea of an independent Ireland.

Now, this is not politics, it is simply the lesson of the war. The moment the war is over the entire question of our military defence will have to be reconsidered from totally new angles, in accordance with the teachings of this war and the new weapons which threaten us. Only a madman will dispute that. The whole business of our military organisation and defence will have to be reconstituted. And in this work Ireland cannot possibly be excluded. Ireland has, in fact, ceased to be merely our great political problem, she has become a strategic necessity the importance of which no political arguments can minimise or ever again obfuscate.

It is this consideration, this truth, which should guide us to-day. There are many Irishmen who see it clearly, men who are staunch Home Rulers. Yet once more politics have played their poisonous part. Again Mr. Asquith has been overruled by—fear. The Military Act is not to be applied to Ireland. Expediency, which means weakness, has gained the upper hand in the face of what has occurred, and the Irish are to be left to their fate. It is an ominous deed. I go further, and say that it is a fatal decision, because it has left things as they were with all the additional sores and memories of the recent rebellion. As Sinn Féin failed, so Mr. Asquith has failed again, as we shall see now soon enough.

Those who imagine that the evils of Sinn Féinism have

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been eradicated are doomed to disappointment. The scars will show. The Irish question has again been raised into a fighting actuality. Will any decent man deny that the Sinn Féiner who died for his ideal, however misguided, is not a better man, as a man, than the "conscientious objector," or the striker, or the "ca' canny" worker who has so lamed the soldiers from behind the front, or the shirker, or the agitator on Glasgow Green or Hampstead Heath who seeks to betray France and our Imperial interests to the Germans? That is how many men in Ireland will come to look on the matter. And the thought will not make for quiet. It will not help Ireland, or the Government, or help us to win the war. Nor will the necessary executions of the rebel leaders serve to lighten the task which to-day again faces the Government in Ireland as the result of their criminal carelessness, weakness, and irresponsibility.

We have got to face these things. Once more we see the Government yielding to the irresponsible Government of Irish Nationalism, which really dictates to Mr. Asquith on the basis of a qualified loyalty, since on no other ground can the exclusion of Ireland at this juncture be either explained or justified. It is not a hopeful sign. In the light of fact, it is not even good politics. This qualified loyalty is precisely the condition that England can never henceforth tolerate, as Mr. Asquith must surely know. Now and in the future Ireland will remain a strategic question, overruling all political considerations. To show fear now is to cut away the ground from all realisation of statesmanship and to lose a golden opportunity.

Weakness has brought about its logical Nemesis, and Mr. Asquith has had to shoot. Is this not object-lesson sufficient? Is it possible he does not to-day realise that things will not now be as they were; that, indeed, as things are drifting, Ireland is rapidly sliding into irreconcilable divisions, forfeiting her own self-respect, heading, not to unity, but to bitter internecine animosities?

I fear Mr. Redmond also cannot find the heart to avow this. When he maintains with irresponsible Governmental complacency that Irish recruiting has "exceeded everybody's expectation," he talks with a politician's casuistry. Will he maintain that there are more than 25 per cent.

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Catholics in the Tenth Division? We know on the authority of Mr. Asquith that the Sixteenth Division went to the Front minus a brigade. Has he not heard the cry from the trenches of the Irish—"Send us Irishmen!"? The sad truth is that utter treason has been talked in Ireland ever since the war, and we have the fruits of it in the Sinn Féin. And if Mr. Redmond wishes to serve his country the best thing he can do is to admit this.

The continuance of qualified or conditional loyalty must be fatal to Irish interests, and in writing that I think as a Home Ruler. A chastened Home Ruler. A Home Ruler who to-day realises that we can never go back to the old days of happy-go-lucky Britain, splendidly isolated and ludicrously unarmed, unprepared and incredulous, drunk with the Utopianism of our little insular dreams. All that vanished on August 4th, 1914, and with it the very idea of an independent Ireland. The more we shirk facing that truth, the farther away we drift from the solution.

Myself, I still see no reason why Ireland should not be divided into two administrative areas, governed by its own separate Diets; but there can never now be a free Ireland in the national Gaelic sense for essential strategic reasons. Sinn Féin has proved conclusively the necessity of freeing the national Government from Irish dictatorship, and it is the need of the hour. But for the absurd over-representation of the Irish at Westminster, Mr. Asquith would never have been cowed into sending Mr. Birrell to govern Ireland, and there would have been no Sinn Féin rising. And this is one of the first questions we shall have to tackle after the war, and again for essential strategic reasons.

Very largely Mr. Asquith's weakness is due to this Irish tyranny. It is losing us the war. All the time Mr. Asquith has to think what the Irish members may say, nor can we doubt but that the blindness of Mr. Birrell and his subordinates was due chiefly to the advice given him by the Nationalists, who counselled him to shut his eyes. The notion that the Irish members did not know the danger of Sinn Féin is nonsense. Of course they knew. Yet so ingenuous was Mr. Birrell that he actually gave the Sinn Féiners jobs in Government offices, etc., just as here the Government barter with Labour. The whole affair is

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utterly discreditable to both Nationalists and the Government, and were it not that in these days we have lost all sense of responsibility, Mr. Asquith and his time-serving Coalition would have been driven ignominiously from office.

For sure, the blood of Sinn Féin is on their heads, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will haunt them and Ireland every day that they remain in power. Sinn Féin is a much bigger thing than they imagine. Unless drastic measures are taken it will live to shoot again.

The question—what now ought to be done? answers itself. There must be an end to all further political soldiering in Ireland, and there must be government, actual government, till the end of the war. Mr. Asquith's weakness has resuscitated the Irish trouble; he must now master it or clear out. That is his only course. Meanwhile, if the Nationalists have a spark of statesmanship in them, they will reconsider their programme in the light of the new circumstances and necessities that have arisen and adapt it accordingly. They can only do that by recognising the just claims of loyalist Protestant Ireland and harmonising the two interests. But since they have again chosen the path of conditional loyalty, which means that Ireland is not to be asked to fight for Great Britain in the crisis of war, they must expect to be treated as outside the pale of the national brotherhood; in plain words, as a potential enemy.

To this pass has Mr. Asquith's weakness brought poor Ireland. There is, however, still hope, and that is that blood may prove thicker than water; in short, that the Irish may find constructive statesmanship in the tragedy that has befallen them. Mr. Dillon's outbreak at Westminster need only be regarded as typically Irish, nor need the barkings of Mr. Ginnell be taken very seriously. Mr. Asquith seems to be alive at last to the disgrace of the position, and if, through the formation of an Irish Control Board or something similar, he can patch up things till the end of the war, he will have accomplished something tangible and statesmanlike. But that won't solve the question. Ireland has come to stay. And whatever form of autonomy be arrived at, *strategically*, England and Ireland are one and must in the future remain one.

The Truth about Bulgaria

By Alfred Stead

THAT friendship with Bulgaria should be to-day one of the ideals of the British Foreign Office seems almost inconceivable—it is, however, alas, only too true. “An understanding between Serbia and Bulgaria is essential to allied success in the Balkans,” that is the idea. It must not be overlooked either that there exists also a desire to prove that those who said that Bulgaria was never going against the Allies were right, and it seems indifferent to these ignorant mandarins whether either a nation’s word or an ally’s existence be sacrificed so long as they are whitewashed. The more glaring the blunder in the past, the greater the need for saving their *amour propre* of ignorance. Thus there is to-day a very great danger of another blunder being added to the many we have been guilty of in Balkan matters. Our pledges to Serbia are to be ignored, the Bulgarians are to be taken into our arms, rank though they be with the blood of our soldiers and the blood and honour of a nation allied to us. It is a pretty picture, worthy of inclusion in one of those German cinema series showing Germans feeding starving Belgian or Serbian children! It is a national disgrace to think about it; but what of that: What shall it profit the British nation if it keeps its own soul, but gain not Bulgaria? And so real interests and vital obligations are imperilled in order that the rotting, immoral, marauding Bulgarian people may form the corner-stone of our Balkan policy.

We are wonderfully conservative in this country. Bulgaria has been adopted in our ideas as a Gladstonian tradition; the Bulgarians have cleverly builded on this foundation and to-day it is very hard to disabuse the minds even of those in authority of fixed ideas. Before the war a handful of interested nonentities lent themselves to the work of bamboozling British political and public opinion on Bulgarian subjects—the baneful effects still remain, and

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as if this were not bad enough these self-advertisers, not yet free from the trammels cunningly cast about them by the astute Ferdinand of Sofia, are actively working for a *rapprochement* with Bulgaria. We believed them before, to our cost, when they said that Bulgaria was with us, although every non-interested and competent authority was convinced that Bulgaria was bound by interest and inclination to the Germans and Austrians. It is probable that, true to fatuous tradition, they are still believed in more quarters than one. They had the effrontery to circularise the members of the British Parliament, after Bulgaria was at war with the country, recking nothing of the damning fact that Bulgarian rifles had fired on British soldiers and that by the list of British casualties in Macedonia a wall of insurmountable impossibility was being built brick by brick against any treating with the traitors. Have they not enough on their consciences—the terrible slaughter of Gallipoli, the heroic struggle of Townshend of Kut, the wiping out of Serbia—is not this enough to satisfy them that they are important political factors, or do they wish more victims before they are glutted? Every person who to-day seriously advocates dealing with Bulgaria is a traitor to the national honour; even Roger Casement had more excuse than they. And the terrible part of it is that when events have proved that Bulgaria cannot be snatched like a brand from the burning these misguided men, led by the Brothers Buxton, descending from their high trapeze of misinforming authority, hope to fall comfortably into the safety-net of honest disinterestedness. And we will probably watch them do it, may even applaud. Let them save themselves, but let those who hold dear the honour of Great Britain save the country from haggling with the Bulgarians, selling the pound of Serbian flesh to gain nobody knows what.

Of course, it must be out of the question to give Macedonia to Bulgaria; the argument that, before the Balkan wars, Serbia was ready to forgo much of this territory and that during the present war, under unjustifiable pressure from her allies, she was ready to hand part of Macedonia to Bulgaria, has nothing to do with the situation to-day. Bulgaria, by joining the camp of our enemies, has forfeited all right to any concessions whatever; she has earned the

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right of being wiped off the map. It is doubtful whether we have any more ardent enemies than the Bulgarians in the ranks of our adversaries—the outlaw who has committed the basest of crimes must necessarily fight to the end against the forces of law and order. It palliates nothing that Bulgaria appears more base because of the incredible stupidity and blindness of the Allies before the open declaration of war. Bulgaria has for years been pro-Austrian, and every year has seen the last traces of Russian influence, based on a supposed gratitude of a notoriously ungrateful savage people, grow less and less. Under the rule of Ferdinand the whole tendency of Bulgaria has been towards Austria; the whole of the army and the governing circles, those puppets of the throne, have been Austrianised. The writing was on the wall for all to read, but we preferred to believe the soft words and sweet singing of that wonderful *causeur*, Ferdinand of Coburg, the ruler of Bulgaria.

Ferdinand has never had any sympathies with Russia—always with Austria and Hungary. England he had never forgiven the slights he imagined he received during the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward. The semi-divine beliefs of the German Emperor appealed to him—he considered himself a missionary of German civilisation amongst barbarians. Jesuitism was born in him, and the black fathers from Vienna or Buda-Pest had more sway over this brilliant coward than any other force, save, perhaps, his vices. Surrounded by his sycophants—his Tammany Hall political leaders—fattening on his connivance in the corruption flourishing in the lack of a moral atmosphere, Ferdinand had gauged to a nicety the psychology of these descendants of Tartar marauding tribes. He ruled them by fear, just as their chiefs did in the Middle Ages, and wasted no kindness on them—we might well have taken a lesson from him and recognised that the only way to do anything with Bulgarians is by force—to treat with them is regarded as a sign of weakness. Destruction, spoliation, and robbery the Bulgarians understand; State construction, national or individual morality they have not even yet had any temptation to study. In the army only officers were promoted who stood well at court, and only Austrophil officers could be welcomed there. The coming

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of the new era of liberal ideas in Russia was only another proof to Ferdinand that nothing should be sought in Petrograd. He wanted a corrupt, illiterate people, with still more corrupt politicians—not an educated mass able to think. He has always had the true Austrian mediæval ideas as to the value of ignorance to those who wished to govern autocratically. The ruler of the Bulgars has followed a real policy, not caring for any scruples, for any correctness, or for any engagements. And this is the ruler of the nation we expect to seduce from the ranks of the enemy. For, save Ferdinand, nobody counts at Sofia except his German masters, who have the situation well in hand. Why should we imagine that the Germans trust the Bulgarians and will let there be any chance of treating with us? To assassinate Ferdinand might have been useful before the war, to do so now is useless. There are ten political parties in Bulgaria, all under the thumb of Ferdinand and all most whole-heartedly for Germany, even the formerly most Russophil. To treat is, therefore, only to hold ourselves up to derision, to strengthen the Bulgarian belief in the victory of the Central Powers, and do infinite harm to our prestige throughout Europe.

We must not forget, in dealing with this question, that Bulgaria undoubtedly believes that Germany is winning, if she has not already won, the war. It is therefore foolish to believe that Bulgaria is in despair because she is not with us. We must swallow the bitter pill and realise that she is glad to be with the Central Powers because she thinks they are winning. If the Bulgarians thought we were winning they would be unhappy, and we should have to bolt the doors to prevent her emissaries coming to treat for surrender. Of course, it is wonderful for anyone to *want* to be on the other side, but Bulgaria undoubtedly does. What is Bulgaria anyway? A king, whole-heartedly Austrian, a camarilla of unscrupulous, suspicious politicians, readier than Polonius to accept the suggestions of their king, and a mass of unthinking peasants who only know that they have Macedonia and that Serbia has been wiped out. Bulgaria to-day believes that "what exists is the incontestable military and political supremacy of Germany and her allies, who are preserving their initiative and their strength intact." Nor is it to be wondered at

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that Bulgaria believes that her allies are victorious—facts support German arguments and distance makes it difficult for the slowly-growing might of Germany's enemies to be appreciated. If Berlin believes that half London is in ruins from Zeppelin bombs, as it undoubtedly does, what must not Sofia think? We must therefore take as a basis of discussion of Bulgarian action the fact that the Bulgarians are probably more confident of ultimate victory being on their side than are many Germans or even Englishmen. Any attempt to lure them from their allies, by promise of the concession of bloodstained Macedonian districts where British and French life-blood has mingled with Serbian, only makes the Bulgarians think that their support is needed to save the Allies from Germany's might, and convinces them that Berlin is surer of victory than London. Bulgaria has always taken readiness to negotiate as a confession of weakness. Ethelred the Unready, with his proffers of blood-money to buy off invasion, was probably more likely to be successful than those who would seek to barter with Bulgaria to leave the enemy's camp and make peace. The Pact of Berlin, by which no enemy country can make separate peace, is still more potent perhaps than the Pact of London, because on Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople lies the mailed fist of the principal signatory. As the Bulgarian Prime Minister said, on February 16th, 1916: "We Bulgars are working with our allies for the common cause. We do not recognise any separate interests. Whatever is important to our allies is important to ourselves likewise."

Ferdinand and his Bulgarians have two ideals—to crush Serbia and to have a common frontier with Austria-Hungary—nothing less than this can satisfy the Coburger, and now that he has tasted the pleasures of possession he is far less likely to wish to forgo them. And, however ready we may be to sell our Ally's flesh and blood to gain the smiles of the Syren of Sofia, we cannot give him all he wants. From the start we could never pay his price, only Germany could, which was the best of reasons why Ferdinand was bound to go with the Central Powers.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the Bulgarians have a tremendous opinion of their own importance, and for us to treat with them means that their heads would swell still

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more and make terms still more impossible. Already they announce that Bulgaria needs "neither French empty ostentation, British brutality, nor Russian passivity." They also announce that "on account of the intervention of Bulgaria, Asquith and Grey lost their heads, and there is no more trace in them of their past mastership." It must be confessed that the published opinions of Bulgaria as to this country are scarcely flattering to our pride, nor indicative of any undue desire on the part of Sofia to be pleasant. The following three extracts give some idea, and there are more extreme ones easily to be found: "Great Britain, who believes that the world was created to be her slave, must renounce her ideal of a future ruling all the seas and all the nations. The British must be made to feel God's wrath for having grieved the blameless heart of Bulgaria!" Or, "We know the shameless and rapacious politics of Great Britain under the yoke of which over 300 millions of people are groaning. From the time of Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress we have learnt what the integrity of a nation means for Great Britain." Nor is the prospect for us very cheering if we are to believe Bulgarian views. "Great Britain is called upon to answer for its sins to God and humanity. First of all the British Government is now exposed to the judgment of public opinion of its own state. What can Great Britain do? Nothing else but to be crushed, destroyed, and annihilated by the smaller nations led by Germany. That is the situation of Great Britain." Nor is this extract of the reply, in the Bulgarian Parliament this year to the King's speech, soothing to our military pride: "The armies of the two great Powers, Great Britain and France, who entered martyred Macedonia with the disgraceful intention of strengthening and consolidating the terrible rule of Serbian tyranny, were met with unexampled heroism by our brave Bulgarian armies, who fell upon the enemy with the tempestuous fury of a hurricane and put him to panic-stricken flight."

To endeavour to treat with people who think like that would not only be a mistake, it would be foolish. Nor are more potent arguments wanting. If we treat with Bulgaria seriously we risk not gaining Roumania—we gain nothing with Bulgaria, save smirching our national honour and a worn-out second-rate army. In losing

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Roumania we lose 600,000 men, well trained in war, fully officered, with trained reserves of another 500,000 men. All these strategically placed where they can do the most good. What will it avail us to have bought Bulgarian remnants if it means the loss of Odessa and South Russia? The opening of the Dardanelles even would then read like a sorry jest, and not be worth striving for. To lose Roumanian support when the opportune moment comes may well be to condemn Russia and her armies to permanent activity or even permanent retreat. Feeding war stores to Russia by Archangel or Vladivostok is like bottle-feeding an infant through the full length of a garden hose. The Southern inlet must be available before Russia can come to her full strength, and if Odessa goes, not only is the whole Russian battle-line compromised, but the vital question is raised of the possibility of adequate further Russian military participation in the war. The Roumanian army is the great stake in the war to-day—it may well be the decisive stake—representing two million men on balance. Are we going to throw this away in order to attempt to prove that those were right who said the Bulgarians were for us even if their ruler was not? We cannot prove that, however much we may pay the Bulgarian cut-throats to betray their present allies, but we may put the coping-stone on the edifice of catastrophic blunders in the Balkans. We must choose, and choose quickly.

Note

THE ENGLISH REVIEW can point to a good many true prognostications and judgments since the war began; but that a monthly Review should be able to publish an absolutely accurate forecast of a rebellion three weeks—not only beating the Government (which would not be astonishing) but the entire Press—before it occurred is surely a unique event in journalism. How was this possible? How could THE ENGLISH REVIEW know what was about to happen in Ireland when Mr. Birrell, the Castle and its officials, and Nationalism did not know?

We publish now some of the main facts contained in Major Stuart-Stephens' private report. This remarkably accurate report, submitted six months ago to the proper authorities, was ignored. I am able to say from positive knowledge that it was pooh-poohed.

Why?

Is it not time that this peculiar remissness on the part of the advisory authorities—a remissness precisely similar to that in connection with the German peril in 1914, with Bulgaria, with Turkey, etc.—should be explained, even if Mr. Asquith has to appoint his 9,999th Committee under, say, an expert of aeronautics?—THE EDITOR.

How I Foretold the Sinn Féin Rebellion

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

To assert that a Patlander can lack humour is a heterodoxy. It is one to which an assembly of Irish Fenians, last March, in New York, gave an aspect of grim truth. Some jokes are necessarily wasted on an Irishman. There is, for example, that time-honoured merry English conjunction of Paddy and his Pig. That an Irishman's home could also

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be his pigstye used to vastly amuse the average Englishman. He thought of Paddy choosing the porker for roommate as a custom arising out of a funny national idiosyncrasy. He jovially imagined the pig in the parlour to be a sort of an abnormally developed Irish cricket on the hearth, whose exasperating chirp had, under climatic conditions, been evolved into a melodious grunt. It is not in his failure to laugh about such things as his pig that an Irishman lacks humour. It is rather in a gift for too readily deciding that the only way to roast this or any other pig is to, like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, burn down the house. Such a superheated decision was the notable achievement of the Irish Race Convention, on March 5th, when it was agreed to pave the way for Irish independence by starting a Shin Fane * revolution in Ireland on Easter Sunday.

On April 21st I contrived to obtain a glance at a letter written in Brooklyn by the "Old Guard" leader, the veteran Fenian, John Devoy. He, I say here, has just been indicted by the U.S. Government for being concerned with the ex-German Military Attaché, Captain von Papen, in a plot having for its object an American Clan-na-Gael raid on Canada—a raid which I happen to know has been frustrated by the collapse of the Dublin short-lived Commune. In Devoy's letter occurs the remarkable passage: "That clever gentleman, Major S. Stephens, whom we know of old here, no doubt thinks he will be able to deluge the British Press with his accounts of the I.R.C. (Irish Race Convention) and the decision we arrived at, Bank Holiday again, *thigum thu?*" † Now the translation of this is that it was suspected that an intelligent listener, in my confidence, was present at the secret session of the Convention and that I had learned the nature of the "decision," i.e., that a Bank holiday would be the date for the rising, the "again" is, of course, a reference to a previous Bank holiday prediction of mine, viz., that the world-war would be inaugurated on August Bank Holiday, 1914.‡ I can confirm the redoubtable Devoy's suspicions, for some eleven days

* I spell it phonetically as pronounced in the sister isle.—C. D.-S.-S.

† The Irish for "Do you understand?"—C. D.-S.-S.

‡ The story of how I was able to foretell this stupendous event was told in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, June, 1915.—C. D.-S.-S.

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after the closing of the Convention I was in possession of a *précis* of its proceedings. The *Times*, in alluding to my article in last month's ENGLISH REVIEW, wrote: "Much of Major Stuart-Stephens' information, particularly that referring to the Irish Race Convention in New York, will be both new and disquieting to English readers."

I am afraid what I have now to tell of my recent investigations of Irish conspiracy and its sequel will prove somewhat more disquieting. To return to the all-important Convention.

After two long days of Irish-American oratory, which threw the keen-nosed "star" and "cub" New York reporters completely off the scent, the Military Council of the combined Irish and German societies held a secret session. Two resolutions were adopted *nem. con.*—quite a unique event in the history of Irish deliberations, but then the Teutonic element really did the business—Irish imagination tempered by German thoroughness.

The first was that "now or never must the national flag be raised in Ireland." Nothing would be more laughable than such an announcement if, as in the past, it never occurred that to take the field would involve comparatively gigantic financial resources. Well, to my complete astonishment, when I heard of what went on at the secret session, the Irish extremists recognised that the sinews of war were required and urgently.

So the second revolution proposed by John Devoy and seconded by one Max Friedman (probably an alias) was duly accepted, viz., "that an appropriation of 1,000,000 dollars be authorised." Some of that million has, no doubt, between the early part of March and the middle of April, found its way across the Atlantic, but, of course, the main portion remains in the coffers of the magniloquently-styled Military Council. Why not at once "The Irish-German-American General Staff"? I am painfully wondering what proportion of the "war fund" came out of the bankers of the German-American commercial magnates and how much was subscribed by Irish-American millionaires? The hat has been going round since the very commencement of the war, after our disastrous retreat from Belgium.

The Military Council of seven has a German pre-

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ponderance—four to three—so it does not need the aid of Celtic and Gaelic imagination to safely predict that I will soon hear of a split. In New York mutual recriminations are already the order of the day. When, ahem! Hibernians and Huns fall out, honest men may get back their own. Yet I much fear me that the eminent “down town” saloon-keeper, Paudeen O’Rafferty, or Fritz Sauerkraut, proprietor of many delicatessen marts, will not see back the dollars which were voted, behind their backs, for the purposes of the Irish-German Grosser General Stab.

It’s a merry world, my masters, more particularly when the Clan-na-Gael and the German-American Soldier Bond swear an offensive alliance.

To pro-Ally-Americans not conversant with the real object of the Convention the speakers at the open meetings were promptly written down as pinchbeck traitors, men of unexampled impudence. What had been said by both men and women was freely characterised as vindictive, venomous, blatant, foul, and contemptible. An American oil magnate, who has just returned from a flying trip to New York and who quietly slipped in to see the fun at the great “Bugaboo Bladder-skite Circus,” as a witty but un-informed Press man called it, tells me some of the speakers gave symptoms of an inflammation of the hyphen. He suggested, with the dry humour of Manhattan, that “hyphenitis might one day, when the New York hot weather arrived, need ice bags.” All and sundry, including the British Government, were taken in by the thrilling exhibition of oratorical fireworks, which worked like a charm in concealing the real sinister significance of what was going on behind the scenes.

And the writer, knowing this was the final stage-setting ere the ringing up of the curtain for the great Irish transformation scene of “*The Germans are on the Sea*,” sat impotent, fettered by the knowledge that a report of his on the actual inwardness of the happening in the first week of last March met with thinly disguised incredulity.

For I had in this respect suffered an all-sufficient lesson. To quote a letter which appeared in the *Morning Post* of May 1st from Sir George Makgill, Secretary of the Anti-German Union, “All the essential facts of the Sinn Féin conspiracy were contained in the two reports forwarded by

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me to the Government some seven months past." These little official pleasantries give a zealous man like myself a keen relish for the service of the country, but it is only now that I have opened my mouth to a feeble complaint.

In this especial connection I feel myself compelled to descend to the advertisement of some morsels of personal detail. My *bona fides*—what were they for undertaking, for the Anti-German Union, a mission which, owing to its nature, required some little experience in what is cynically described in the French Army as the "collection of Military Statistics"?

Well, on September 3rd, 1886, I was invited to appear before the late Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. W. H. Smith, and the then Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, in Lord Randolph's room in the House of Commons. A connection of mine, the first Earl of Iddesleigh, better known as the time-honoured Sir Stafford Northcote, had, as a result of certain after-dinner conversations at St. James's Place, brought about the meeting between a humble captain of infantry and four tremendous political personages. Mr. Philip Bagenal, now an Inspector of the Local Government Board, acted for certain potent reasons as the introducer of a simple soldier—very simple—to the then Irish Committee of the Cabinet.

A couple of days following this experience the writer was selected by that most unfortunate of men—the late General Sir Redvers Buller (under whom I had served in the Zulu War)—for special service in Ireland. I joined Sir Redvers at Killarney, and on his appointment to temporary high office in Dublin came under the notice of his successor, the present Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, who, I am glad to feel, is very much "up and about." From association with Colonel Turner, "Horse Gunner" and Special Commissioner for the Disturbed District, the progress of events led to my dispatch to America on a special mission to inquire into the anti-English organisations in the United States.

I went as an open enemy, and, extraordinary to relate, found it the most effective means of attaining my object. By goading the old Fenian Brotherhood and the new Clan-na-Gael into wondrous boasts of what they could do in the

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case of a European war, I soon satisfied myself that the well-financed Clan-na-Gael could, in presence of such a contingency, do precisely nothing, except subsidise desperate fanatics to blow up railway station cloak-rooms. My American report was, on my return to England, handed to my wife's former guardian, the Right Hon. Colonel Edward King-Harman, then Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland. Follows from Dublin to Dahomey. In 1891 I was officially thanked by M. de Freycinet, then French Minister of War, and M. Detaine, Under-Secretary for Marine and the Colonies, "for important services in Intelligence duties in connection with the General Dods Expedition to one of the darkest regions of the Dark Continent." The copy of the letter, which was handed to me by Colonel the Count du Pontevise de Huissey, French Military Attaché, is, I believe, pigeon-holed at the Embassy at Albert Gate. And then to South America. The following year I undertook a somewhat risky piece of work for General Kohner (ex-Prussian officer and bagman for Krupp's), Chief of the improvised Chilian Congressional army, when I "looked in" at Valparaiso and Santiago, with the result that my report on the condition of President Balmaceda's forces—military and naval—was considered of such value that I was forthwith promoted to Commandant in the "scratch" rebel army that afterwards overturned the Dictator's Government. And then from South America to South Africa, where I spent the year 1895 employed on a confidential mission to Mr. Rhodes by the French Ministry of War. Returning to England in 1896, Lord Selborne, through the late Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, invited me to some "conversations" at the Colonial Office, when I laid before the then Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies my views on the situation in the Federal Dutch Republics. The events of the great Anglo-Boer War later on amply vindicated my gloomy forecast in May, 1896. "But that's another story."

Autumn, 1896, saw me off to Berlin, the bearer of, among others, two vitally important letters of introduction, one from my former Chief, General Kohner, Minister of War of Chili, and the other from von Hannegan, the German who was mainly responsible for the defences of the "Gib." of the Far East, Port Arthur. He was also on the

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sly, "devilish sly," a glorified "Commercial Gent" for Essen.

Two months after my intrusion into the habitat of the Hun tribes I was enabled to lay before General Billot, French Minister of War, and General Moutan d'Boisdeffre, Chief of the Grand Etat-Major Général, my report showing that a secret re-armament was proceeding with the Kaiser's field artillery.

In 1911 and in 1913 I stole across from Liège into the potential enemy's territory and saw what was being effected in secret strategic railway development on the frontier of poor deluded little Belgium, and was thus able, in 1911, to predict in print the date of the coming of Europe's rude awakening as being August Bank Holiday, 1914.

Had I not then sufficient credentials to warrant my despatch to Ireland on what I suppose will be the very last of my experiences in the stimulating pursuit of the collection and correction of "military statistics"? "How's that, Umpire?"

A certain Sunday last autumn was one I will not easily forget, for on that special day of rest I enjoyed the privilege of witnessing a review of the armed strength of "Rebel Cork." It so happens that I have also been present at the grand manœuvres of a quartet of French Army Corps at Compiègne, what time a dozen thousand Chasseurs à Cheval, sky-blue "Petits Bleus," Dragoons, and lastly, mail-clad Cuirassiers, amid a tumultuous "*en avant, en avant,*" thundered past His Imperial Little Father of all the Russias; but the Munster military spectacle remains, for many reasons, most clearly outlined on my memory. The Sinn Féin local Commandant, for the instruction of a couple of officers of the Munster Fusiliers and my humble self, condescended to put his commando through the "manual and firing exercise." This performance was chiefly characterised by a wobbling uncertainty of the rifles and "scatter guns" of many patterns, and a pronounced disposition on the part of their owners to "mark time" until they saw what their neighbours were going to do. I awaited with thrilling nervousness the command: "For bayonet exercise, open order." But fortunately my constitutional horror of blood-shedding was not assailed. Herr Commander prudently cut out that part of the pro-

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gramme. Ensued the manœuvres. They were of so surprising a description that, against all traditions of French politeness, I exploded with laughter—which, I hasten to add, was purely internal. Each involved change of front was effected apparently with the sole object of placing the couple of dozen Sinn Féin officers (to 200 rank and file) in the most conspicuous positions wherefrom the fair maids of Cork could admire to the best advantage the ferocity of demeanour and bewildering diversity of their sweethearts' uniforms.

That night I wrote in my report—to quote Sir George Makgill again: "As a hostile military force the Sinn Féin here is beneath contempt."

Towards the end of September a ruinous expenditure of Middleton whiskey obtained me the startling information that the conspiracy was in possession of some hundred automatic machine-guns. Now this was disconcerting. The lead pumper, in the hands of thoroughly competent men, is a weapon of fearful potentiality. No soldier who ever watched the handling of a machine gun by a perfectly-trained crew, and witnessed, as I have, in the Chilian Civil War, its fire skim a far-off crest and behind it plug through the bodies of the enemy concealed in supposed safety, would ever deliberately allow such a superb instrument of clearance to be served by men who might not only fail to get all there was to get out of the gun, but might let it go out of action permanently the first time a jam took place.

For reduction of "jams" must be a matter of seconds if the persons on the other side of the argument have made their minds to force their company upon you and your trenches. No specialist of our time requires more concentrated experience than does the machine gunner, who must know his weapon until he can put one together in the dark. Therefore, I was unimpressed by the knowledge that the Shin Fane had acquired machine-guns when I had indulged in some conversation with a patriot who was styled in the organisation "Commandant of the Machine-gun Commando." *Inter alia*, the use of the Afrikander Dutch appellation had been imported by "Major" John McBride, whose career ended the other day after an official interview with a firing party. Well, when I had steered

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the machine-gun expert into an expansive mood, I am sorry to confess that he quickly lost his temper, which was impolite, seeing that I was his host. I merely asked him if he could diagnose a jam by the position of the rocker handle and reduce it in a few seconds, or point the gun with certain accuracy if the regular pointer was out of action. And with touching anxiety I inquired if he endured much bother with "wet" belts.

This phenomenon, by-the-bye, is a peculiarity of the "American Colt automatic," which jams cheerfully when its belts get wet. "We take them out and dry them before the fire" was the unguarded response. "Yes," I explained; "comes from the friction between case and loop as the shell is plucked out." The only thanks tendered by the Commandant was to, in the most ungentlemanly fashion, tell me to go to hell. He saw that I had spotted him as an empty know-nothing, and, like all humbugs, resented being found out. I did not proceed to the nether region; rather, I returned to London, satisfied that American machine-guns, to the number of four, had been smuggled into Ireland, that their gun detachment was selected on a haphazard principle, and that these eminent warriors knew as much of their manipulation as a pill pedlar does of the working of an X-ray apparatus. Also, I had become aware that the Sinn Féin had never even fired blank cartridge out of their presents from N.Y.

And now let me urge one more and last warning. The state of delirious excitement into which Ireland has been plunged, the hero-worship lavished on the "victims" of "the butcher from Egypt," as General Maxwell is described by the Sinn Féiners, has had its due effect on Celtic enthusiasm.

There are men in the conspiracy fully prepared to emulate those who sacrificed themselves in other days to slay William the Silent and Henri Quatre—under the influence of similar excitement. And there are more than one of those ruthless fanatics who consider it the day of their life when they are enabled to prove that no rank, however exalted, and no distance, however vast, could interfere with the vengeance of the Shin Faners. The people of these isles possess, where recent history is concerned, marvellously short memories. Yet there are surely

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a few of us who remember the grim procession of assassinations that, in the Irish capital, drove the authorities to the end of their wits—not a long road for them to travel. *It may be attempted by the Inner Circle* of this remarkable conspiracy to establish another Dublin Reign of Terror.* I know Paris, I know Dublin. Both cities are wonderfully alike in the capacity of their political subterranean elements in one time or another, to use old Kruger's phrase, to "stagger humanity," or, to recall the words of the monster informer, James Carey, "make history."

I may say I have some reason to believe that there is already an ugly suggestion of Invincible traditions in the highly-oxygenised air of "Erin's Isle." On Saturday, May 6th—ominous date, that of the Phoenix Park assassination—I was from an Irish source dissuaded from paying a flying visit to Cork. "There are Sinn Féiners among the hotel staffs and you are on the list." It was highly annoying to me, but I took the hint, knowing full well that, if I were polished off, my humble memory would be held in execration by the kindly wiseacres who thought my Irish report a bothersome document. "There," it would be said, "he had even contrived to get himself murdered, just to give more trouble." However, a truce to mere persiflage.

I have in the last century written in deadly earnest on certain phases of the Eternal Irish Question. And now, after a break of thirty years, I have, in the pages of this REVIEW, taken up my pen again on the Eternal Irish Question. And my deepest conviction is that that question need not rest eternal if England gave *now* to Ireland the same autonomy as she extended to the beaten Boers and astonished the beaten Shin Faners with a handsome measure of amnesty. In other words, hand over that much-perturbed island to Irishmen who have learned to roast pigs without burning houses. *They* would turn certain of their countrymen into being less extravagant cooks.

"La pointe d'une épée est une réalité qui fait disparaître bien des fantômes!" Thus spoke the Baron de Bazancourt, swordsman and epigrammatist, and what he

* See "The Secret History of the Sinn Féin," ENGLISH REVIEW, May, 1916.

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said has been too abundantly proved true in Dublin, where the sharp point of the sword of rebellion has shocked the amiable Chief Secretary, whose attitude during the hatching of the Hibernian-Hun conspiracy—filled with unctuous rectitude, doing nothing and protesting his goodwill to all people—would have been comic if its results had not been so lamentably pathetic. The powers that be have not condescended to inform me if my Irish secret report was passed on from London to Dublin Castle, and so I am still unaware if the monumental Mr. Birrell knew of the existence of such a document. Assuming that it reached its logical objective, viz., the seat of the Irish Government, then the whilom Chief Secretary, all his excess of amiability to the contrary, must either have been most badly informed by his subordinates or himself “spoofed” when he stood up at the Treasury Bench and solemnly protested that he had never received a “specific warning” of a combined Irish and German hostile operation in the country which he represents in His Majesty’s Cabinet.

For the confidential account of my Shin Fane mission was, as is shown by the following letter to the *Morning Post*, couched in language that was intended to, in deadly earnest, shatter any illusions that the authorities still permitted themselves to hold respecting the ramifications and sinister object of this very latest and most serious of all Irish conspiracies.

To the Editor of the “Morning Post.”

SIR,—In reference to the questions raised in the House of Lords on Wednesday, and to Lord Lansdowne’s reply that “there was nothing like a specific warning that this particular trouble must be expected,” I think it is only right that the public should know that the authorities were warned months ago. Last summer the British Empire Union (then the Anti-German Union) received from the West and South of Ireland so many reports as to the activities of German agents and Sinn Féin members, that I sent over a special representative to investigate the facts. His first report was sent in on September 30th, and a fuller report was furnished early in October. The main incidents of Sir Roger Casement’s attempt were set forth in that report, which was duly submitted to the authorities.

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I give the following quotations from the first report :—

At the suggestion of the redoubtable Sir Roger Casement a diversion in South-Western Ireland was arranged for by the enemy with the obvious object of establishing a temporary panic in this country and preventing through its continuance the movement of troops to the various seats of war. This scheme of an Irish diversion had, with true Teutonic thoroughness, been arranged so far back as March, 1913. The last development of this stroke was brought about by Sir Roger Casement. This I have certain knowledge of, and with full sense of the responsibility that attaches to the making of so serious a statement. . . .

The manifesto issued last year by the Sinn Féin was distributed broadcast throughout the West and South. This was to have been the signal for a simultaneous rising of the Sinn Féin, and it was even suggested to me that there would probably be a raid by sea and air at the same time upon our East Coast. The expedition was to be "sent out round the Shetlands, and then, after some three or four days *en route* in the North Atlantic, turned and a dash made for South-Western Ireland. The ships would be fast-steaming liners, and would be unescorted except by torpedo-boat destroyers."

The report goes on :—

The understanding with certain of the Sinn Féiners is complete. These gentry are small in number, but dangerous in the extreme. . . . The mis-carriage of the projected raid, which was timed to be attempted last week, is believed due to the premature distribution of the German manifesto. The circular was sent out some days too soon, rearrangements were at once made in Berlin, and which shows how intimate and immediate is the communication existing between Germany and its agents in Ireland.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE MAKGILL, *Secretary*.

The British Empire Union, 346 Strand,
May 1st.

I may add that, in addition to the specific warnings alluded to in this letter—those of an importation of German arms, engineered by Casement, and the complement of a cruiser and Zeppelin raid on the English east coast—my report contained a detailed account of the circumstances under which I contrived to locate an

ENEMY SUBMARINE BASE IN KERRY.

The West of Ireland littoral, breaking for us the untamed Atlantic swell, is rich in out-of-the-way sheltered anchorages and potential harbours. And it possesses superb

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fishing-grounds. Having last autumn revived my partiality for waging war against what George Augustus Sala once termed, in the best *Daily Telegraphesque* English, "the denizens of the deep," there was nothing remarkable in my temporarily chartering a Kerry "hooker" and in her spending many days and nights in all sorts of weather dodging about the estuary of the Shannon, Dingle Bay, the estuary of the Kenmare River, Bantry Bay, and Berehaven, to mention a few of my cruising spheres.

I enjoyed, on the whole, fair hauls, except just in one patch where sport was exasperatingly poor. Here in Dingle Bay I was, on September 22nd, running in on a light five-knot breeze—the true mackerel wind—when my boatman confided to me the curious information that "*the ile was driving away the fish, God bless them.*" I may explain I had the hardy navigator "efficiently" drunk—talkatively so—on this particular day's fishing, for I had "ma doots" about things being all right in the "Bay of Dingle Oh."

"Sure," he meandered on :

"SHE COMES IN TO SLEEP HERE."

I knew what was coming. "Yes, Sir," my ship's company continued. "She has a nice sandbank down there between these two pints," waving his hand in the direction of Inch and Rossbeg Points. "Ah!" I thought, "oil of a heavy density that would stick for some time to a limited sea area, a lubricant for the machinery of the periodical sleeper." I determined to launch my attack from the land side—a course unpursued at Gallipoli—and so put about and beat up to Tralee River, where I landed, and the next day took the train for Kilgorghan, the nearest little town to where evidently the German secret submarine base was situated. At this hotbed of the Sinn Féin I became convinced that the whole countryside was in the "know." And when some of the local Sinn Féiners began to inquire why my fishing proclivities were tempered by a desire for the diffusion of useful knowledge, as represented by the standing of unlimited rounds of potent Middleton whiskey, I felt it was expedient for me to keep an appointment elsewhere, if I was to avoid being assassinated, which would have led to all sorts of awkward complications—for the local police authorities, the Anti-German Union, etc.

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—but not for the “gentry” who would have “attended” to me, for *they* would never have been laid hold of. For a veritable reign of terror reigned supreme from the Shannon to Cape Clear. So, having found out all I wanted, I trekked for less unsalubrious surroundings.

Now, what I have just written may read like a weak imitation of one of the exploits of that worthy master-mariner, Captain Kettle. “Fiction,” no doubt, would be the verdict of any one of the five discerning London editors who refused even a modest column of my article which appeared in last month’s ENGLISH REVIEW. Well, the fiction in question disguised itself as fact, and went through the hollow form of taking place upon the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of last September, and the myth is recorded in what may be a mere air bubble, but looks a voluminous official document presented by Sir George Makgill to certain representatives of H.M. Government. *Eh, bien*, the lesson of this damnable Shin Fane business is: we must endeavour to understand the Irish, and put up with them, in spite of the mischievous consequences of allowing young men to be clandestinely imported from Dublin to London, as the founder of the “Harmsworth Press” was, and as Mister Tay Pay, and G. B. S., and I were.

For, except in the forefront of the Empire’s battlefields, we cannot get rid of the intractable Irish without carting every Mick and Paddy to the habitat of the cannibals of the Upper Congo, which would not be a ridiculously easy operation, and which, were it so, would inevitably provoke a world-quaking outburst of horror from outraged Germanic humanity.

Peace at our Price

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

"We do not wish our enemies to offer us peace. We do not wish them to ask for it. We do not wish to submit to their conditions. We wish to impose ours upon them."—(POINCARÉ.)

THE terse and limpid sentences which I have adopted as a text for the following observations were pronounced a short time ago at Nancy by the President of the Republic. No words could more adequately express the attitude of France towards the peace that must crown the ultimate defeat of Germany and her allies, and their incisive and definite character form a striking—and to some of us a welcome—contrast to the verbose declaration upon the same subject recently made by Sir Edward Grey to the representative of an American paper.

Although we hear with relief that our responsible leaders on both sides of the Channel are determined that peace shall not, like war, find them unprepared, we are not convinced that the British Government, and still less the English people, are quite of M. Poincaré's opinion as to the quality and scope of the peace we are both still fighting to secure. If, therefore, as Sir Edward Grey remarked to his interviewer, "Peace counsels that are purely abstract and make no attempt to discriminate between the rights and wrongs of this war, are ineffective, if not irrelevant," I need make no apology for this endeavour to indicate one or two of the dangers which lie in wait for the peacemakers—dangers which, if not detected and guarded against, will rob the victory of the Allies of half its laurels and most of its fruits.

Even if the time be not ripe for a full analysis of the future peace proposals, there are several points upon which the Allies must make up their minds before they contemplate any suspension of hostilities. They must begin by arranging between themselves the terms upon which they will sheathe the sword. They must meet; they

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must discuss; they must decide the conditions they intend to dictate, long before all belligerents assemble for the last act of this sanguinary world drama. When the Allies are face to face with the vanquished foes of our civilisation there must be no hesitation, no parleying at the gate. In the words of M. Poincaré, we must impose our terms upon the Central Empires, without argument or discussion. It must be our victory, not a drawn battle—*our peace*, not their compromise. Otherwise the blood of our best will indeed have been spilt in vain.

The ideal which we are struggling to realise is, as both Mr. Asquith and M. Briand have repeatedly stated, freedom not only for ourselves, but also for the smaller European peoples. Our intention is to apply to a reconstructed map of Europe the old principle of nationalities. This is the first condition which the Allies mean to impose upon their enemies at the eventual Peace Congress. But before the Congress assembles we shall have to arrive at some decision as to its composition, and the tidings that the Pope, backed by a powerful following, in the Vatican and *outside it*, aspires to play a part in the preparation of the peace negotiations, shows that the settlement of this important point cannot long be postponed.

His Holiness, who has neither in the past nor in the present subscribed to the principle of nationalities, nevertheless assumes the right to take a share in the remodelling of Europe as the official representative of Roman Catholicism.

What, one may ask, would be the result of such an intervention? At first sight this proposal does not seem to have any bearing on the problem of nationality. It becomes clear, however, upon examination that the question of religion is in some cases so intimately connected with it that unless the Allies lay down certain definite rules, for the orientation of their future policy, they will run the risk of seeing ecclesiastical interests overshadow those national interests which ought to be the sole preoccupation of the Governments of Modern Europe.

How, to begin with, shall we define the principle of nationalities?

The subject has loomed large in recent Parliamentary debates, but hitherto no statesman has taken the trouble

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to give us a clear explanation of the all-important principle. The student of international politics is supposed to realise what it denotes, but when one tries to grasp the real meaning of the word nationality one immediately discovers how complex this apparently simple symbol is and will always be. I venture, however, to describe a nation as the result of a grouping of individuals who have recognised, either from time immemorial or from a particular moment in their history, a common political authority.

Moreover, we must bear in mind that a nation is not invariably the collective expression of a race or of an aggregation of people speaking the same language. Both the Belgian and the Swiss constitute nationalities, though in both countries there exist several different races speaking different languages and preserving, in spite of their political unity, varied characteristics in their habits, manners, and local traditions.

It would be inaccurate to describe an Italian-Swiss as an Italian, a German-Swiss as a German, or a French-Swiss as a Frenchman. Each may possess affinities with the greater nations whose language and culture he has adopted, but each is before all Swiss of his own free will in consequence of geographical, historical, or economic conditions.

In some parts of Europe, as, for example, in the Balkans, it has been contended that religion takes the place of nationality. To a certain extent this may have been true before, but will certainly not be true after, the war. Bulgarians and Serbians, for instance, both belong to the Orthodox creed, but both nations possess a national church of their own within the bosom of the great orthodoxy, so that in their case nationality and religion are but two sides of the same medal. This fact, however, affects none but themselves. The war and the ultimate peace is and will be the work of those military and lay elements which in our time control the politic life of all countries. Religion has, in spite of the efforts of its priests, in spite of its spiritual vitality, become more and more ostracised from the business of government, and the people, as they progress in the path of intellectual freedom, distinguish more and more between the civil organisation of the community and the activity of the divers religious bodies which, though

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they control as far as they can the private life of individuals, have no right to interfere with the government of the nation otherwise than through the influence which they exercise on the individuals who compose it.

In this latter sense the church of all denominations still possesses a great stake in the history of nations. More than any other power it contributes to form or to destroy the mentality of their citizens, who frequently chose their political leaders to represent the ideas and sentiments which have been instilled into their consciousness by their religious teachers.

Thus the laws of a Roman Catholic or of a Protestant country will always reflect to a limited extent the religious convictions of the majority of the people. But the State, to be worthy of its name, should be as independent of organised religious direction as of organised military domination.

The State is above all other departments of national activity, using and controlling them all in the superior interests of the nation. In no case should it ever be superseded by any of them. Its first duty is to protect every citizen, to ensure to each one the right to think and act as freely as is consistent with his neighbour's right to do the same, for the State exists to propose, sanction, and apply the laws agreed to by the community.

To apply to Europe the principle of nationalities is an easy task when we are dealing with powerful countries which have long ago realised their national unity, as is the case of France and of England. But our difficulties start as soon as we come to the national aspirations of territories which, like Alsace-Lorraine, have been for a certain number of years under the heel of the conqueror. During the last forty years the German Government has diligently colonised Alsace-Lorraine, and has used every means in its power to impose its "Kultur" on the terrorised Alsatians. And parallel conditions are to be found in other enslaved countries, like Poland and Serbian Macedonia.

If after the war we attempt to ascertain the collective will of these oppressed peoples by asking them to vote for annexation by any great Power or for their constitution as an autonomous State, how are we to eliminate from the mass of the population the imported colonist element? To

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allow the invaders of yesterday, or even of several years' standing, to give their opinion on this subject would be to defeat the object in view, though it is probable that those aliens who have settled there would claim the right of deciding their political future and would vaunt their affection for their adopted country. Such pretensions on the part of the more or less naturalised colonist might be admissible if the question only concerned the material interests of the community. But when it comes to deciding the initial right of the autochthonous inhabitants to select their nationality it would be obviously unfair to allow the intruders, their children and grandchildren, to outvote their former victims.

This is evident in a country like Alsace-Lorraine, which forty-six years ago was as French as Brittany and Normandy. But though in the case of Poland it might prove a difficult task to distinguish between the Russians, the Austrians, and the Germans who for scores of years have become part and parcel of that once prosperous and independent Kingdom, the fact remains that a crushing majority of authentic Poles are still living in their native land—indeed, the German Press mentions as a regrettable but indisputable circumstance that the non-Slav element in Poland amounts only to 20 per cent. of the population. And if there was any doubt in the mind of Teutonic journalists as to the sentiments cherished by the Slav population—*i.e.*, the majority—why should the *Rheinisch Westfaelische Zeitung* recommend that a number of clerks, manufacturers, and agriculturists should be immediately transported to Poland in order to colonise the conquered territories and to Germanise this part of Europe?

As for Macedonia, now devastated by the Bulgarians and their allies, what has been left upon her soil of its indigenous population? Only a few old men, women, and children. Even if after the war a few thousand Serbian survivors are able to return to their ruined homesteads they would inevitably be out-voted by the imported Bulgarians and the remaining Turks in the event of a plebiscite being taken with the object of deciding the future of Macedonia.

From these observations it may be deduced that when any effort is made to settle the nationality of any country, precautions should be taken which will enable the population to

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express fairly, as well as freely, the choice of its political destiny.

First, the right to do so should be restricted to those who can establish two, three, or four generations of residence in the country. Secondly, a vote should in justice be given to women and adolescents. In most parts of Europe a young girl is eligible for marriage at the age of fifteen, while at seventeen or eighteen a boy is enlisted to defend his country. Surely those members of the community who are of an age to accomplish the two most sacred duties of life—to give one's life for one's country and to give life to a new generation—ought to be deemed old enough to accomplish a simple political act.

Thus might be established on a fair basis such consultations of public opinion as would restore to those martyred peoples their ancient and indestructible rights.

Of course, there are cases in which the mere suggestion of a plebiscite is ridiculous. Who, when the war is over, could propose to the French the possibility of Alsace-Lorraine being given back to them after the farce of a referendum? As well consult the population of the French departments now occupied by the Germans on the subject of their future nationality!

If, however, we are too liberal-minded to dictate to the smaller nations of Europe as well as to our enemies—if we attenuate our might by the right of every nation to develop its national life as it pleases without trespassing on the claims of the rest of Europe, our only solution for this problem will be the application of the principle of nationality transformed and modified as may seem necessary to suit circumstances without precedent in the history of the world.

But we shall have to use great circumspection in handling this trenchant weapon when the occasion arises, and also to prevent the intrusion of sacerdotal influences into the deliberations of the various conferences between the Allies which will precede the Peace Conference proper. These precautions are all the more necessary that no form of religion is in any way responsible for the present crisis? This war is being fought to ensure the observance of the principle of liberty and of justice throughout the world, not to protect or to attack any religious interest. The purpose of Germany in invading Belgium and

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France was to impose her political and economic domination on Europe and thereby on the world, not to defend this or that creed or liturgy. The free nations of Europe are now united against the Central Empires, not to sustain any Church or belief, but to guarantee the civil rights of every citizen in every country.

Economic interests of the greatest magnitude are also at stake, but none of the peoples engaged in that gigantic combat have any concern with the past, the present, or the future of any religious system. It is for this reason that we desire to attract the attention of public opinion to the manoeuvres of the Roman Catholic Church, which has on more than one occasion of late tried to ascertain the attitude of Allied opinion towards an active and open interference of the Pope in matters which do not concern the Roman Catholic Church or any other religious organisation in Europe or elsewhere.

On the occasion of Mr. Asquith's visit to Rome a remark was made by the Pope during the conversation he had with the Prime Minister which made it possible for the Vatican to publish to the world the desire of His Holiness to take an active share in the elaboration of the treaty which must establish once and for all stable conditions in Europe. A politician so astute as Mr. Asquith naturally refrained from giving the slightest encouragement to these vain hopes. He remained silent while His Holiness cleverly outlined his views on the participation of the Papal See in the peace that is to be. But it was enough for the Vatican that Mr. Asquith afforded to the Head of the Church an opportunity of enunciating his policy. To have secured such an opportunity is in itself a real diplomatic victory for Rome.

Upon what grounds, we may well inquire, does the Pope base his claim to a voice in the settlement of the European conflict—a conflict in which he has taken no share as a temporal sovereign?

It cannot even be contended that in his character of spiritual sovereign, ruling over a Church which counts millions of adherents in both camps, the Pope was bound to observe strict neutrality; for such a position connotes both the privilege and the obligation to praise or to blame, to reward or to punish the members of the religious organisation which acknowledges his pontificate. Right and

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wrong are not variable terms, nor is a crime less criminal when committed by professors of the Roman faith. As Defender of that faith His Holiness was surely called upon to protest on the very day that the peace of Europe was broken by the most faithful and obedient member of his flock—the Emperor of Austria. Even admitting his helplessness as far as the heretic Kaiser was concerned, he certainly possessed full power to reprimand those Catholic kings of Germany whose armies wrought ruin in Catholic Belgium.

If in that sacrilegious hour the Supreme Pontiff had hurled the thunder of excommunication against those among his disciples who not only connived at the destruction of Malines, of Louvain, and of Rheims, but participated in the violation of the sanctuaries of the Roman faith, he would thereby have fulfilled his mission of keeper of the Catholic conscience; he would have borne his share—a great moral share—in the war, and he would have the right to-day to speak his mind during the deliberations which must precede the general disarmament.

But, like Gallo, His Holiness seems to care for none of these things. Since the outbreak of hostilities he has studiously refrained from remonstrance or condemnation in presence of infamous deeds which he could neither ignore nor deny.

Though the moral law universally accepted in Christendom declares that in the domain of right or wrong there can be no neutrality, the Pope has up to the present moment neglected to enlighten his spiritual children as to what is fair or unfair, justifiable or unjustifiable in this infernal conflict; and in adopting this non-committal attitude he has lost for ever any chance of regaining the influence which his predecessors in the Holy See once wielded in France.

This is all the more remarkable on account of the undoubted revival of religious feeling which took place in France at the beginning of the war. Men who were going to the front to conquer or to die remembered with emotion the prayers their mothers had taught them when they were children; for in spite of his supposed frivolity and scepticism the average Frenchman still preserves a deep respect for the traditional faith of his ances-

tors. If at that tragic moment the Pope had stood for the principle of right against wrong, if he had made even a generous gesture, Rome would have reconquered as by a miracle the half-liberated soul of France.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the Republic, but lately freed from the burden of a State religion, the Pope remained silent. No word of protest at the crimes perpetrated against humanity and against Christianity has escaped from his closed lips. And this astounding silence on the part of the "Vicar of Christ upon earth" has finally destroyed any moral influence which the Papacy still retained over "the elder daughter of the Church."

Those who are good Catholics among the population will remain good Catholics, because they are faithful believers. But never again will the Vatican be permitted to exert any visible direction in the civil life of the France that will blossom out of blood shed by her sons in the sacred cause of freedom.

Whatever Protestant England may think of this proposed intervention of the Pope, I am convinced that the French Government will never agree to any such suggestion. He has been the most conspicuous absentee in the war; there is no reason why he should be present when we gather the first-fruits of victory.

Very cogent reasons, of course, exist for his desire to take a share in the reconstruction of Europe. None but the Holy See could defend with such energy the integrity of the Austrian Empire against its victorious enemies, for in no other kingdom is Roman Catholic influence so powerful. Austria and unfortunate Bohemia, not to mention Hungary and Galicia, are still black with priests and monks. We may therefore expect every effort to be made by militant Roman Catholics to insinuate the Vatican point of view and to sustain the shattered fabric of the Dual Monarchy.

It is impossible within the space at my disposal to demonstrate in detail why the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is essential to the policy of the Allies. But let us have no doubt on this point: if the Prussian military spirit is to be subdued, if the German race is to be rendered innocuous to the rest of Europe, Austria must cease to exist as a great Empire.

Of this fact the Vatican is well aware, and it goes far

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to explain the Holy Father's present reserve, throwing as it does a sinister light upon his silent approval of the turpitude of the Hapsburg Monarchy and his anxiety to secure a voice in the Council which will decide its fate.

Another aspect of this matter further emphasises the impossibility of acceding to the Papal demand. For if we once permit religious questions to be raised at the Peace Congress the principle of nationalities, which ought to be its guiding star, will be speedily submerged in a flood of ecclesiastical pleas and pretensions.

These admitted, we should be faced with the claims of all the rival religious communities, who would urge an equal right to force their views upon the deliberations of the Congress, which would rapidly degenerate into a Church Council—Mahommedans might even try to bring forward the question of the Khalifa—a question which only concerns Islam and which should be treated as a local problem outside the purview of Christian Europe. The time is, after all, past when men sacrificed their lives and expended their eloquence in crusades for the defence of one creed or the imposition of another. Such wars belong to the dark ages of civilisation. The Vatican alone is interested in conserving an ideal of the State whose chief characteristic is subservience to the Church and whose highest form of activity is to draw the sword at her command. The Europe the Allies are fighting to save from a new barbarian invasion is unlikely to jeopardise its future by any concession to mediæval sacerdotalism. The peace it seeks is as far removed from Papal as it is from Teutonic tyranny.

A Nation in Waiting

By John N. Raphael

DURING a recent visit to London every English friend I met began conversation with the same question: "Life in France must be terribly depressing now?" It isn't. Do you get up early? If you do, you know the wondrously invigorating quality of an early morning anywhere. There is an atmosphere of hope about, which fades, becomes less poignantly insistent, as the morning gets older. France gets up to her daily work, after a year of war, with exactly that spirit of hope and of confidence in the day. She sets about her daily task with the vigour of a man who springs from bed into his tub, and who comes out of it hungry for breakfast and ready for everything. The unimaginative view of France is summarised by the expression which advertisements of patent medicines have made too familiar to us: "that tired feeling." "That tired feeling" is, I believe, beginning to be felt in Germany. It exists among civilians who are doing no war-work in England. It is quite non-existent in France, for, in France, everybody is working to end the war as the war must be ended—in victory for the Allies.

There is no greater contrast imaginable than the streets of London and the streets of Paris at the present time. There are soldiers in both, there are busy civilians in both. But in Paris there is one thought only—the war. A Frenchman will tell you, "It is hard to imagine that the enemy is so near." He will laugh cheerily as he says it. He will not ask you when you think the war will be over. He knows. The war will be over when the Germans are conquered. He has no doubts whatever on the subject. He is perfectly prepared to wait for conquest, and he is not waiting passively. He is doing everything he can, be he old or be he young, be he soldier or civilian, to bring conquest of the Germans from the realm of the future to that of the present. He has developed the gift of energetic patience, and, like

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all active workers, he is happy. No Englishman who has travelled recently from London to Paris, who has traversed a part of the war zone in France, who has been within sound of the guns about midday and arrived at the Gare du Nord in the late afternoon, can have failed to receive an extraordinary impression of hope. He has left London in the morning with an armful of newspapers containing little news and columns of more or less pessimistic prophecy. He has been harassed on the journey by innumerable necessary precautions which have increased the flaws in his perspective, trifles have made him uncomfortable, and he arrives in Paris to find that trifling discomforts are things which don't matter. There are very rarely sufficient porters at the Gare du Nord in Paris when the train from Boulogne steams in. The French travellers (who in pre-war days had a great gift for grumbling) treat the inconvenience as a joke. All the grumbling is done by the English travellers, or by neutrals, who are paying their first visit to France. There is an atmosphere, immediately on arrival, of mutual help and make-the-best-of-it. Cabs are very scarce. Nobody grumbles at having to wait for them. Cabmen refuse the wealthy stranger and carry off soldiers, who will pay what fare they can pay or pay nothing. After a few minutes of Paris one forgets to feel surprised at the readiness of civilians to make things easy for men who have been wounded in their service. The salute of a civilian to a wounded soldier, and the nod and smile with which it is returned, very soon cease to give cause for wonderment. They are such a matter of course. The emptiness of the streets surprises, but one gets used to it so quickly. The closed shops make one unhappy at first. But after an hour or two one realises that every man who can fight is fighting, that every man who can work is working, and that the shops which are closed will be opened again when the victory is won, and that, in the meanwhile, everybody is doing the best he can to help everybody else. When evening comes Paris is dark as London is. But the darkness is more cheerful, because Parisians have ceased to hunt round for amusement. It is, I think, curiously significant of the mentality of the French that the Paris police has found it necessary to cancel the order under which Parisians used to be warned, a few months ago, of a possible Zeppelin

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raid. When the first raids occurred, the firemen of Paris careered about the streets blowing a bugle, warning the inhabitants to remain indoors, and to keep their lights low. The result of the warning was, in every case, to bring huge crowds out into the streets to see the raid. The Zeppelins' bombs did comparatively little damage, but the crowds were a danger to themselves. People got knocked down and hurt in the darkened streets. The police no longer give us warning of a Zeppelin raid in Paris, because the Zeppelins are less dangerous than is the anxiety of Parisians to see them.

If you walk along any street in Paris between eight and half-past eight in the morning (Paris is an earlier riser than London) you will meet women with open letters. You will probably read some of them for mothers who cannot read. The arrival of the morning post in Paris is the great event of the day. In London every morning we rush to our newspapers. The Parisian reads his letters first and glances at his newspaper (or rather at the *communiqué* in his newspaper) afterwards. For the Parisian wants his news of the war from the men who are fighting. The newspaper news is of secondary importance. The Paris posts are infrequent and irregular, but there is always a delivery of "mothers' letters" every morning. "He" is all right. The business of the day may continue. "He" is wounded. "Eh bien, c'est la guerre, and we will go and see him as soon as we may." There is no letter. There will be one to-morrow. The letter is from a comrade and the news is bad. "Madame Une Telle" lost *her* third son in the Argonne yesterday. But the day's work must be done. And the letters from the front are nearly always cheery letters, for the soldier who is fighting for France knows, as the soldier who is fighting for England knows, that his duty in the intervals of fighting is to cheer up the folk who can do nothing but wait and work. Their job is an easier one in France, I think, than the job of those who wait and wonder at home in England. French civilians know how to wait and to work simultaneously. They have learned the real lesson of the war. But I don't want to make comparisons, which, as we know, are odious things to make. I want you to see France as she is.

I was leaning over the parapet of one of the quays in

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Paris watching an idle string of barges. I was intimate with that quay-side. A dog-clipper used to make his headquarters on the towpath below it, and I was (three years ago, alas!) the owner of a brown poodle who needed his attentions once a month. A soldier—a French soldier in tattered and faded sky-blue—sat on a heap of gravel below me looking at the water. An old lady in mourning, a perfectly dressed, obviously wealthy old lady, picked her way carefully down the wet descent and spoke to him. The number on his collar was the number of the one regiment in France which had tugged at her heart-strings. She brought out a worn letter. The soldier shook his head. "No," he said, "I didn't know him. We were not in the same company." "He was my only son," the woman said. I could not hear what followed, but the man was evidently stammering words of consolation. "And you?" the bereaved mother said presently. "I'm home on four days' leave," her new friend said. "I am feeling a bit lonely. I am staying with my sergeant's people, but I don't really know anyone in Paris." They came slowly up the steep pathway together. He gave her his hand to help her up. When they got to the top she clung to it still. "Have you no friends of your own at all?" she asked. "Your mother?" He laughed shortly. "Je suis de l'Assistance Publique, moi, madame," he said. He was an orphan whom the State had educated. She let go his hand suddenly, and fumbled in her bag, producing a visiting card, which he took. "Yes; I'll come and see you," he said. This is absolutely all I heard and saw, but I know that the motherless soldier has found a mother, and that the poor rich sonless woman will deceive herself into the belief that her son is still alive. This is no made-up story, and it is no isolated instance of what happens in Paris. Such things as this are always happening.

On the Place Pigalle one morning where, before the war, models used to congregate and painters went to look for them, I saw three girls whose faces were familiar to me. I could not place them till one of them came up and spoke to me. Even then I found it hard to believe that she was the impudent hussy who had made me laugh a year ago, at two o'clock one morning, by rumpling the hair of a distinguished and extremely bashful British novelist, whose wife the rumpling of her husband's hair annoyed consider-

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ably. All three girls had been dancers *chez* Albert. Of course, there's no night life now. "C'est loin, tout cela," she said, and nodded across the road to the closed doors of the Abbaye. She and the other girls were dressed in very little except ulsters. They wore no hats, their faces and their hands were pathetically thin. "Oh, we manage," said the "hussy." "We've had a bad time lately, though, because four of us have been living on one '*allocation*,' and that's a tight fit." There's no need for any other comment than the explanation that an "*allocation*" is the daily shilling allotted to all women who apply for it because their male support (whether married or not) is fighting. Of course, in Paris, as elsewhere, there are people who are trading on the war. The State does not inquire too closely into the means of applicants for the daily shilling. I know one mother who draws her shilling regularly. She owns two houses the tenants of which pay their rent, and she has just returned from a month's holiday in Spain. One day somebody will get angry with her and go to the *Mairie*. Then the *concièrge* of the house where she lives will get a reprimand.

I can imagine a question which must leap to the lips of any newspaper-reading Englishman: "The politicians? How is it that we hear so little of the men who are hungry for reform in France, about whom we always used to hear so much?" In France, as elsewhere, the war has changed the conditions of life. Many are finding it hard to live, others are making money. Many trades have shut down, many others have more work than they can do. The price of living has increased, some wages must be high; and yet we hear of no trade discontent, we hear of no strikes. We hear nothing of the Bourse du Travail, we hear nothing of labour leaders.

Do you see those dirty men in nondescript clothes in the trench down there? Three of them used to be labour leaders. One was a politician. The other is the son of a millionaire employer of labour. They haven't time to talk or strike. Employment is mobilised, too. The German Emperor has done what the highest hopes of Socialist labour leaders failed to realise. France is a community working for France's good. Selfishness has become a crime. There can be no strike where the only master is

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France. And France has become more than a master. She is the Frenchman's mistress too at last, and it is in human nature to give to the mistress willingly service which might be irksome if it had to be given to the wife.

No German has ever understood the French. The Germans base their ignorance of the French character on 1870. They hardly realise yet the lesson which France learned forty-five years ago. But France has learned that lesson. Frenchmen know that unity of purpose, and nothing else, will win this war. The French politicians know it too. At the beginning of the war, before they learned it, party politicians made one or two grave errors. There were mistakes, there was graft, there were crimes. But the politicians, the men of party who lived on the proletariat in pre-war days, have found their masters in the stern-faced boys in shabby uniforms who have seen their comrades die because of pre-war mistakes, and of worse than mistakes. France has learned the lesson of the narrow escape which Paris had from invasion barely a year ago. The politicians who went to Bordeaux, and who remained there for their country's good until the north and nearer east of France were safe again, have had the fact impressed on them that not they, but the men who work and do not talk are France's real masters. The whole secret of France's magnificent steadfastness of purpose is the victory which she has already won over her own party politicians. Her victory over them has had, and will have, widespreading effect. France has shown her common sense; Germany will realise soon, if she does not realise already, that the much-talked-of decadence of Frenchmen was very largely on the surface. Decadence has vanished with the vanishing of too much ease and not too honestly earned prosperity.

But many Englishmen have said to me, "Is it absolutely necessary that Paris should live in half-mourning as Paris is now living? Is it absolutely necessary that Parisians should do without theatres, or very nearly do without them; that there should be no music in the restaurants, that life in the capital should be so severe? The answer to this is quite simple. There is no gaiety in Paris, there is no night life, there is very little frivolity, because you cannot burn the candle at both ends. The whole of France is working to defeat the Germans. Paris is living

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with one object, living for one consummation—the expulsion of the Hun. Gaiety in Paris now would impress the Parisians as painfully as a dance on the second floor would impress the inhabitants of a first floor flat where somebody lay dead. And the people in the flat above would never have the bad taste to be frivolous, knowing of the mourning in the flat below them. But if you go to any of the larger towns within the Army zone, you will find plenty of gaiety. For the gaiety there is legitimate. The soldiers have brought it from the front. You will hear loud laughter and the popping of champagne corks in Amiens because, when the town is quiet at night, you can hear also the booming of cannon a few miles away. But even in Amiens, of which Albert is almost a suburb; even in Compiègne, where you wonder what is lacking when the sound of artillery is still; even in Soissons or St. Ménéhould, the real fighting men look askance at too much gaiety on the part of civilians or of soldiers whose work does not lead them into danger. The only possible explanation of the gaiety of London which I have ever found to satisfy a Frenchman was the explanation that every man in the British Army who is fighting at the front looks to London as the men in the trenches look to Amiens or the other towns immediately behind the lines.

I am trying, and you will help me to succeed, to present to your minds a true picture of France as France really is after a year of war and with an unknown, and unknowable, stretch of war before her. If I have done what I set out to do your mind will see the picture of a noble nation fighting, straining every nerve for victory, and using the finest tempered weapon for the purpose—cheerfulness. Paris has forgotten her former need of noise, frivolity, and lurid gaiety. Just as the women of Paris nowadays prefer to dress quietly, just as Frenchmen want no music with their meals, so does Paris dispense with the unnecessary. There will be plenty of time for amusement when the business of the war is finished. You will remember the stories which you read at school of French aristocrats in the Revolution who went to the scaffold with a smile and a jest on their lips. France is not going to the scaffold now; but every man and woman, almost every child in France, has realised the need for smiling courage. Everywhere in

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France, in shell-shattered villages, in munition factories, in rich homes, in tiny shops, where old people find difficulty (their sons being absent) to keep the flag flying and to make both ends meet, you will find charity, unselfishness, courage, unsparing effort. The refugees flock back to build their homes again on the ruins the Germans have left. The peasants till the ground before the enemy has stopped the storm of shell. The farmers help the peasants, and the townsfolk help them both. The soldier, when not fighting, helps all round. The merchant helps his business rival. The mother whose son has been killed mothers the orphan. The man with one arm helps the comrade who has only one leg. The Paris cabman, even, forgets self-interest when his fare is a soldier. If he doesn't a crowd will collect and teach him his duty. There is more real politeness, there is more real gentleness abroad in France now than I have ever seen in the twenty years I have lived in the country. You must imagine that incredible thing—a nation of Frenchmen which has ceased—almost—to find fault with the Government. France is living beautifully. She is a nation in waiting.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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The Rôle of the Press

By Charles Dawbarn

IN a former article I inveighed against the meanness of the attitude of the public towards the Press; to-day I should like to insist upon the importance of the rôle which events have assigned to it. There was never a time in history when a greater demand was made on the patriotism and perspicacity of those who direct public opinion. It is clear that if the war is not to go on indefinitely, there must be a complete mobilisation of national energies, and in this mobilisation the newspaper must have a large place. A politician in a genial House-of-Commons' mood dubbed the Press "the Fourth Estate"; to-day it has risen to the First Estate and ranks with princes and archbishops in the direction of the national affairs—nay, the world awaits with greater impatience the pronouncements of the popular organ than the pastorals of appointed leaders of the flock. England has bigger need than any first-class Power in Europe of enlightened comment on the situation for the reason that her public was totally unprepared by study or observation for Germany's attack on France and our own inevitable intervention. Thus it is apparent that the Press must take a leading part in the education of the people and continue to exhort them not only to courage—for, happily, that is almost unnecessary—but to strain every nerve that the war may be brought to a swift, successful issue, and thus curtail the vast accumulation of sorrow and suffering that it has brought about already.

That the war *must* be long has hardened into a sacred principle from which there would seem to be no appeal. This is sheer absurdity. If the war has to end some day, it might as well be in six months as in six years. The determining factor in the last resort is the energy of the combatants, for, in the matter of men and munitions, of general military science, audacity, and financial resource,

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we are at least the equal of our adversary. The Press, therefore, has, as mission, to preach a terrible efficiency. The day is no longer to persons or to politics, but to sheer vigour and decision of character. Something of the Gallieni spirit is needed in London to sweep clean dusty Circumlocution Offices and open windows, which have long been closed to the least innovation, to the least breath of enterprise.

The Press can effect this reform much more quickly than Parliament, which is as loth as other institutions to reform itself. We have no time for Commissions or Enquiries with their leisurely procedure and their mediæval usages as out of spirit with the twentieth century as the search for Guy Fawkes in the vaults of the House of Commons by a company of Beefeaters who, it is not unreasonable to suppose, might be better employed. In a vein of pointed description M. Briand, the French Premier, once referred to the Chamber of Deputies as a stagnant pool. The description is as applicable to Westminster. Sometimes the frogs croak, even eloquently, in the pond, and there is a little splash in muddy waters—otherwise, nothing happens. It is the true image of Parliament. But the duty of the Press in time of war is to make things happen—in the right way.

For this reason, if for no other, journalists should be in Parliament and appointed to Committees where they could learn the details of public business, as across Channel. Even the rather exaggerated criticisms of M. Clemenceau, in *L'Homme Enchaîné*, have done good in rousing authority from torpor; whilst M. Charles Humbert, the strenuous editor of *Le Journal*, admittedly has done immense service with his reiterated "Des canons! Des munitions!" Both men are at the very fount of information, for the one is President and the other Vice-President of the Senatorial Committee of the Army. It is certain that but for M. Humbert's implacable pursuit of perfection, the French Army would not have been as well provided as it is to-day with the furniture of war with which to resist the Germans at Verdun and elsewhere.

Therefore, give the publicist his place in the council that he may speak *en connaissance de cause*, always, of course, with the reserve that patriotism imposes, even if

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the censor were not there to remind him of the danger of over-stepping it. But there is an equal danger in not being explicit enough; the latter is more likely to advantage the enemy than the chance admission of a fact, which he has known probably for weeks past through his amazing system of espionage. M. Humbert has helped greatly General Gallieni to rout routine and bring the machinery of administration to its simplest expression.

It is a little pathetic that speeches, even when spoken with authority, should be so little regarded in the House or out of it. The public has no time or inclination for deep acquaintance with Parliamentary oratory. Particularly this is true of the House of Lords, which has shown out-spokenness since the war began. Yet it is rarely that the voice of the politician penetrates to the public consciousness. But the newspaper, with its intimate persistent appeal, inserts itself with the matutinal eggs and bacon into the inmost economy of the British citizen. It cannot be escaped. Its opinions form the mental sustenance of the average reader. In consequence, the responsibility and power of the journalist in war are immeasurable. Let him remember that and the knowledge will encourage him, inspire his writings, and control his art of presenting the facts.

That portion of the English Press which has refused to accept as inevitable the thesis of a long war has been accused of lowering our prestige abroad. My own observation, however, shows me that even the provincial Press in France is well informed of English happenings. An article in a Lyons paper, before me, records with amazement (under the signature of its London correspondent) the ignorance of the British working classes of all that passes outside our islands. Even the commonest place-names in France and Belgium are distorted; Salonica and the Dardanelles are the profoundest mysteries. But behind this ignorance, and perhaps because of it, is discernible a cold and calculating spirit. The workers are wallowing in the war in England and the correspondent gives figures in support of the assertion. Sir Chiozza Money has stated in a recent magazine article that workmen have earned as much as £19 a week in English munition factories. In France this is regarded as scandalous. A certain class of speculators

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has made money out of the war, but it is the exception; no working man, however expert, earns more than half-a-guinea daily in turning out armament. And this is regarded as sufficient remuneration, in view of the national character of the work. That a class should have a positive interest in the continuance of the struggle which is bringing so much suffering, moral and material, upon our Allies, as well as ourselves, is an unholy thing. Here the duty of the Press is plain to point out the impropriety of high wages in war work, in the making of profit out of blood and tears by artisans secure from most of the risks of war. And the popular Press can educate its readers to this right way of thinking. And the British working-man, on his part, is a good fellow, who loves his country, and has volunteered in considerable numbers to fight in the trenches.

The working class must be reasoned out of its selfishness and induced to accept a lower scale of remuneration. It is amenable to the sweet persuasion of the trained writer. In the same way, the Press may enlist its energies in the search for talent. We have laughed a little at the notion—misinterpreted, by the way—of a learned professor at the Sorbonne seeking a genius at the Front in the style of the Convention, which sent out commissioners for that purpose. The idea in itself is not as absurd as the professional humorists would have us believe. Of course, such a system would be open to abuse unless properly controlled: but why should not one look high and low for ability in a war which has levelled reputations and demolished precedents?

The newspapers can perform a useful service in underlining merit and directing the eyes of the Government to it. It is scarcely sensible to suppose that Generals would voluntarily unearth their own successors any more than that a Government should perform *hara-kiri* upon itself in the interests of young administrative talent. What is needed is a proper field for invention to display itself. Young officers of rare ability may exist capable of providing new solutions for old problems. The very number of the Fronts may give to some as yet undiscovered master of strategy his chance of distinction. It is not for the civilian to suggest in what quarter the key to the fortress may be found; but war is the great touchstone. Old-established names dwindle, new competencies reveal them-

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selves. Too readily we are asked by politicians "to make sacrifices" for a war which will last long; rather should we be urged to concentrate our efforts as if to finish it next week. No amount of waiting will win it. The only things that count, other than material preparation, are force and fierceness in the right direction. The formula, "the last man wins," is not necessarily favourable to ourselves. Since we have more to lose than the Germans, it is possible that we may lose more by waiting. The Revolution did not win its astounding victories by this policy. The public spirit must be braced to understand the real conditions.

Newspapers can discover and give prominence to merit amongst the younger command and recommend it to public notice. One must remember that the men in whom we now place our confidence to end the war owe largely their positions to the fact that their good work was recognised by the journalist. In the region of foreign affairs, the policy of "leaving that to the experts" has signally failed; hence one may legitimately feel doubt about the ability of these experts to continue to conduct our affairs. The break-down of our diplomacy in the Balkans need not be insisted upon save that France has swept away the offender, whose chief offence was that he had listened to England; but we continue in sublime faith to hearken to our oracle.

It is in the power of the Press to move for strenuous government—a government within a government—which shall carry affairs forward with relentless speed and vigour. Politicians, like other men, must be judged by acts rather than by words. There is no fault to be found with the speeches of our Ministers. They are models of eloquence and are often high appeals to patriotism; but, unfortunately, they represent no programme of achievement. They are merely sword-thrusts in water; seed cast carelessly on the wind. An Inner Cabinet of determined men would see that the war did not last a day longer than is necessary. Here is the *rôle* of the Press to bring forward politicians who have shown energy; their names are known to all.

The danger is in the multiplicity of counsel. But if the Press cried with a single voice there would be evoked so strong a public clamour for efficiency and expedition that it could not be denied on the pretext that such things had never been or that So-and-so "would not like it." The

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objector may urge that it is impossible to obtain the assent of the makers of public opinion. But is that certain? If agreement can be reached in appointing correspondents in the field to represent the divergent interests of editors and also in limiting the consumption of paper (as in France), cannot a common decision be reached in so patriotic a matter as a Committee of Public Safety to direct the war? Here is a new avenue of endeavour for the Press.

One can hardly exaggerate the importance at this hour of the printed word, pointed with discrimination and weighted with wisdom, for the elucidation of mysterious incompetencies and for the information and heartening of the great laborious and patient British public. And there is no Press in the world that possesses as fine and as clear a quality for this work as the British Press.

We cannot improvise staff leaders. A long and expensive course is necessary that the *élite* of officers may learn all the intricacies of its *métier*. One of the patent facts of the present campaign is the disparity between the magnificent material of the British Army and its intellectual side. Possessing an infantry second to none in the world, splendidly served by cavalry and an artillery which, if lacking the science of the French, has yet shown admirable qualities in the field, the weak point has been precisely that part of the machine which cannot be produced without an infinity of labour and preparation. You cannot call an efficient General Staff into being in a few months. It is a long road to follow, and one may be assured that only by study and application and the power to compare the present with the past is there any hope for real advancement. *Que voulez-vous?* The unlearned man to whom the history of the great campaigns says nothing at all, to whom the map of Europe is simply irregular outlines and jagged pieces of colour and nothing more, how can he find an answer to the urgent questions imposed by the conditions of modern war? His intellectual arsenal contains no instrument capable of measurement and accurate deduction.

The "Too Late" Rump

By Austin Harrison

"No power on earth can dissolve the Parliament but itself," said Bradshaw of the Rump, and so Mr. Asquith apparently says of the Coalition Rump, which has just registered another triumph in the successful quashing of the Irish rebellion. The Prime Minister is "indispensable," men say. He alone can keep together the disparate groups of his majority. He alone can cozen and placate the Nationalists, Redmondites, O'Brienites, Carsonites, Unionists, Home Rule Liberals, Anti-War Radicals, Free Traders, Hot Gospellers, and Labour men. "Hats off to the Vicar of Bray," cry the Lords Derby, Curzon, Hugh Cecil and Co., and even before the astonishment of simple men has subsided, Mr. Asquith stands up in his Rump and dares us to find any man so versed as he in the gentle "arts of Government."

The word "arts" is questionable, but 'twill serve and sounds spiritual enough. A Rump must have a soul. If it is no longer the refectory of Haldane's acolytes it is good to learn that it is a school of art, and since the Royal Academy is chiefly hung with rather tiresomely conventional war pictures, perhaps it is the best exhibition in London, especially in the way of ventriloquism.

Now, it is not really a long way to Tipperary, and so, as Mr. Asquith has gone over to Dublin to see the exploits of the Sherwood Foresters, here, in the absence of the "indispensable" man, let us analyse the nature of the Rump. What are its qualifications for war? What is the nature of its authority? What are its achievements?

Its achievements we know from the newspapers; we may write off all illusions on that score. Gallipoli,

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Antwerp, shells, Kut, Serbia, waste and muddle, plus Sinn Féin, are sufficient to damn the life of any Government. These things are history to-day. Let us accept and pass on to the matter of—authority. And here, of course, we are face to face with the pendulum, or the Majority. This is where Mr. Asquith “comes in.” It is on this important question that the claim of indispensability is advanced. No other man, etc. The Lords Curzon, Hugh Cecil, and Derby, etc. Even Mr. Bonar Law sings the chorus: “Vote for the Coalition candidate.” The unity of the United Kingdom. The Foundations of Belief (see Mr. Balfour on submarines, etc.). If Lloyd George thinks otherwise why doesn’t he follow Carson? All these nursery rhymes we know to-day by heart. They are the hey-diddle-diddle of the Majority.

But have we any real Government? Is there really a United Kingdom? Do the representatives of the old Party groups really represent the nation at war?

The answer to the first question is in the negative. Wait and see is not a formula of Government, it is the device of compromise or politics; also we know on the authority of Lord Haldane that our Government cannot act until it is forced to do so by the electorate. So that’s that. What about the United Kingdom? I can only suggest, search Sir Roger. He may know. He may be able to justify the phrase, which can have precious little truth in it when one of the three kingdoms has to be left out of Imperial legislation, even in purely administrative affairs. What is the truth about the United Kingdom? It is that Ireland is our chronic “conscientious objector.” Always, all the time, the cry is: “Ireland would not like it.” Ireland must not be taxed, or judged, or conscripted, or even asked to fill up her own regiments at the Front. That is the truth about the unity of the United Kingdom, and this, while British and Imperial interests in a war of life or death are at the mercy of Irish M.P.’s and their Radical followers, who together conspire to keep in office, *for their own ends*, a Ministry which the nation despises.

Examine it, and even this factitious Majority is seen

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to be a hollow farce—not a living farce. Nationalist M.P.'s do not truly represent Irish opinion. Mr. Redmond has no real control over Ireland—perhaps hardly over all Nationalists, of whom about one-sixth repudiate his lead. He, like Mr. Asquith, is a master of tactics, of compromise, of elegant formulæ which enable the Nationalist rough-riders to sit tight and work in collusion with British Radicals, Simonites, Pacifists, and Snowdenites, and, like Mr. Asquith, he is responsible only in his irresponsibility. Mr. Redmond has now no more commanding influence over the masses of Ireland, no more represents them, no more even understands them than Mr. Snowden represents or knows our working men, or Mr. Ramsay Macdonald really knows or represents the English Midlands.

Proof? Mr. Redmond's revealed ignorance of the significance, strength, danger and activity of Sinn Féin, proof of which again lies in his failure to warn Mr. Birrell who, he knew, knew nothing, and was not supposed to know anything; for this, in his own despite, is the only honourable construction that can be placed upon his ignorance and silence. So that the Majority is really reduced to this. In the midst of the greatest crisis in European history we are still philandering with our old Parliamentary idols, in a House elected years before war in totally different conditions for specifically peaceful purposes. In this senile Assembly a consummate tactician, who does not pretend to govern, but only to keep the Caucus together, contrives to amble through the difficulties that beset him on the principle of barter, compromise, place-giving, and formula, propped up by his minor ally, another consummate tactician, who also does not govern his own Party, but who, owing to the power given him by the ludicrous and anomalous over-representation of his Party in the House, maintains the other tactician in office by keeping together Irish and British Home Rulers, not for the prosecution of the war, not even with a view to the prosecution of war, but for purposes of divisions in Parliament on the understanding that the last word shall always be "whether Ireland does or does not resent it."

The Governor of England is the political governor of

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Mr. Asquith, and he stands outside both law and responsibility. The Majority exists by *force majeure* of Mr. Redmond, who refuses to allow the Military Act to be applied to Ireland and yet is so ignorant of the condition of affairs in his own Island that when rebellion breaks out all he can say is what Mr. Asquith said, in the words of the old song, when the Germans went to war in 1914: "O, what a surprise!" And so they have both got "two lovely black eyes." In reality, the Majority, by virtue of which Mr. Asquith remains in office at the heel of Mr. Redmond, who does not even know when rebellion is afoot in his own country, is composed of the factions sent up by the Caucus in time of peace and prosperity to boom Home Rule, Pacifism, Free Trade, Free Churches, Pensions, Economy, and Labour Privilege, when Mr. Lloyd George was, like the billiard jigger or "drunkard's friend," and the last thing thought about by any man in the House or Cabinet was the direction of a world-war. Yet so it is. The entire Majority is the creature of Home Rule, Free Trade, Pacifism, and Free Church. And this artificial Majority in *one* House—the complete reason of whose existence was extinguished at the first shot of war—continues to be our masters, to speak for us, to dictate to us, though its nominal leader is only the follower of the nominal leaders of the three other sections of the spurious block they call the Parliament; and the whole is governed by an Irish faction which does not even know what is going on in Ireland and declines even the citizenship of British civilisation. This is the nature of the Majority of the Rump. This is the basis of Mr. Asquith's indispensability. This is the authority which would deprive journalists of the right of criticism of the sins of commission and omission of the Twenty-three. This is the qualification to wage war held by the Government. And it is these "arts," to quote Mr. Asquith, which are presented to us for adoration, while, above the snarls and scolding of Nationalists at Westminster, the cry goes forth from hapless Ireland: "Govern or clear out."

And so we find this Majority, which imagines it stands for liberty and Democracy, collapsing in the streets of Dublin, and authority shooting rebels no longer in arms

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and soldiers passing sentences upon civilians contrary to all known principles of British law, which, as laid down by Professor Dicey in 1889, proclaims that soldiers have no right to inflict punishment for rebellion, and any execution inflicted by a court-martial is illegal and technically murder. It is a pretty middling muddle, even for the Rump. If that is proof of indispensability, then may St. Patrick save us, for certainly the Saints of the Georges and of Jerusalem won't. As eminent lawyers write to me: "If a Sinn Féiner, why not shoot a 'conscientious objector,' or a striker, or a fraudulent contractor, or a shirker, or a journalist?" and I confess I find this logic of my jurisprudence correspondents unanswerable. Do the new Orders in Council cover these practices? That is what constitutional lawyers are asking to-day. Will an Act of Indemnity serve to draw the veil? And then there is the matter of the damage. Are we to pay for the Sinn Féiners' wreckage? Or shall we hand over Ireland to the Irish to see what really will happen there? And so on. Such are the conveniences of Mr. Asquith's indispensability. And our genial Prime Minister "keeps on smiling" and turns to Mr. Redmond for guidance apparently with the same regard for the realities and necessities of war as that which prompts the serenity of the cook who advertises for a situation in the newspapers: "Salary, £50; no children; under-maid; light work; week-ends." No need to ask whether we are downhearted. How can we be when the indispensable man is in the right place? As well put the (im)pertinent question whether such a Rump is the best obtainable Government for conducting war, seeing that it was taken by surprise by the Irish even as it was by the Germans and on two subsequent occasions by the Turks. It would not be in the country's interests to reply to such interrogations. It might not be safe for a journalist to supply the answer.*

But enough of Ireland. We know that the Rump is not a Government for the conduct of war and does not pretend to govern. We know that its achievements are remarkable. We know that its authority for being

* Mr. Asquith says we have 5,000,000 soldiers, yet Field-Marshal French told Mr. Birrell he could not spare even a regiment for Ireland. What does this mean?

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a Rump at all is based on a peace majority which to-day no longer exists and voted it into office for diametrically opposite purposes to those it to-day has to attend to. And, of course, every sane man knows that no man is indispensable. The Rump, then, persists because it chooses to; because, as Bradshaw said long ago, "no power on earth can dissolve the Parliament but itself"; because, owing to the Irish over-representation, the Unionist Coalition Ministers hesitate to upset it for fear of Irish opposition in the event of an alternative Government. That is the reason of its continuance. No other. It lives because Mr. Redmond might be able to knock down a proper War Government.

The Rump, or servile Parliament, might not necessarily so much matter were it not for the palsy that its Coalition deadweight has cast upon the country. In public places men talk pretty freely to-day, and not a good word is uttered for the Control Board, for that is what it amounts to, which, controlling the two Party machines, thus check-mates the national resolve to get on more expeditiously with the war. There being no opposition in Parliament, all outside criticism is put down to personal animosity or intrigue, and, owing to the fierce jealousy of the Press, free expression has been whittled down to a few newspapers and individuals, who, as a consequence, are regarded as "mad, bad, or both," though the Government admits it can only act by propulsion, and every right step taken in the war so far has been the direct result of criticism, outcry, and that incentive which Lord Haldane informed us was essential to inspire Democratic Government.

And so we have this condition of the Rump. Mr. Redmond's paralysis weakens Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Asquith's paralysis overpowers the Cabinet, and the Cabinet's paralysis sterilises Parliament, and the Parliament's paralysis acts like a blight upon the land, and the people's paralysis devitalises the real and only true national power in the country to-day—the Press. Ever since the Coalition was formed we have suffered governmentally from a series of distrophies, so to speak. There is no command because no responsibility. Always the half-measure, the paralytic

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step, is resorted to, the latest of which is the peculiar Air Board, under Lord Curzon [who as ex-Viceroy may be an authority on white elephants, but certainly has no expert or practical knowledge of aeronautics], the chief object of which would seem to be the downing of that inconvenient "cuss," Mr. Pemberton-Billing, the usual whitewash and more morphia for the general public. People look on and soliloquise, but they cannot see above the political thicket. Mr. Bonar Law agrees, the Unionists say; Labour agrees, the Trade Unions say; Parliament agrees, constituencies repeat; a large part of the Press acquiesces, the public whispers, and the Lords and the women have no power.

So that we have this paradoxical position, that the men who are right are wrong, and those who are wrong are right. *The men who were right about the Germans, who, in the face of unpopularity, warned the country before the war, who have studied the whole question for years and have fought ever since 1914 to get the proper things done and, admittedly, largely have got them done—these are the men who to-day find themselves reviled as pro-Germans, attacked as minimisers, and flouted as judges, whereas all the men who were wrong before the war and who have committed one blunder after another until our diplomacy, our War Government, our procrastinations, our softness, our unimaginativeness, our selfish incapacity to understand the nature and necessities of this war have become the joke of Europe—these muddlers remain in office and actually, owing to the political conditions of the country, are able to brand as non-patriots those men and critics but for whose moral courage, impersonal honesty, knowledge of war, and patriotism this country would have lost our Allies the war.*

I do not imagine any non-Party man will question this. M.P.'s may think Mr. Pemberton-Billing a nuisance, but not even Mr. Tennant would suggest that his energies have not been useful or directed in the interests of country. When the *Morning Post* stopped the Germans from passing through our Navy it rendered a great national service. When the *Daily Mail* broke up the muddle about shells it perhaps saved Europe. When compulsion was

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forced on the Government, were the men who had urged its introduction for a whole year right or wrong? When the few men who knew the Germans told Britain that we were in for a life and death struggle—were they right? When the Press besought the Government not to embark on side-show expeditions, or, as the Germans call them, “prestige campaigns”—was the Press wrong now that we have seen the results in Gallipoli and Kut? When the Press appealed to Sir E. Grey not to trust Bulgaria but support Serbia—was the Press wrong? When the Northcliffe Press clamoured for organisation, government, economy, and national service—was it not acting in the highest interests of Great Britain and of France?

Is Blatchford a pro-German? Has he been right or wrong? Has Mr. Lovat Fraser been right, or has Colonel Hush-up? Has Lord Northcliffe shown the better judgment, the higher utility, the finer moral courage, or has Sir John Simon who talked of “one volunteer equalling any four conscripts” and resigned rather than help raise the armies, or Mr. Thomas who has threatened to stir up the railwaymen at the mention of national service, or Mr. Asquith who appointed a contemplative scholar to allow Ireland to run amok, or Mr. Snowden who has tried to stop the recruiting of the armies, or the directors of Liberal Party opinion who delayed compulsion for a year until to-day the question is whether it is not too late? Has the Liberal Press, which was pleading for non-intervention at the beginning of August, 1914, done most to educate the public up to the needs and sacrifices necessary with its amateurish tomtom daily victory shouting, so preventing the public from knowing the truth, or that abused section of the Press which, knowing the dangers and the power of the enemy, has struggled nationally against the sloth and ignorance of the Government to force it to do its duty?

In this REVIEW we have done what we could, and if any man will take the trouble to see what was written in these pages, any month as far back as June of last year, he will find that every word of criticism has proved only too exact, every opinion uttered only too prophetic. Am

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I, because I have attacked Mr. Asquith for his delays, half-measures, and constitutional incapacity to understand war—am I a bad patriot? Before the war I was reviled as a German-baiter by the Liberal Press, at that time hypnotised by Lord Haldane's "spiritual" nonsense. I can safely say to Mr. Asquith and the Coalition: "Read the REVIEW or any word that I have ever written about Germany or on the war and compare it with what you have said, or your Party, or your Press, or your Ministers and say, if you dare, who, in the light of events, was right."

There is a right and a wrong way to wage war, that is all; unfortunately, the Rump has always to think politically. Elected for the affairs of peace, the Rump naturally knows not how to wage war. It survives because it controls the double Party machinery and because, with the notable exception of Sir Edward Carson, none of the Unionist Coalition Ministers have the moral courage to do the straightforward thing and resign. Everybody knows this. In every drawing-room in London it is the common talk. Even in remote country villages people scan eagerly the morning papers to see whether some man has not plucked up courage sufficient to come out of the palsied Ministry. But no, The politicians remain politicians. They wait and see. They even write letters in support of Coalition candidates, and so we have the spectacle of a constituency electing a Coalition septuagenarian, who obviously can only say amen to Mr. Asquith, rather than an independent candidate of fighting years, who would furnish just that precise inspiration that Lord Haldane told us was so pathetically lacking. It is politics, nothing more or less. We cannot rid ourselves of our political attitude. For no man would suggest that Mr. Boosey is a pro-German, and every man will admit that a hale and hearty business man is a better agent to help conduct war than a septuagenarian approaching now the evening of his years. Why is this? Why are these extraordinary things perpetrated? Again the answer is the Rump—politics—the blight of politics. When, just before the war, Mr. Belloc wrote of a "servile Democracy," he pronounced a terrible truth. We are as political to-day as ever, that is the fact. We can only see things through the patchwork

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formulæ of politics. We can only measure men by the tape of the Party tailor.

Take the case of Sir E. Grey. He lost Serbia through his blind reliance on the group which advised him about Bulgaria. Telegrams poured in imploring him to support Serbia, to allow Serbia to attack, but he took no notice. The result we all know. But for a mistake by the Bulgarians the whole Serbian army would have been captured. Yet Sir E. Grey remains securely at the Foreign Office. There never was such a colossal blunder as that over Bulgaria. Why is the man responsible still at the helm? Because there is no responsibility, that is why. Because Mr. Asquith does not wish to lose his friend. Because the public knows so little of the truth that it is not able to judge. Because Sir E. Grey is "indispensable" (shall we say?) to the vested interests of the Coalition.

Yet M. Delcassé fell in France for being party to Sir E. Grey's weakness. That is the difference between responsible and irresponsible government. In France men who fail in war go, in England they abuse their critics and live to fail again. To fail again. That is the moral of the Rump. It fails because it cannot help failing. It will go on failing for the same reason.

To-day there are ominous peace rumours going about, subterranean intrigues, plans, and combinations which may take the public as suddenly "by surprise" as war found them in 1914. The Rump is in power. The same men who failed over war are certain to fail over peace. They have the authority. Democracy knows little of what is going on, and will know less about peace conditions and negotiations. Diplomacy is more secretive than ever. Parliament also knows little, except when its doors are closed to the public. The journalists speak at their own risk. Such is the position. Sir E. Grey has still complete liberty to talk about the "Freedom of the Seas." Mr. Asquith has already reduced his conditions to a vague peace formula about Prussian militarism which means nothing. Here

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there is steadily growing a species of Sinn Féin commercial attitude towards war, which also may astonish Mr. Asquith.

We have the Government we deserve, of course, but the question is whether the country has not proved that to-day it deserves a better Government. What has the Rump done, what is it doing, about the vital matter of an economic alliance with our friends after the war? The Paris Conference has been strangely "out of the news" of late. It has been postponed. It would not astonish me in the least to see it postponed again. And what about that other vital matter: Imperial relations after the war? We don't hear much about this either. There are rumours of the usual committees, one to consider, the other to reconsider, a third to consider the constitution of yet a fourth; all postponing the solution for at least a year, all making for that palsied condition, wait and see or do nothing, though the Government must know that, as the result of war, there must almost inevitably be a fierce economic or trade war which Germany is preparing with Central Europe to fight as fiercely and scientifically as on the field of battle.

Are the Government preparing, even preparing to prepare? I can see no signs of it. For two months now Mr. Hughes has resided in our midst, yet it never occurs to the Twenty-three to utilise the services of this born leader of men; to give him the place in the Cabinet that should be his right, as Australian Prime Minister; to seek his co-operation in the task of consolidating the Empire or helping to fight the Germans. Mr. Hughes is one of our great Imperial heads, yet here he is allowed to "kick his heels about," so to speak, as if he were of no importance whatever, and so markedly is this the case that one can only assume that the Caucus is rather afraid of introducing into its councils a man who has accomplished big things and stands for action and constructive Imperialism. Here he is, and now, if ever, is the time to rivet the Empire together, to get things done, to see imaginatively, to show the Dominions we are worthy of their superb patriotism. But Mr. Asquith ignores these things. He has no vision.

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He does not apparently even seem to care whether Mr. Hughes is in England or not, and so the bonds of Empire, the economic problem after the war, Bah! the great leader of the Anzacs, leave him cold and irresponsible.

This war will be won by action, more action; organisation, more organisation; audacity, more audacity; or not at all. Has the Rump on any occasion shown one of these qualities? Can Twenty-three men possibly unite these qualities? If not, can we expect to win? Nay, does the Rump really want to win?

In the answer to these questions lies the fate of Europe and perhaps of our Imperial continuity. The Verdun battles go on and will go on. Though the Germans failed to take the fortress by a *coup de main* they are enabled to keep up a continual battle-ground there, which is, of course, their object: to anticipate the French offensive, to use up the Reserves in men and munitions, to maintain a constant drain on the French armies for the purpose of containing enormous forces and so depriving the French of the offensive and the free initiative; and the probabilities are the Germans will go on with the Verdun battles right through the summer, as their whole military aim now is to fight down the French to the point of exhaustion. Similarly the Austrians have struck at Italy. We may expect Hindenburg to strike for Riga when the weather permits. We and the enemy stand this summer at our top strengths. Knowing that, the Germans will use all their power to fight for decisions which must fall this summer militarily, and these results will be decisive. On them will depend, if not actually peace, certainly the nature of the terms ultimately obtainable by either side.

In the Hands of the Money-Lender

By Raymond Radclyffe

WE are spending five millions a day on the war. Week by week we are diminishing the amount spent in the United States for shells, guns, boats, and all the varied armaments which we needed when war began. It is estimated that during 1916 we shall have cut down our orders for such goods by 75 per cent. This from one point of view is excellent, because it reduces the amount we must pay the United States and increases the sum spent in Great Britain. There is this drawback. We have forced all our factories to make munitions and have thus shut down a considerable portion of our export trade. America having fewer orders from us will attempt to keep her works busy by capturing the foreign trade we did before the war began. We must continue to buy foodstuffs abroad, but we may reasonably hope that during the present year our imports will fall, if not in value, at any rate in bulk. At the present time we are exporting about thirty-seven millions a month and importing about seventy-six millions, exclusive of Government supplies, which, for some reason, are not included in the figures. Roughly, we may calculate that we import about six hundred millions a year more than we export. But against this we must set the value of services rendered, such as interest on loans made by us, freight charges, commissions on finance business. We have been selling our American securities and therefore reducing the amount the United States has to pay us for interest; on the other hand, we are getting a very much larger sum in freights. The *Statist* estimates that services rendered would amount to £500,000,000 a year, which seems on the optimistic side. But the estimate can only be a guess, for there is no way of arriving at the real sum. But taking the figure as correct we get an adverse balance of £100,000,000, to which must be added about £400,000,000 which we shall have to lend to our Colonies and our Allies—five hundred millions in all.

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These huge figures are confusing because no one can grasp them and because they do not rest upon any proved basis so far as the value of our services are concerned. The only thing which stands out definitely is the fact that, somehow or other, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to find nearly two thousand millions a year.

He has now decided to collect one-quarter of this amount yearly by way of taxation. This is a sound plan, and if he had apportioned the amount fairly no one could have grumbled. But he chose, from mixed motives of indolence and policy, to collect 70 per cent. by direct taxation, which falls mainly upon the rich, who form one-tenth of the population, and 30 per cent. by indirect taxation, of which the larger portion is borne by the industrial classes, who form nine-tenths of the population. But sound as the plan of obtaining one-fourth of the expenses of the war by taxation may be, we must not forget that taxation tends to raise prices. Manufacturers who have to pay 60 per cent. excess profits tax and an increased income-tax will attempt to add these taxes on to the price of their goods. Consumers see prices rising and they complain that huge profits are made, which is true enough. But they must not forget that to-day the manufacturer is paying out about two-thirds of his extra profit to the Government. Prices must rise. They will go on rising as the Government goes on spending money. We have printed and circulated about £115,000,000 of paper money since the war began, we have coined and circulated a huge amount of silver money which is not worth 50 per cent. of its face value in silver. We have sold about six hundred and fifty millions of Treasury Bills, which some people consider as cash, and which, though not currency in shops, are as good as currency in Lombard Street. We have issued Loans to the tune of eight hundred and fifty millions. As this huge mass of paper is looked upon by the banks as quite as good as cash it therefore forms a basis for credits and inflation of prices is inevitable, and the floods of paper cannot stop. We added over one thousand millions to the Debt during 1915-16, and we must add between a thousand and thirteen hundred millions during the present year. How can it be done?

The Chancellor does not tell us. He taxes us and takes

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five hundred millions, but he does not give a hint as to how he will obtain the balance of thirteen hundred millions. Germany methodically makes quarterly offers of 5 per cent. War Loan issued a point or two under par, and she allows all the bankers and finance houses to advance the funds to intending subscribers. This has been sneered at by us, but really it is the only way of getting the credit. It is cheap, for the loans are not repayable except at the option of the Government. Our Government appears to be unable to make up its mind what to do. It is selling some eight millions of 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds each week, and has now placed about two hundred millions. But this will not pay the weekly expenses of thirty-five millions, and the deficit has been met by selling Treasury Bills, of which about six hundred and fifty millions have already been placed. But everyone knows that this easy-going method cannot continue. For there is one drawback. The bill has to be met. The Chancellor reminds me of a gay young spendthrift who wants money and goes to the money-lenders. They get him to sign a bill at three months; he renews at a higher rate of interest, and so the game goes on until the money-lender has all the possessions of the youth. Our Chancellor, in the year ended March 31st, borrowed £961,821,000 on Treasury Bills at varying rates of interest, and in the same year he had to repay £473,003,000. This left him owing £488,818,000 when the new financial year began. He has since added almost £160,000,000 to his short-dated loans. It cannot go on. There is no more expensive method of borrowing than by Treasury Bill. The banker is naturally delighted when he buys a million of three months 5 per cent. Bills—he doesn't pay a million, he pays £987,500. So that each quarter he makes £12,500 on his cash, which, as anyone can see, is over 5 per cent. It is true that recently the Treasury has slightly reduced its rates on short bills, but still pays 5 per cent. on the longer periods. Every week it must go on borrowing and every week it sees its short-dated debt creeping up. The banker chuckles. He will one day discover that money is extraordinarily scarce and that it will be impossible to renew at the old rates. He will do as the money-lender always does. He will put the screw on. I do not suspect the banker of any lack of patriotism. He

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has loyally done all he can to help the Chancellor. But he is not handling his own money. He is using the deposits of his customers, and he must do the best he can for his shareholders. Also he cannot lock up the whole of his deposits even if he wished. He has many loans which he cannot call in. He has much money invested in securities which, thanks to silly Treasury rules, he cannot sell. He must keep a certain amount of money liquid. Therefore, in spite of all the inflation of the currency which paper money and Treasury Bills causes, he will one day reach a point of saturation and the Treasury Bill will find itself a drug in the money market. The danger of the present system of finance is extreme. It is expensive, for the interest is high and the Bills are not subject to income-tax deducted at source like Exchequer Bonds.

I urge most strongly that the Chancellor should make a Loan. I hope that no troubles worse than those we have already passed through will befall. But in war one never knows what will happen, and no nation should owe such a huge sum as six hundred and fifty millions repayable at the best in a year and most of it repayable in three, six, and nine months. Jacob Schiff, the ablest financier in the United States, once said that short-dated notes would ruin the richest corporation in the world if persisted in. Yet we are financing in this way and the money-lender in Lombard Street is chuckling. The more he lends the better pleased he is. He knows that one day he will be able to put the screw on. The Chancellor has put the nation into the hands of the Jews, and unless he acts quickly he will not be able to get rid of his incubus.

The whole trouble arises from the incurable incapacity of the politician to face facts. He always thinks the "war will soon be over." He always thinks that victory is certain, and thinking thus he laughs at the paltry six hundred and fifty millions in short-dated bills. But suppose the war lasts two or three years longer. Suppose we don't beat the German. What shall we do then? Repudiate the Bills? The time might come when we couldn't float a loan at any price. Let us take opportunity by the forelock and float one now, whilst we can.

The "New York Tribune" on the Government

THE following remarkable article appeared in the *New York Tribune*, May 1st. It reflects what has been said over and over again in THE ENGLISH REVIEW during the last year.—EDITOR.

. . . THERE is Ireland blazing into revolt. We have had strike after strike; we have had, and there remains, the struggle over conscription, the quarrel about married men. We have seen a civil Government that cannot deal with a situation because it cannot understand it, because it cannot deal with facts at all, because it can only talk. It lied to the British people over all the years before the war came. It almost lied the British people out of the war altogether, and left France to perish alone. It has been lying ever since.

To this very day, when British prestige has become a byword in the market places of the world, the British Press and the British rulers are talking about what is to be done to Germany, about crushing Germany, about putting the people of Germany in control of their own country. But does anyone suppose that the people of Germany would care to change the German for the British method? Does anyone suppose that there will ever be a real chance of crushing Germany—a foolish thing to talk about anyway—if the same spirit, the same method, the same men continue to lead blind men through the darkness without vision?

The censorship of the British Press, the public utterances of the British statesmen have from the beginning deceived the people. The leaders told them two years ago that no war was conceivable. The war came, the English went to the defeat that was inevitable, and the leaders who had deceived them suppressed the fact, clothed defeat with the garments of victory, never for a moment gave the British people a real vision of the conflict or a real appreciation of the fact that the war was to be long, the issue doubtful, and the sacrifice enormous.

The English people have had to find out for themselves and in the depths of agony and suffering what this world war was. The Colonies, far more alive to the fact than the Mother Country, have sent their sons to Flanders and to

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Gallipoli, and they have been slaughtered as they were at Anzac, at Ypres. Talk with Australians or Canadians in England or on the Continent and you will get a real and a saddening view of British conditions. These men see, they have suffered, they are ready to suffer more, but there is a despair in their hearts because they feel that the British will not see, will not understand.

Talk with the Frenchman and there is no difference. His effort to praise the British is almost painstaking. He will tell you that England has done more than she promised, much more, that she fights with cleaner hands than any nation. But he will say also, "They always come too late; they do not understand this war that we are fighting. Their generals are brave, their soldiers are splendid, but they never arrive and they never learn!"

In France you have the impression of a people dealing with the most terrible fact in this history of the race with courage, competence, and complete comprehension. You feel that the people and the generals, the soldiers and the civilians have taken a firm grip upon the realities of their world. But in England you have no such impression, no such reaction. In France men talk to you about the strength of Germany, but if you read the British Press you must conclude that Germany is starving to death, bankrupt, that her people are on the point of rising to expel the Kaiser and request Asquith or Grey to accept the German crown. You hear of British successes which were British defeats; you hear of how Britain has saved France and saved Russia and is about to save Belgium; you know that Britain has never yet been able to save anything on land, and that the whole war waits until the British can at last get ready.

When an American, and particularly an American with a British ancestry, criticises Britain of to-day he does it with a feeling of sadness, because he sees in Britain exactly what he knows would come in his own country, what he fears will come in his own country at the first great crisis, at the first considerable war. A whole system has broken down in England—a system of empire, of life, of government. A handful of insignificant and selfish politicians, long in control of the fortunes of the nation, have managed to keep control despite their failures, which in France would have

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brought them to the lamp-post; they have deceived the British people, and they are continuing to deceive the British people, and the result is seen in Flanders, in Asia, all over the world, and it is flaming up in Ireland.

The whole atmosphere of London to-day is an atmosphere of unreality, of apprehension, and of a nation wandering in darkness, conscious that its leaders are shams, that it has neither statesmen nor generals.

The Allies may win the war, and yet England may fail to readjust herself, to find herself. The odds against Germany are great, but the thing that every friend of England must feel is that without a readjustment, without something that approximates a revolution, that sweeps out of office and out of public life the little men with their fluent speech and their purblind eyes, their elegant phrases and exquisite verbal regard for the moralities of life, England will end the war in worse shape than a beaten Germany, than a France ravaged from the Marne to the Moselle, and numbering her dead by the hundred thousand.

The French expect to win the war, but they expect to win it by hard fighting, by terrible sacrifices, and they recognise at all times that the Germans are skilful, brave, strong. But the British Press and the British public seem still to believe that war will be won by a miracle because the Germans are wicked; that God will do for the English what they have not done for themselves; that Germany is going to curl up and go generally to deep damnation of a sudden because of the wickedness, the essential sinfulness of "the Hun."

But always in England you have the sense of these little men, these empty politicians, this eternal talk, the words that disguise the truth, these words of the men who told England that no enemy was in sight when the German Army was already on the road, and could be seen not alone from the watch-tower, but from the streets. These little men who fight among themselves for office and for influence, who cling to salaries and to prominence, and answer each other with words that are as empty as the very ashes of Belgium's ruined cities. They cannot understand. Nothing of all that has happened since this terrible world-tragedy began has affected them. They denied that it could come, they deny that it has come.

Books

FICTION

MY STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. By JOSEPH KEATING. Simpkin.
7s. 6d. net.

If excuse were needed for this autobiography, it is that the author has much to write, and writes exceedingly well. Mr. Keating is known as a novelist and playwright, and he has done nothing more entertaining than this volume. In it he describes his upbringing among the South Wales miners, tells us of his ambitions to get into the pit and out of it; and it is so that when he is out his real struggle begins. He paints gasometers, clerks in a fishmonger's shop, collects slum rents for an auctioneer, reports for a local weekly newspaper, etc. Presently he obtains work on the commercial staff of the Cardiff *Western Mail*, and in the manager and editor discovers the friends of his life. They two encourage him to write novels. That he does, with some amount of success. The last part of his book deals with his life in London journalism. From first to last, Mr. Keating's autobiography is a distinguished performance.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE ART OF WRITING. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.
Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

In its essence writing is, perhaps, the least communicable of the arts. No man by taking thought, or delivering lectures, can make another into a literary artist. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch knows this, of course, better than most; but since professors must needs profess, he has been careful to define his aims in the first of these lectures—which, by the way, are so delightful to read that to hear them must have been one of the greater pleasures of Cambridge in 1913-1914. "That the study of English literature may be promoted in young minds by an elder one, that their zeal may be encouraged, their tastes directed, their vision cleared, quickened, enlarged—this, I take it, no man of experience will deny." Here is a statement as admirable

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as modest; one can only read it and the pages that follow with a feeling of envy for the young minds who have been so fortunate in their director. Everyone knows the qualifications that Sir Arthur brings to the work, his enthusiasms and achievements. Dullness is far from him; but that it smacks of jargon (and after reading the lecture on jargon who of us might not blush and tremble?) one would like to say of this book that there is "a smile on every page." Read, if you have not time for all, the lecture "On the Capital Difficulty of Prose." It is very typical of Sir Arthur's method; full of wise (but never pedantic) saws, and a thousand modern instances, chosen with humour and discretion. In short, an admirable adventure in criticism.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE CHEVALIER BOUFFLERS. By MRS. E. WEBSTER.
Murray. 12s. net.

The Chevalier was a many-sided member of his order of humans—the one of industry, not "*d'industriel*." After the manner of Rupert, a setter of steel-clad squadrons in the field and of white-winged squadrons on the immeasurable blue, a poet of the Byronic school, an eighteenth-century H. G. Wells, preaching all manner of wholly impracticable social reforms, a statesman who changed his raiment in accord with the markings of the political Centigrade thermometer, a prudent farmer who knew a thing or two about the rotation of crops, and who to that purpose refreshed his memory by reference to Virgil's "*Bucolics*." And this Admirable Crichton had, as we might be sure, a pretty wit, also, as might equally be expected, he was not unlike a few contemporaries of his time and social position—a gay, a very festive dog. But, as Mrs. Webster takes care to inform, this Chevalier of hers was that rare anomaly a libertine, with a heart—as much the Knight of La Mancha as Don of Seville—for his amorous triflings with the weaker members of the fair were tempered by noble schemes for the bettering in the place in nature of lonesome and reputed old maids. And he had a soul, which, soiled by evil passions, yet cleansed itself in a true and enduring affection. My friend, Octave Uzane, some years past,

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wrote an admirable biographical notice to the Chevalier's excursions into literature. Mrs. Webster now tells of his deeds, impressive and otherwise. I must admit that for good stories I prefer her narrative.

WAR

THE ASSAULT. By FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE. Heinemann. 6s. net.

Amid the many books on the war, by far the majority of which are merely made—books written by men who have mugged up facts, etc.—this by Mr. Wile, for thirteen years newspaper correspondent at Berlin, stands out not only as “some” journalism, but as real fact. Mr. Wile knows Germany; he is a splendid journalist; he has that sense for news, colour, and life which is born and not created, and the result is a book of genuine interest which thrills and informs alternately. Especially interesting is the German part; the opening scenes of the war in Berlin are told with great fidelity to truth, and all through there are glimpses of the Hun which only a man who knew the Germans well could have written. Mr. Wile's interview with the two Foreign Office officials is a little bit of history. But in a great many ways Mr. Wile's judgments on affairs are useful and picturesque, and we cordially recommend his book for its blend of American raciness and true inwardness of description.

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JULY, 1916

On Receipt of a Phial of Morphia

By Stephen Southwold

To sip, and sleep and dream; to drink, and die.
Thou god thrice-coronalled whose votaries
Pass no long nights upon stone-fretted knees—
Pallid renunciants. 'Tis ours to fly
Beyond this cage roofed by the maddening sky
With burning birds above fresh-blossoming trees,
Challenge the sun, abash the stars, and seize
The inmost shrine where Pain's young vestals sigh.
So am I stronger than earth's Kings; more wise
Than chanting and book-learnèd priests; yea, more
Aloof than Luna. Greater than death who needs
Must come when I shall beckon. Thro' this door
Veiled destiny may stare, but in my eyes
Sleep visions of the last of all the creeds.

“I Have No Ring”

By Bernard Gilbert

I WATCH and listen with a dreadful fear,
I wait and long and tremble in a breath;
Though he is gone to fight, yet is he near;
I have him always though he meet with Death :
In the lone night time when my eyes are dim
I cry with terror, yet my heart will sing;
I long, I long with sickness, yet with dread :
My fear is double—more, far more, for him
Who not yet lives than he who may be dead :
I carry that which masters everything :
And yet—to have his face and not his name—
To be so loved, so longed for, yet—my shame !
Gladness and dread alike my love to sting. . . .
I bear his burden—but—I have no ring.

The Vine in Blossom

(From the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET)

By Wilfrid Thorley

ALONG the vines the blossoms thrive,
To-night just twenty years are mine. . .
Ah! but it's good to be alive
And feel the veins that seethe and strive
Like the crushed grape that turns to wine.

My brain's with idle thoughts a-brim;
I wander in a tipsy swoon;
I run and drink the air I skim . . .
Is it the draught that pricks my whim,
Or blossom on the vine-festoon?

But ah! what odour freights the air
From out the clusters of the vine . . .
Ah! had I but the heart to dare
Clasp something . . . someone . . . anywhere .
Within these wanton arms of mine!

I fleet, as fearful as a fawn,
Beneath the loaded trellises;
I lay me amid blade and awn,
And on the bramble-shaded lawn
I taste the wild red raspberries.

And to my lips that pant in drouth
It seems as though a kiss were blown
On breezes from the tender south;
As though a soft and scented mouth
Moved down to mingle with my own.

O strange delight, O stranger dearth!
O! tendrils of the vine about,
O! blossoms trailing in your mirth,
Is Love still roaming on the earth,
And how may lovers find him out?

The Secret

(From the French of HENRI DE RÉGNIER)

By Wilfrid Thorley

If thou wouldst speak unto my grief, be wary ;
Seek not to know wherefore she doth so weep,
Nor why her gaze is downcast and most chary
And ever on the flow'rless way doth keep.

To ease her pain, her silence and her sorrow
Tempt not benumbed forgetfulness to show
The shapes of some lost love or pride or morrow
Whose visage bears the shade of long ago.

With speech of sun and trees and fountains woo her
Of light-filled seas and shady woods at rest
Wherefrom the sky draws up the wan moon to her,
And all fair things whereby wide eyes are blest.

Tell her how in the spring the rose blooms gladly,
And gently take her two hands and so sigh :
The only memory whereof none feel sadly
Is shape and sound of beauteous things gone by.

The White-faced Decticus¹

By Henri Fabre

THE White-faced Decticus (*D. albifrons*, *Fabr.*) stands at the head of the Grasshopper clan in my district, both as a singer and as an insect of imposing presence. He has a grey costume, a pair of powerful mandibles and a broad ivory face. Without being plentiful, he does not let himself be sought in vain. In the height of summer we find him hopping in the long grass, especially at the foot of the sunny rocks where the turpentine-tree takes root.

At the end of July I start a Decticus-menagerie in a big wire-gauze cage standing on a bed of sifted earth. The population numbers a dozen; and both sexes are equally represented.

The question of victuals perplexes me for some time. It seems as though the regulation diet ought to be a vegetable one, to judge by the Locust, who consumes any green thing. I therefore offer my captives the tastiest and tenderest green stuff that my enclosure holds: leaves of lettuce, chicory and corn-salad. The Dectici scarcely touch it with a contemptuous tooth. It is not the food for them.

Perhaps something tough would suit their strong mandibles better. I try various Graminaceæ, including the glaucous panic-grass, a weed that infests the fields after the harvest. The panic-grass is accepted by the hungry ones, but it is not the leaves that they devour: they attack only the ears, of which they crunch the still tender seeds with visible satisfaction. The food is found, at least for the time being.

In the morning, when the rays of the sun visit the cage placed in the window of my study, I serve out the day's ration, a sheaf of green ears of the common grass picked outside my door. The Dectici come running up and, very peaceably, without quarrelling among themselves, dig with

¹ Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A. 1916, by Dodd, Mead & Co. All rights reserved.

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their mandibles between the bristles of the spikes to extract and nibble the unripe seeds. Their costume makes one think of a flock of Guinea-fowl pecking the grain scattered by the farmer's wife. When the ears are robbed of their tender seeds, the rest is scorned, however urgent the claims of hunger may be.

To break the monotony of the diet as much as is possible in these dog-days, when everything is burnt up, I gather a thick-leaved, fleshy plant which is not too sensitive to the summer heat. This is the common purslane, another invader of our garden-beds. The new green stuff meets with a good reception; and once again the Dectici dig their teeth not into the leaves and the juicy stalks, but only into the swollen capsules of half-formed grains.

This taste for tender seeds surprises me: *δηκτικός*, biting, fond of biting, the lexicon tells us. A name that expresses nothing, a mere identification-number, is able to satisfy the nomenclator; in my opinion, if the name possesses a characteristic meaning and at the same time sounds well, it is all the better for it. Such is the case here. The Decticus is eminently an insect given to biting. Mind your finger if the sturdy Grasshopper gets hold of it: he will rip it till the blood comes. And can this powerful jaw possess no other function than to chew soft grains? Can a mill like this have only to grind small, unripe seeds? Something has escaped me. So well-armed with mandibular pincers, so well-endowed with masticatory muscles that swell out his cheeks, the Decticus must cut up some leathery prey.

This time I find the real diet, the fundamental, if not the exclusive one. Some good-sized Locusts, let into the cage, are promptly pounced upon. A few Grasshoppers are also accepted, but not so readily. There is every reason to think that, if I had had the luck to capture them, the entire Locust and Grasshopper family would have met with the same fate, provided that they were not too insignificant in size.

Any fresh meat tasting of Locust and Grasshopper suits my ogres. The most frequent victim is the Blue-winged Locust. There is a deplorably large consumption of this species in the cage. This is how things happen: as soon as the game is introduced, an uproar ensues in the mess-

THE WHITE-FACED DECTICUS.

room, especially if the Dectici have been fasting for some time. They stamp about and, hampered by their long shanks, dart forward clumsily; the Locusts make desperate bounds, rush to the top of the cage and there hang on, out of the reach of the Dectici, who are too stout to climb so high. Some are seized at once, as soon as they enter. The others, who have taken refuge up in the dome, are only postponing for a little while the fate that awaits them. Their turn will come; and that soon. Either because they are tired or because they are tempted by the green stuff below, they will come down; and the Dectici will be after them immediately.

Speared by the hunter's forelegs, the game is first wounded in the neck. It is always there, behind the head, that the Locust's shell cracks first of all; it is always there that the Decticus probes persistently before releasing his hold and taking his subsequent meals off whatever joint he chooses.

It is a very judicious bite. The Locust is hard to kill. Even when beheaded, he goes on hopping. I have seen some who, though half-eaten, kicked out desperately and succeeded, with a supreme effort, in releasing themselves and jumping away. In the brushwood, that would have been so much lost game.

The Decticus seems to know all about it. To overcome his prey, so prompt to escape by means of its two powerful levers, and to render it helpless as quickly as possible, he first munches and extirpates the cervical ganglia, the main seat of innervation. Is this an accident, in which the assassin's choice plays no part? No, for I see the murder performed invariably in the same way when the prey is in possession of its full strength. And again no, because, when the Locust is offered in the form of a fresh corpse, or when he is weak, dying, incapable of defence, the attack is made anywhere, at the first spot that presents itself to the assailant's jaws. In such cases the Decticus begins either with a haunch, the favourite morsel, or with the belly, back or chest. The preliminary bite in the neck is reserved for difficult occasions. This Grasshopper, therefore, despite his dull intellect, possesses the art of killing scientifically; but with him it is a rude art, falling within the knacker's rather than the anatomist's domain.

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Two or three Blue-winged Locusts are none too much for a *Decticus*' daily ration. Everything goes down, except the wings and wing-cases, which are disdained as too tough. In addition, there is a snack of tender millet-grains stolen every now and again to make a change from the banquet of game. They are big eaters, are my boarders; they surprise me with their gormandising and even more with their easy change from an animal to a vegetable diet.

With their accommodating and anything but particular stomachs, they could render some slight service to agriculture, if there were more of them. They destroy the Locusts, many of whom, even in our fields, are of ill-fame; and they nibble, amid the unripe corn, the seeds of a number of plants which are obnoxious to the husbandman.

But the *Decticus*' claim to the honours of the vivarium rests upon something much better than his feeble assistance in preserving the fruits of the earth: in his song, his nuptials and his habits we have a memorial of the remotest times.

How did the insect's ancestors live, in the palæozoic age? They had their crude and uncouth side, banished from the better-proportioned fauna of to-day; we catch a vague glimpse of habits now almost out of use. It is unfortunate for our curiosity that the fossil remains are silent on this magnificent subject.

Luckily we have one resource left, that of consulting the successors of the prehistoric insects. There is reason to believe that their latter-day descendants have retained an echo of the ancient customs and can tell us something of the manners of olden time. Let us begin by questioning the *Decticus*.

In the vivarium the sated herd are lying on their bellies in the sun and blissfully digesting their food, giving no other sign of life than a gentle oscillation of the antennæ. It is the hour of the after-dinner nap, the hour of enervating heat. From time to time a male gets up, strolls solemnly about, raises his wing-cases slightly and utters an occasional *tick-tick*. Then he becomes more animated, hurries the pace of his tune and ends by grinding out the finest piece in his *répertoire*.

Is he celebrating his wedding? Is his song an epithalamium? I will make no such statement, for his success is poor if he is really making an appeal to his fair neigh-

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bours. Not one of his group of hearers gives a sign of attention. Not a female stirs, not one moves from her comfortable place in the sun. Sometimes the solo becomes a concerted piece sung by two or three in chorus. The multiple invitation succeeds no better. True, their impassive ivory faces give no indication of their real feelings. If the suitors' ditty indeed exercises any sort of seduction, no outward sign betrays the fact.

According to all appearances, the clicking is addressed to heedless ears. It rises in a passionate crescendo until it becomes a continuous rattle. It ceases when the sun vanishes behind a cloud; it starts all over again when the sun reappears; but it leaves the ladies indifferent.

She who was lying with her shanks outstretched on the blazing sand, does not change her position: her antennary threads give not a quiver more and not a quiver less; she who was gnawing the remains of a Locust does not let go the morsel, does not lose a mouthful. To look at those heartless ones, you would really say that the singer was making a noise for the mere pleasure of feeling himself alive.

It is a very different matter when, towards the end of August, I witness the commencement of the wedding. The couple find themselves standing face to face quite casually, without any lyrical prelude whatever. Motionless, as though turned to stone, their foreheads almost touching, they exchange caresses with their long antennæ, fine as hairs. The male seems somewhat preoccupied. He washes his tarsi; with the tips of his mandibles he tickles the soles of his feet. From time to time he gives a stroke of the bow: *tick*; no more. Yet one would think that this was the very moment at which to make the most of his strong points. Why not declare his flame in a fond couplet, instead of standing there, scratching his feet? Not a bit of it. He remains silent in front of the coveted bride, herself impassive.

The interview, a mere exchange of greetings between friends of different sexes, does not last long. What do they say to each other, forehead to forehead? Not much, apparently, for soon they separate with nothing further; and each goes his way where he pleases.

Next day, the same two meet again. This time, the

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song, though still very brief, is in a louder key than on the day before, while being still very far from the burst of sound to which the Decticus will give utterance long before the pairing. For the rest, it is a repetition of what I saw yesterday : mutual caresses with the antennæ, which limply pat the well-rounded sides.

The male does not seem greatly enraptured. He again nibbles his foot and seems to be reflecting. Alluring though the enterprise may be, it is perhaps not unattended with danger. Can there be a nuptial tragedy impending? Can the business be exceptionally grave? Have patience and you shall see. For the moment, nothing more happens.

A few days later, a little light is thrown upon the subject. The male is underneath, lying flat on the sand and towered over by his powerful spouse, who, with the sabre of her ovipositor exposed, standing high on her hind-legs, overwhelms him with her embrace. No, indeed : in this posture the poor Decticus has nothing of the victor about him ! The other, brutally, without respecting the musical-box, is forcing open his wing-cases and nibbling his flesh just where the belly begins.

Which of the two takes the initiative here? Have not the parts been reversed? She who is usually provoked is now the provoker, employing rude caresses capable of carrying off the morsel touched. She has not yielded to him; she has thrust herself upon him, disturbingly, imperiously. He, lying flat on the ground, quivers and starts, seems trying to resist. What outrageous thing is about to happen? I shall not know to-day. The floored male releases himself and runs away.

But this time, at last, we have it. Master Decticus is on the ground, tumbled over on his back. Hoisted to the full height of her shanks, the other, holding her sabre almost perpendicular, covers her prostrate mate from a distance. The two ventral extremities curve into a hook, seek each other, meet; and soon from the male's convulsive loins there is seen to issue, in painful labour, something monstrous and unheard-of, as though the creature were expelling its entrails in a lump.

It is an opalescent bag, similar in size and colour to a mistletoe-berry, a bag with four pockets marked off by faint grooves, two larger ones above and two smaller ones below.

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In certain cases the number of cells increases; and the whole assumes the appearance of a packet of eggs such as *Helix aspersa*, the Common Snail, lays in the ground.

The strange concern remains hanging from the lower end of the sabre of the future mother, who solemnly retires with the extraordinary wallet, the spermatophore, as the physiologists call it, the source of life for the ovules, in other words, the cruet which will now, in due course, transmit to the proper place the necessary complement for the evolution of the germs.

When the male has recovered from his shock, he shakes the dust off himself and once more begins his merry click-clack. For the present let us leave him to his joys and follow the mother that is to be, pacing along solemnly with her burden, which is fastened with a plug of jelly as transparent as glass.

At intervals she draws herself up on her shanks, curls into a ring, and seizes her opalescent load in her mandibles, nibbling it calmly and squeezing it, but without tearing the wrapper or shedding any of the contents. Each time, she removes from the surface a particle which she chews and then chews again slowly, ending by swallowing it.

This proceeding goes on for twenty minutes or so. Then the capsule, now drained, is torn off in a single piece, all but the jelly plug at the end. The huge, sticky mass is not let go for a moment, but is munched, ground and kneaded by the insect's mandibles and at last gulped down whole.

At first I looked upon the horrible banquet as no more than an individual aberration, an accident: the Decticus' behaviour was so extraordinary; no other instance of it was known to me. But I have had to yield to the evidence of the facts. Four times in succession I surprised my captives dragging their wallet; and four times I saw them soon tear it, work at it solemnly with their mandibles for hours on end and finally gulp it down. It is therefore the rule: when its contents have reached their destination, the fertilising capsule, possibly a powerful stimulant, an unparalleled dainty, is chewed, enjoyed and swallowed.

When the Decticus has finished her strange feast, the end of the apparatus still remains in its place, the end whose most visible part consists of two crystalline nipples

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the size of peppercorns. To rid itself of this plug, the insect assumes a curious attitude. The ovipositor is driven half-way into the earth, perpendicularly. That will be the prop. The long hind-legs straighten out, raise the creature as high as possible and form a tripod with the sabre.

Then the insect again curves itself into a complete circle and, with its mandibles, crumbles to atoms the end of the apparatus, consisting of a plug of clearest jelly. All these remnants are scrupulously swallowed. Not a scrap must be lost. Lastly, the ovipositor is washed, wiped, smoothed with the tips of the palpi. Everything is put in order again; nothing remains of the cumbrous load. The normal pose is resumed, and the insect goes back to its pilfering of the ears of millet.

To return to the male. Limp and exhausted, as though shattered by his exploit, he remains where he is, all shrivelled and shrunk. He is so motionless that I believe him dead. Not a bit of it! The gallant fellow recovers his spirits, picks himself up, polishes himself and goes off. A quarter of an hour later, when he has taken a few mouthfuls, behold him stridulating once more. The tune is certainly lacking in spirit. It is far from being as brilliant or prolonged as it used to be before the wedding; but, after all, the poor old crock is doing his best.

Can he have any further amorous pretensions? It is hardly likely. Affairs of that kind, calling for ruinous expenditure, are not to be repeated: it would be too much for the works of the organism. Nevertheless, next day and every day after, when a diet of Locusts has duly renewed his strength, the Decticus scrapes his bow as noisily as ever. He might be the novice instead of a gluttoned veteran. His persistence surprises me.

If he really sings to attract the attention of his fair neighbours, what would he do with a second wife, he who has just extracted from his paunch a monstrous wallet in which all life's savings were accumulated? He is thoroughly used up. No, once more, in the big Grasshopper these things are too costly to be done all over again. To-day's song, despite its gladness, is certainly no epithalamium.

And, if you watch him closely, you will see that the singer no longer responds to the teasing of the passers'

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antennæ. The ditties become fainter from day to day, and occur less frequently. In a fortnight the insect is dumb. The dulcimer no longer sounds for lack of vigour in the player.

At last the decrepit Decticus, who now scarcely touches food, seeks a peaceful retreat, sinks to the ground exhausted, stretches out his shanks in a last throe and dies. As it happens, the widow passes that way, sees the deceased and, breathing eternal remembrance, gnaws off one of his thighs.

War Vignettes

By Bridget MacLagan

Bombardment

THE wide, sweet heaven was filling with light. The perfect dome of night was changing into day. A million silver worlds dissolved from above the earth. The sun was about to rise in stillness. No wind stirred.

A speck appeared in the great immensity. It was an aeroplane travelling high through the mysterious twilight. The sound of the whirring of its engine was lost in the depthless air. Like a ghost it flew through the impalpable firmament. It was the only thing that moved in heaven or earth.

The unconscious map lay spread out beneath it. The wide plain, the long white beach, and the sea lay there exposed to its speeding eye.

On the face of the plain were villages and cities, the dwellings of men who had put their trust in the heavens and had dared to people the earth.

The aeroplane turned in the sky and began circling over a town.

The town far below was asleep. It lay pillowed on the secure shore. Violet shadows lurked in the recesses of its buildings. There was no movement in its streets, no smoke from its chimneys. The ships lay still in the deep, close harbour. Their masts rose out of the green water like reeds thickly growing with the great funnels and turrets of warships like strange plants among them. The sea beyond the strong breakwater was smooth as a silver plate. There was no sound anywhere.

The aeroplane descended, in slow spirals, upon the town, tracing an invisible path through the pearly air. It was as if a ghost or a messenger from Heaven were descending upon the people of the town, who dreamed.

WAR VIGNETTES

Suddenly a scream burst from the throat of the church tower. For an instant the sky seemed to shiver with the shriek of that wail of terror rising from the great throat of solid masonry. It was as if the town had awakened in panic, and yet the town was still. Nothing stirred. There was no sound or movement in any street. And the sky gave back no sign.

The aeroplane continued to descend until it looked, from the church tower, like a mosquito. Then there dropped something from it that flashed through the air like a spark of fire.

Silence had followed the scream.

The aeroplane, superbly poised in the spotless sky, watched the buildings below as if waiting for some strange thing to happen, and presently, as if exorcised by the magic eye of that insect, a cluster of houses collapsed and crumbled into fragments, while a roar burst from the wounded earth.

The bombardment had commenced. The big gun had obeyed the signal.

Still the neat surface of the wide city showed no change save in that one spot where roofs had fallen. The daylight brightened, painting the many surfaces of the buildings with pale colours. The clean, empty streets intersecting cut the city into firm blocks of buildings. The pattern of the town lay spread out on the earth with its edges marked by walls and canals.

Then the siren in the church tower screamed again. Its wail was followed by the great detonation of a second explosion, and a ragged hole yawned in the open square in the middle of the town.

The aeroplane circled smoothly, watching.

Terror appeared on the face of the city. People swarmed like ants from the houses. This way and that they scurried, diving into cellars. Motors rushed like swift beetles through the streets. White jets of steam rose from the locomotives in the station-yard. The harbour throbbed.

Again there was a great noise, and a cloud of debris was flung into the air as from a volcano and flames leapt after it. A part of the wharf, with the shed on it, reeled drunkenly into the sea with a splashing of water.

The white beach now was crawling with vermin. People

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swarmed out on to the sands. Their eyes were fixed on that evil flying thing in the sky, but at each explosion they fell on their faces, like frantic worshippers.

The aeroplane laughed. The heavens had been violated.

In the sand dunes it could see the tiny black figures of men at the anti-aircraft guns. These were the defenders of the town. They had orders to shoot to death a mosquito floating in boundless heaven. The little clouds that shaped as the shrapnel burst in the sunlight were like materialised kisses.

The face of the city began to show a curious change. Scars appeared on it like the marks of smallpox; but, as these thickened on its trim surface, it seemed rather as if it were being attacked by an invisible and gigantic beast, who was tearing and gnawing—with claws and with teeth. Gashes appeared in its streets, long wounds with ragged edges. Helpless, spread out to the heavens, it seemed to grimace with mutilated features.

Nevertheless, the sun rose, touching the aeroplane with gold, and the aeroplane laughed. It laughed at the convulsed face of the town, at the beach crawling with vermin, at the people swarming through the gates of the city along the white roads. It laughed at the great warships, moving out of the harbour, one by one in stately procession, the mouths of their guns gaping helplessly in their armoured sides. With a last flick of its glittering wings it darted downward, defiant, dodging the kisses of shrapnel, luring them, teasing them, playing; then, its message delivered, its sport being over, it flew up and away through the sunshine, golden, disdainful.

It disappeared. Just a speck in an infinite sky, then nothing, and a town was left in convulsions.

Rousbrugge

Ypres in ruins? Well, what of it? The Cloth Hall with holes in it, the streets choked with refuse, rows of broken walls sticking out of the ground like decayed teeth—all that rubbish moved you, did it? Oh, I grant you it's a sight like Pompeii and as dull. What is there of

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interest in a thing that's done for, a town or a human being? No more interest than dead flies—not in war time. Any soldier knows what a twelve-inch shell can do. Some hundred of them dropped on Ypres. That's all——

But look at Rousbrugge, my own village—there's a drama, there's a play without an ending. Call it the affair of Rousbrugge and the General. He's still there, and so's the village, that's the point. The place has not been murdered as was Ypres, its showy sister—merely raped by its allies.

There she is, my village, just a straggling line of houses lying along a field in Flanders, with a windmill at one end. The Yser, meandering through green fields, cuts across the single street of cobbles. From the bridge you have a view, sweet and pleasant, wide green stretches, graceful trees, tall and quiet, cattle standing.

The Germans came within eight miles. There we held them. I was glad for the old people and the children of the place, who could stay there in their houses, smoke their pipes, scrub their floors, and say their prayers, war or no war, just the same, though the guns did go on pounding over yonder, past the hedges.

They had faith, these folk, so they stayed there all untroubled—tilled their fields and fed their chickens, watched us from their dusky doorways smiling as we marched along down the road to the trenches.

Just an ordinary village, but it caught the General's eye. Poor, stupid place, with its church, its cafés, its brewery, its burgomaster—it was proud and self-respecting. You'll admit that a village—even the smallest, if it gives life to its people—draws produce from the fields around it, makes beer and trades with cities, has a right to self-respect. Rousbrugge had its inner life, just as every stolid peasant has a soul. It loved itself, that is, its people. It trusted in its burgomaster, watched him with contentment as he drove round in his phaeton, behind the white horse that he'd raised as a colt from old Jan Steinsen's mare.

Funny, how they stayed so quiet. Seemed as if they all were deaf to the guns and to the rumours. Wonderful to see them ploughing, pulling cabbages and turnips, scarcely noticing the soldiers streaming through the golden

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cornfields. Went on minding their own business just as if nothing had happened. Liège, Louvain, Brussels, Antwerp—nothing mattered; and the windmill waved its arms in benediction over what was left of Belgium.

Then came the General with his Frenchmen. There was nothing here to please him, no promise, no attraction, but he chose it as headquarters, just because it was so mean, too mean to be bombarded.

Unseemliness was thus the basis of this business.

I sound angry. Well, the General is a noble. He's superb. He's all one dreams of as a Commander of an army. Ermine and a crown would suit him, but without them he is gorgeous. Given the Palace of the Louvre to reign in, or the field of Waterloo to die on, well and good, but the Rousbrugge schoolhouse for a dwelling, with the Yser river stinking underneath its dingy windows and the Belgian cattle dropping dung upon its doorstep? No, it was indecent.

Rousbrugge, nevertheless, was flattered by the coming of the General. It watched from every little window, every crouching, crowded doorway, as his limousine manœuvred through the carts of hay and fodder.

Poor thing—how could the village know they would take it for their uses, wipe it off the map and hide it underneath a maze of numbers, military hieroglyphics, Postal Sector, twenty-seven, H.Q. of the 36th? This is its address. So the price of its importance was its own humiliation, and the village was ignored by those sinister officials who found sustenance and comfort for the business of destruction in its warm and humble bosom.

But the coming of the army was too stunning a performance to be understood by Rousbrugge. All those Colonels, Majors, Captains, all that gallant blue and scarlet, all the noise, the grinding, shrieking, hooting motors, and the clinking of all that money, how could Rousbrugge keep its head? Well, it didn't—

If you'd known the place as I did, if you'd known the people of it, you would understand what happened. What I tell you sounds like nothing.

I remember summer evenings when the homely street was empty, dim lights shone through placid windows, perfumed winds came from the fields. I remember meeting

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Germaine by the bridge across the Yser, and how she smiled, her round cheeks glowing, then took me home to have a glass with her father in the café while the farmers played at cards in a corner, white chairs tilted on the stone floor that she scrubbed so briskly.

Germaine's like the best of Rousbrugge. She was simple, kind, and willing. We who lived there found her pleasant as the cool beer on her counter, and we took her as she took us, loved quite honestly her body that was strong and had a beauty. There were not so many of us that she couldn't make us happy and go on with her scrubbing, singing, too, in the morning.

When the army came it found her. She was pliable and docile.

So—the village.

The other day, when I went back there, I found the place a seething bedlam. In the square beyond the school-house stood a hundred waiting motors. Up the street a train came puffing past the windmill and the church to the market, where it stopped, disgorging food for guns and soldiers. Smoke and dust, the smell of petrol, hurrying figures, rushing motors, ambulances, motor lorries, wagons full of meat or timber, motor cycles whizzing, stinking, coffins carried by on shoulders—all this in our sleepy village.

But more curious than the motors and the noise and the confusion was the aspect of the houses. There was something swollen, silly, about that double line of dwellings. Half the hovels showed shop-windows crowded with a mass of objects—razors, pipes, and tins of victuals, caps, and boots, and whips, and towels, bottles, boxes of all sizes, English labels staring at you. Other houses, once close-curtained, sported now the signs of café, doors were open, swinging careless into steaming-hot interiors where one heard the clink of glasses. And the burgomaster's villa, standing back behind a railing, bore a flag above its doorway, where a Gendarme stood important.

What I didn't see I gathered in a half-an-hour's gossip. My old friends were coining money. The brewery sold its extra water at a price to make you wonder. Ancient stables, quite too filthy, now were let for Generals' horses. And the grave-digger was happy—sixty yellow wooden

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crosses marked off just a week of labour in the little stagnant churchyard. Wounded men died in the station every day—so they told me.

Later on I looked for Germaine. Found her up a narrow stairway—champagne bottles on the table—and I found she'd learned her lesson. Only officers admitted to the room where we had loved her.

Maybe it was there I saw it, all the queerness I've been telling. Rising from beside her body, that was now so much more potent, charged now with the lust of strangers, I looked through the little window down on to a stream of motors. Like a noisy, stinking serpent it came writhing through the village, flinging dust into the houses—dust and germs of greed and sickness.

Then I paid my bill and left her to the General's horde of Frenchmen.

Ireland at the Cross Roads

After Thirteen Years

By Filson Young

IN the book with the above title that was published thirteen years ago I ventured to assert that the problem of Ireland was a psychological problem, and that any attempt to solve it on any other basis was doomed to failure. Everything that has happened since then has strengthened and confirmed that opinion. Through the thin crust of political Government the fires of discontent, disloyalty, and vague, wrong-headed patriotic heroics have broken out in a way to cause the maximum of danger and discredit to England. Upon this we have the rush of politicians to the scene; Mr. Redmond, Sir Edward Carson, hastily take counsel with their followers. Mr. Asquith hurries over to see, in the form of bricks and mortar, flesh and blood, what he sees and feels much more clearly in the forms of votes and influence; Mr. Lloyd George, that great incendiary turned salvage man, is sent to turn his jets of talk on the conflagration and produce a compromise. Being a politician and vote-broker on a large scale, he immediately produces an apparently satisfactory settlement—in terms of votes and talking-seats.

In short, another juggle is attempted with the political situation; but the problem of Irish psychology remains. By a psychological problem I mean that in administering the affairs of Ireland it is necessary first of all to recognise what is essentially Irish and to separate it from all subsidiary complications, however acute. For if you are born and live in Ireland you are an Irishman first, and a Nationalist or an Orangeman, a Catholic or a Presbyterian, a Sinn Féiner or an Imperialist, a Redmondite or a Carsonite afterwards. Among ourselves we vehemently disagree and are sharply divided; we accuse one another of being Scots, English,

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Irish, rebel, loyal, elect or damned; but to the rest of the world we are all simply Irish, so definite and characteristic are the qualities in which we differ from other people. And to attempt to deal from the outside with our internal differences otherwise than on the basis of qualities which we have in common is to make, as I think, the first mistake; and to keep Ireland halting at the cross roads, not of meeting, but of divergence.

What are the qualities common to the people of Ireland? First, I would put the virtues: Enthusiasm, imagination, idealism, insight, sympathy, courage, a capacity for reverence, the spirit of hope and faith in what we believe to be good or desirable. Then come two qualities which, although they add salt to life and keep it interesting, are not of uniform advantage in material affairs: The sense of humour, and the capacity—sometimes fatal—for seeing both sides of a question. Both these qualities are highly developed in the Irish; but, curiously enough, they are both of them a little late in asserting themselves; they are at their strongest just after we have made (without their aid) a false move. Thirdly, Irishmen of every kind have in common a certain instability of judgment. Often wise and discerning in the affairs of others, we are liable to weakness and prejudice in judgment of our own affairs. We may be wise for others, but are unwise for ourselves. In the objective employment of our faculties we are strong; in their subjective employment, weak. We are greedy of the whole of life, and therefore untenacious of any part of it. The grasp is wide and generous, but it is often loose. Further, there is in the Irishman no very great passion for abstract truth; rather, I would say, for relative, and sometimes for merely convenient truth. And there is the inevitable complement of the sanguine temperament—a liability to fits of black depression and discouragement; to sudden letting go of things and saying, "What's the use?" There are other virtues and faults which are characteristic of different divisions of the people of Ireland, but those which I have stated are broadly common to them all. We may sum them up by saying that in individualism lies our strength and our weakness.

All these qualities can be plainly read in the things that Irish people do, as distinguished from the things that

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are done to or for them. But I would ask those who are now looking depressedly at Ireland not to be discouraged by them. I am convinced that they are not nearly as indicative of the true state of Ireland as they seem to be; and that this late miserable and indeed shameful affair is something that, so far as the shame of it is concerned, has happened to England much more than to Ireland. For truly the Irish difficulty has been steadily disappearing for the last ten years. Just two years ago I made a comprehensive tour in the West and South of Ireland, going chiefly among the dairy farmers of those parts. The Home Rule controversy was at its height in England, and, of course, in certain parts of Ireland; but here, among the discontented, among those who really had made the Irish problem, it had sunk to a very secondary importance in their eyes. They were settled at last as proprietors on the land; the acres they were farming were their own, they were much more deeply interested in questions of co-operation, credit, dry sillage and creamery management than in the question of Home Rule. Of course, they did not say so in many words, or admit that any question could be more important than the political one; but that is where the difference between abstract and relative truth comes in; the fact was potent in the whole direction and activity of their lives. They had really crossed their Jordan as it were in the night, in their sleep, although they did not know it: and were already exploring the meadows of the Promised Land.

Who are the men who have done really most for Ireland? Not her strongest men. Perhaps the two representatives of what is strongest to-day in Ireland (not what is most violent) are Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson; but their strength has hitherto not been a constructive strength. Our strength goes to warfare within ourselves, and keeps us ever restless, dissatisfied and unvictorious. To go back to my first point, our strength and our strong men are busy with our differences and not with our unities—just as an enemy would be. If Germany, instead of falsely and insidiously pretending to be a friend of Ireland, had come openly as the enemy she is, do you think there would have been any differences in Dublin or fratricide in her streets? It would be one certain way of producing a united front.

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But England is not, and can never be, an enemy of Ireland; and so can never unite her by these means. The miserable contest of English political parties will never settle our domestic differences, nor can a united Ireland ever be a prize for either side in that poor game. But—and here is the true ground for encouragement and hope—the basis of peace and contentment has already been established, and those who have had the sense to recognise it have long been building upon it. Peasant proprietorship was not enough, although it was necessary as a beginning. A new kind of idealism, inculcated by an idealist, was also necessary. An ideal of co-operation had to supplant the suspicious individualism of the peasant mind. That ideal has been inculcated, fostered, and developed with infinite patience and pains. Mr. Gerald Balfour has never got due recognition for having had the insight to recognise and the courage to further the principle on which alone the Irish problem could ultimately be settled, although he will surely receive it in the future. He is gone from any part in Irish affairs; but a far greater influence than his still remains—an influence which, if rightly used at this juncture and in the immediate future, would materially help the Government along the right lines of settlement. I firmly believe that when the history of our time in Ireland comes to be written the name of Horace Plunkett will stand higher than any other. Often foiled in his efforts, often discouraged, his hurrying idealism forced back and back to the very roots and seed-like elements of things, sometimes unwise, sometimes misled, he and the band of workers who have gradually gathered round him have really been achieving. They have not worked at the outward hulls of government, but at the inner springs of the Irish character. Many of them obscure men, priests, ministers, farmers, small officials, humble workers and helpers, they have nevertheless been silently *building*, while others have been valiantly, but on the whole destructively, fighting. On the political side men like Lord Dúnraven have also been working for a common-sense solution which should be based not on differences, but on things in common. Again, not the strongest men; not politicians, not fighters, not even inspired or profoundly devoted men, but men who have seen the truth, and with such voice as they had, proclaimed it in season and out of

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season. Dealing with the matter in political terms, and necessarily standing outside political parties and without the use of political machinery, theirs have hitherto been voices crying in the wilderness; as all voices that proclaim the truth must for a time be. Their lines, however, are lines that the political mind can grasp and understand; lines which the political mind will now do well to examine and follow, if it can find the courage to admit that its own lines have hitherto been of a kind that lead to no finality: straight lines, perhaps, but lines which, being produced ever so far both ways, do not meet.

Surely, if there is any grain of truth in these observations—and they represent a view that is far from being original or peculiar to me—the true wisdom with regard to Ireland is to consult the builders rather than the fighters and to proceed on the lines which alone have hitherto produced, or shown any promise of producing, some desirable result in the form of material prosperity and contentment. When the dust of the present catastrophe shall have cleared away the work of the builders will stand; the work of the politicians will be visible only in the form of ruins and *débris*—to be cleared away as soon as possible, and, in the mercy of time, forgotten.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

ONCE more Sir Thomas Beecham occupies the foreground of the musical scene. With all gratitude to him, it is a little humiliating to consider that, but for the accident of his presence, with means to give effect to his wishes, opera would be at a standstill in London; whilst it is still active in the capitals of all the fighting nations, except in Cetinje, and perhaps Belgrade. Even the infinitesimal grant to musical purposes that figures in the national Budget has been cut down. Perhaps some day it will occur to our leaders that the two greatest organisations for "peaceful penetration" that the world has ever known, the Roman Catholic Church and the modern German Empire, have been intelligently and rightly alive to the proselytising influence of music. It is no mere accident that both have been, the former deliberately and the latter unconsciously, anxious to preserve their music free from foreign elements. Between the late Pope's pronouncement against the intrusion of modern music into the liturgy, and Hans Sachs's contemptuous rejection of "Wälschen Tand" there is a deep analogy. I do not suggest that we should be equally uncompromising; but, if only in self-defence, we should make our music a national, as well as a private interest. Otherwise it will continue to the crack of doom to be overrun from without.

The new season has opened with two outstanding performances. "Otello" was given in Italian out of deference to Shakespeare, whose spirit loses less in an Italian translation than it would in an English adaptation to the music. "Tristan and Isolde" was given in English, with the unexpected result that whole pages of the text could be heard through the orchestra far more clearly than has ever been possible with the guttural German. Besides being a feat on the part of the singers, this has an immediate bearing on the question of national opera, which continues to be dis-

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cussed as part of the larger questions of the English musical idiom, and the singing of the English language. I cannot help thinking that the habit of listening to so much singing in languages which are unintelligible to the majority has much to do with our absurd tolerance of unintelligible singing of our own. Otherwise, it is difficult to understand why audiences do not arise in their wrath and hurl the books of words at the singers' heads, instead of submitting tamely to the imposture. If Miss Rosina Buckman, severely handicapped by Wagner, can let us hear what Isolda has to say, it is obviously a swindle that one should be compelled to pay sixpence to discover what a ballad is about.

This is one of several problems to which the Society of English Singers has devoted its deliberations for something like four years. Early last month its members, for the first time, invited the Press to hear an exposition of its aims. These consist primarily of a programme of educational reform, which has been submitted to our leading institutions, backed by signatures of unassailable authority. Ultimately the object is the creation of a school of singing that shall be founded on the English language, just as Italian singing derives from the Italian language. No doubt the presence of Sir Charles Stanford in the chair, and of several other well-known composers, was the reason why the actual setting of the words was not discussed, as it has surely been in private. If it is possible to imagine the Society as invested with the powers of a mediæval guild, I picture it as sitting in judgment upon an unintelligible singer. There will be counsel for the defence, whose most effective method will be the attempt to prove to the jury that the words cannot be sung to the composer's music. If he fails, the singer will be fined and pilloried. If he succeeds, something much more drastic will be done to the composer; and if a succession of guilty composers hail from the same teaching institution, the building will be applied to more useful purposes. In time, the study of English vocal inflections will produce a melodic idiom that will no longer be based upon theoretical studies illustrated solely by non-English examples. From that melodic idiom English opera will grow, as distinct from opera in English which we have now. Between an English translation fitted to a foreign melodic idiom and an original English text set in the same fashion the difference is not

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great, so far as the problem of diction is concerned. Real progress will commence when the text sings itself with the ease of an Italian libretto. There is not the slightest reason why it should not. Meanwhile the standard of diction in the Beecham Company, to which many members of the Society belong, is higher than has hitherto been the rule, and with each successive season the experience gained brings it a little nearer to the ideal.

A new fixture in the present season is the commissioning of modern artists to design the stage settings. That for "Otello" is the work of M. Polunin, a Russian painter, who has achieved a remarkable concentration of design. For some reason or other our drama is peculiarly loth to learn the value of artistic economy. "Othello" has been set before now with a distracting *motif* to every few feet of stage until the effect was suggestive of those mammoth circuses with three rings and innumerable side-shows. That is, of course, fatal to the tragic spirit, which requires a relentless unity of purpose. M. Polunin's studied simplicity has a far more telling value than the lavishness so dear to our actor-managers. The designs for "Tristan" were the work of Mr. A. P. Allinson, whose achievement is also remarkable, but in another direction. The mechanical side of stagecraft has proved more recalcitrant to him, but his imagination is vivid, both for colour and composition. He adopted a somewhat personal interpretation of the Celtic style, which was effective in itself, but would probably have made a better background to the "Tristan" upon which Debussy is engaged than it did to Wagner's opera. It was unfortunate that Kurvenal's costume was not part of the design. His Bayreuth-Viking appearance on this Celtic scene had the effect of reminding one that Tristan, like Shakespeare, is a German conquest. It was more the originality of Mr. Allinson's work than his sense of the theatre that made his setting effective. With the numerous operas reported to be in preparation, Sir Thomas will have ample opportunities of doing as much for some of our more daring artists as he has done for our composers.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Kitchener

By John Helston

THERE is wild water from the north;
The headlands darken in their foam
As with a threat of challenge stubborn earth
Booms at that far wild sea-line charging home.

The night shall stand upon the shifting sea
As yesternight stood there,
And hear the cry of waters through the air,
The iron voice of headlands start and rise—
The noise of winds for mastery
That screams to hear the thunder in those cries.
But now henceforth there shall be heard
From Brough of Bursay, Marwick Head,
And shadows of the distant coast,
Another voice bestirred—
Telling of something greatly lost
Somewhere below the tidal glooms, and dead.
Beyond the uttermost
Of aught the night may hear on any seas
From tempest-known wild water's cry, and roar
Of iron shadows looming from the shore,
It shall be heard—and when the Orcades
Sleep in a hushed Atlantic's starry folds
As smoothly as, far down below the tides,
Sleep on the windless broad sea-wolds
Where this night's shipwreck hides.

By many a sea-holm where the shock
Of ocean's battle falls, and into spray
Gives up its ghosts of strife; by reef and rock
Ravaged by their eternal brute affray

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With monstrous frenzies of their shore's green foe;
Where overstream and overfall and undertow
Strive, snatch away;
A wistful voice, without a sound,
Shall dwell beside Pomona, on the sea,
And speak the homeward- and the outward-bound,
And touch the helm of passing minds
And bid them steer as wistfully—
Saying : “ He did great work, until the winds
And waters hereabout that night betrayed
Him to the drifting death ! His work went on—
He would not be gainsaid. . . .
Though where his bones are, no man knows, not one ! ”

The Shipping Muddle

By David G. Pinkney

No genius is required to perceive that our mercantile marine has played a part of unsuspected consequence in the present war. Unless that fact is recognised, we are driven to the conclusion that the Government has shown criminal negligence, and has connived at the lamentable waste of money in the Transport Department of the Admiralty, and the quite preventable gamble in the freight markets. Had a reasonable amount of foresight been shown, and some kind of system devised for linking up our tonnage as an indispensable factor in the prosecution of the war, neither of these calamities could have occurred. Even allowing a reasonable margin for contingencies which nobody could have foreseen owing to the unprecedented magnitude of our naval and military operations, the charge of culpable negligence still remains in principle though we may modify it in degree. There is but one circumstance which the most bare-faced sycophants of the Government—and their name is legion—might be excused for alleging in extenuation of its blunders, namely, that in previous great wars the functions of the mercantile marine were comparatively insignificant compared with those of the present time; and that the change from sail to steam has been effected so quickly that we have barely had time to realise its importance. In other words, for war purposes the sailing vessel with its limited possibilities has been ousted by the steamship with its infinite capacity for transport and coaling work. The change began to be felt about sixty or seventy years ago, but only gradually, and it was not until after the introduction of the Limited Liability Companies Act, 1862, that the full significance of this organic change became apparent by the tremendous impetus which was given to the building

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of "vessels navigated by steam," as they are quaintly described in the early volumes of *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*. In order to give some idea of the marvellous increase in the number of steamers that has subsequently taken place it may be mentioned, that whilst in 1880 we owned only 6,574,513 tons of shipping flying the British flag, it increased to the colossal figure of 21,274,068 in 1914.*

One can therefore understand that the Government may not have fully realised the vast amount of shipping which it was liable to be called upon to handle in case of war.

But however much we may be inclined to distend that spirit of fair play for which we have a well-deserved reputation, nothing on earth can excuse a too rigid adherence to antiquated formulæ in dealing with this question. After all, we had a certain amount of experience during the Egyptian campaigns, the South African War, and other similar though minor undertakings. All elderly shipbrokers remember the tenders for tonnage which the Government sent out on these occasions for naval and military requirements, showing that even in those early days of steam shipping the Transport Department of the Admiralty must have possessed some amount of system for dealing with mercantile tonnage in war-time.

How, then, can we account for the chaos which reigned in that department when we threw down the gauntlet to Germany in August, 1914? There was no evidence of even a skeleton plan for organising our shipping on a war footing. Had such been in existence at that time nothing can condone the hugger-mugger into which the shipping interests of the nation were plunged. Looking back on the last twenty months, one does not know whether to laugh or cry at the idiotic blunders which have been perpetrated during that short period. Fortunately, the situation had no serious aspect for the first few months after war was declared, and for two reasons. In the first place the tonnage requirements of the Government were very limited, and secondly, the freight markets were in a state of

* The following figures, taken from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, showing the growth of British tonnage, still further illustrate the importance of the conclusions drawn in this article :—

1588 . .	12,500 tons	1830 . .	2,199,959 tons	1880 . .	6,574,513 tons
1770 . .	682,000 "	1840 . .	2,768,262 "		
1791 . .	1,511,401 "	1860 . .	4,658,687 "	1914	21,274,068 "

THE SHIPPING MUDDLE

collapse. In July, 1914, freights were lower than they had been almost within living memory, and that unfortunate condition of affairs was aggravated by the international financial dislocation which took place rendering it almost impossible for merchants to negotiate for the transport of cargoes. By October, 1914, shipowners were almost at their wits' end, and steamers were sold at one-fifth of the value that they command to-day. So that the Government found no difficulty in filling its wants, and shipowners were fain to accept a very moderate rate on time-charter for their steamers. Up to that moment, therefore, the war had proved of no value to the shipping community.

Then a sudden and wonderful transformation took place which revealed for the first time the utter incapacity of our bureaucratic system. Instead of a speedy termination of hostilities, as had been the fond hope in Government and other circles, this country was compelled to realise that it would be called upon to undertake ever-increasing responsibilities, and neutral nations, fearing that they would be dragged into the maelstrom of war, began to lay in stocks of grain, coal and other supplies from overseas. There arose an unprecedented demand for tonnage, which, as will shortly be described, eventually became nothing less than a wild gamble, unfettered and uncontrolled.

That this state of affairs could have been prevented, wholly as regards tonnage owned by the allied nations, and very considerably in respect of that belonging to neutral countries, admits of no doubt whatever. No real attempt was made by our Government to control the situation. The fact that 42 per cent. of the world's tonnage flies the British flag proves that had the most elementary methods been employed by the Admiralty and the Board of Trade for controlling our shipping even at that critical stage, hundreds of millions of pounds could have been saved in freight alone during the past eighteen months. But they were too disdainful and self-satisfied to listen to the advice which practical shipping men poured into their ears month after month, and when the history of the war is written their ineffable contempt for the shipping man anxious to guide them on business lines will stand out as one of its greatest follies, for which the world in general has paid, and continues to pay, a very grievous price.

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The whole trouble lies in a nutshell, and it would be courting a similar disaster in future to disguise the truth. Government officials, however competent they may be to manage purely State affairs, are totally unfitted for the management of a highly technical business, such as that of steam-shipping. It is essentially different from the more or less routine work of naval administration for which they have been trained to the highest standard of efficiency. The gratitude of the nation towards our Admiralty, taken as a whole, for the marvellous state of preparedness of our Navy when war broke out can hardly be put into words. It is the Transport Department alone which deserves our censure. It broke down completely in carrying out the duties for which it exists; it requires thorough and drastic reorganisation. Any large firm which attempted to do its business without a central control of thoroughly competent men and a staff of departmental managers and clerks capable of carrying out technical details, would be bankrupt in six months. And yet, incredible as it may seem, that was the actual situation in the Transport Department in August, 1914; and, but for the recent introduction of a limited number of shipping experts, who are doing everything humanly possible to stop the leakage of money and material, we would have remained in the same plight to-day. And not only was the department in question hopelessly unfitted for its work, but the Board of Trade, that unwieldy jungle of departmental profundities, also took a hand in the game and made confusion worse confounded by issuing its own instructions to shipowners, often rescinded almost as soon as they were sent out. It was a standing puzzle to discover where the powers of the Admiralty began and those of the Board of Trade finished, particularly at that period of war which is now under consideration. There was no recognisable co-relation between the two departments, and this is a point which will no doubt be rectified when the whole system is placed on an intelligent and practical footing, as is so urgently needed.

The seriousness of the matter first became apparent at the end of 1914, or the beginning of 1915, when the Admiralty requisitioned many hundreds of steamers in the most indiscriminate manner. Apparently there were no lists of shipowners kept on file, together with the number, names

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and positions of their vessels, so that at any given moment as fair a proportion as possible might be immediately requisitioned from each owner or company, at blue-book rates. And in order to show the injustice of this procedure it is necessary to explain that blue-book rates, which were settled by consent between the Government and the ship-owners, were far below the equivalent of the rates which were obtainable in the open markets. Roughly speaking, a vessel on Government service could only make from one-half to one-third the profit she would have made by trading "on her own." Consequently, through official stupidity, those owners who had more than their fair proportion of steamers requisitioned suffered a heavy penalty.

The following table, quoted from the *Times* of November 11th, 1915, was compiled in answer to a question put in the House of Commons, and illustrates the haphazard manner in which vessels of certain specified firms were "commandeered" in the early part of the war, and how the mistake was largely rectified ten months later, by which time, however, the Admiralty had reluctantly consented to take the advice of a body of shipowners:—

"In answer to Mr. Shirley Benn, who asked what was the percentage of tonnage owned by certain companies which was requisitioned by the Government up to January 1st, 1915, and the percentage owned by each house under requisition by the Government on October 1st, Dr. Macnamara furnishes the following particulars:

	Up to Jan. 1, 1915.	Up to Oct. 1 1915.
British India S.N. Co. (Ltd.)	46·5*	41·3†
Canadian Pacific Rly. Co.	16·0	20·0
T. Wilson, Sons & Co. (Ltd.)	9·0	13·75
Raeburn & Verel	—	25·0
MacLay & MacIntyre	2·1	24·5
E. T. Radcliffe & Co.	4·3	36·0
Foster, Hain & Read (E. Hain & Son)	30·4	25·7
W. Runciman & Co.	1·6	22·6
Prince Line (Ltd.)	10·15	18·0

"Dr. Macnamara adds that the figures given for the period from the beginning of the war up to January 1st, 1915, represent the proportion of the total time for which the ships

* 41·3 Per cent. represents ships requisitioned by the Indian Government.

† 30·0 Per cent. " " " " "

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requisitioned were on Government service bears to the full working time of the whole fleet for the period August 4th, 1914, to January 1st, 1915. The details given for October 1st, 1915, show the percentage of ships belonging to the respective firms which were actually on service at that date."

Another feature of this requisitioning muddle has also a very direct bearing on the mad competition which arose in the freight markets and deserves special notice. If the full extent of that bearing could be demonstrated, I venture to think it would open the eyes of the public to the extravagant abuse made by naval and military officials of the powers vested in them for calling on the Admiralty to provide tonnage for transport purposes. Time after time, questions were asked in both Houses of Parliament on this subject, and it was fully ventilated in a discussion in which many Members of Parliament, who had made extensive inquiries on the subject, took part. Amongst those politicians who have devoted an immense amount of time and energy in laying bare the shortcomings of the Transport Department, may be mentioned: Lord Joicey, Lord Beresford, Sir Joseph Walton, M.P., Sir H. S. Samuel, M.P., Mr. Houston, M.P., Mr. Shirley Benn, M.P., Captain Peto, M.P., and Mr. Goldstone, M.P., and two Committees were appointed to deal with the matter. One of these Committees was appointed some five months ago, under the chairmanship of Lord Curzon, who stated in the House of Lords on May 3rd last, in answer to a question by Lord Beresford, that the reason for the non-publication of the report of that Committee was, "that it contains information, figures and facts of a character so confidential that the noble lord himself would be the first to agree that it was undesirable in the public interest that it should be made known to the world." That cannot be called a satisfactory reply, and leaves one cold. The other Committee, appointed last January under the chairmanship of Mr. Herbert Samuel, "to consider how economy might be secured in Admiralty expenditure,"* is apparently so scared at its discoveries that it has not had the courage to

* Lord Joicey in the House of Lords, 10th Nov. 1915, stated that in his opinion millions upon millions had been wasted by the Admiralty Transport Department, and Lord Joicey is a keen judge in such matters.

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report anything whatever! Mr. Samuel has been publicly challenged to publish the findings of his Committee, but he maintains a discreet but ominous silence. Some day or other the public will rebel at this farcical creation of deaf and dumb Committees. Even the most powerful of soothing syrups is liable to fail in its effect when administered too frequently. When the Government finds criticism becoming too hot, it usually adopts the formula "appoint a Committee," with favourable results to itself. This practice seems to be a variant on the advice given to the bumble-puppy player "when in doubt, play trumps." I respectfully ask Mr. Samuel once more to favour us with the result of his investigations. Did he find that the Transport Department really did commit muddle-headed blunders resulting in the sacrifice of colossal sums of money? Is it really true, as alleged, that naval and military authorities ordered more than a reasonable margin of tonnage for coal-ing and transport purposes, and kept the vessels waiting much longer in port than was necessary? I will detail a few of these costly absurdities later in this article, and my readers will then appreciate the cogency of my questions to Mr. Samuel. Taking 5,000 tons as the average cargo capacity of the steamers requisitioned, with an average capability of performing four round voyages (out and home) per annum, it follows that every vessel needlessly requisitioned is equivalent to 40,000 tons per annum being taken away from the commercial markets. Now, Mr. Runciman stated in the House of Commons that we import 160,000 tons of paper-making material every year, and that we are now experiencing a shortage of that commodity. If steamers have been needlessly requisitioned, four of them could rectify the paper shortage within a few months by releasing them from Admiralty service, and employing them to bring wood-pulp to this country.

In any event, it is quite certain that the wholesale requisitioning of steamers, and particularly the unfair method of doing it, had the effect of driving tonnage away from the United Kingdom, lest it should be taken over by the Admiralty at unremunerative blue-book rates. Consequently, merchants and charterers found great difficulty in finding steamers to bring cargoes to this country, and they had to pay higher rates of freight to get their

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requirements filled. That was one of the two principal geneses from which arose the greatest shipping boom in history, which could have been wholly prevented, or signally checked, so far as this country is concerned, had there been a Ministry of Marine with a staff of live shipping men to direct—not merely to advise—the barnacles in the Transport Department of the Admiralty in respect of everything connected with the commercial side of this great question.

The other cause which precipitated the mad rush for tonnage was the sudden demand which sprang up in neutral countries. Early in 1915 it became evident that those who predicted an early cessation of hostilities were mistaken, and as the war area increased, and the certain advent in the field of other belligerents became apparent, neutral nations adopted the precaution of importing large quantities of grain, coal, and other commodities. Italy led the way, other nations followed in her wake. Tonnage even at that time was already becoming scarce, and competition for it became so great that freights took an upward bound, which nothing could stop. Every day saw new records established in all the freight markets of the world, and ship-owners since that period have had the time of their lives, especially those of neutral nationalities, whose profits have been much larger, and also liable to less taxation than those of their British competitors. It would be inexpedient and serve no useful purpose to produce long tables of figures showing the comparative rates of freight ruling before and during the war. It will suffice to give a few examples of the amazing rise which commenced early in 1915, and has only been checked (for reasons which will shortly be given) during the past few weeks. For instance, in July, 1914, the rate of freight on grain from Argentina to the United Kingdom was only 11s. 6d. per ton, a figure, it should be mentioned, which left a loss to the shipowner: by the end of 1914 it had risen to 40s., and eventually it reached the colossal figure of 175s., and remained at about that level for many months. Now every 10s. freight is equivalent to $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the price of a 4-lb. loaf of bread, so that the increased cost of bread in war-time is easily accounted for, and if anything will rouse the nation to demand the appointment of a body of practical men to regulate our shipping in time of war, surely the figures just given will do so. A similar

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thing took place in America, where grain freight rates went up from 2s. or 2s. 3d. per quarter of 480 lb. to 17s. 6d. per quarter, or more to the U.K., and to no less than 30s. to 32s. 6d. to Mediterranean destinations. Similar conditions prevailed as regards cargoes taken to Scandinavian ports for which stupendous rates were paid, and seeing that a large proportion of these cargoes eventually found a resting-place in German ports most British people will never forgive our Government for such an abuse of our indefeasible maritime rights. Apart from the folly of it, there is no doubt whatever that if we had closed the North Sea entirely, or put neutral countries adjacent to Germany on a "rationing" basis, the vessels which have been engaged transporting supplies to our enemy during nearly two years of war, would have been obliged to seek other markets, *and would have been diverted to the ports of the Allies*. Think how that would have relieved our short supply of tonnage. And it is not yet too late to put it into practice. As is shown elsewhere the shortage of British tonnage is becoming a national danger of the first degree and a tight blockade of the North Sea is imperative, for by putting that in force we would bring the war to a speedy termination, and in the meantime our neutral "friends" would become carriers of our own much-needed food and other supplies. The bold sailor-man is on our side, but the funky lawyer is against us. If not for our own sakes, then for the sake of our children and our children's children, let us demand and *insist* that our Navy be put to the primary use for which it was built, to blockade the enemy, and starve him out.

There are many other phases of the freight boom with which it is impossible to deal within the limits of an article of this nature. As was the case with grain rates, so it was also with cotton, coal, timber, and almost everything else that is transported overseas. Fortunes were made by merchants, middlemen, and shipowners; and the pure speculator, flushed with success, materially aggravated an already serious situation by running up prices regardless of the consequences so long as he lined his own pockets with gold.

The shipowners were not to blame for the freight boom. I make that statement with a full sense of responsibility.

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No doubt there were a few of them who could not resist the temptation which was presented to them, and used every effort to appreciate the value of their vessels, but, as a whole, I am convinced that British shipowners, through the fault of the Government, as already described, were placed in an utterly false position, which they themselves never sought. No less than 57 per cent. of their tonnage has been requisitioned, leaving only 43 per cent. for commercial purposes.* Is it to be wondered at that merchants and speculators, in their frantic efforts to obtain that very limited available residuum of tonnage, bombarded shipowners with offers of freight, each more attractive than the last, and that the shipowner was thus placed in a situation from which he could not have extricated himself without being false to his trust. Hundreds of millions sterling are invested in British steamers, and it must not be forgotten that during the ten years, from 1901 to 1910 inclusive, the shareholders who provided that money received mere skeleton dividends—probably an *average* of not more than 1 per cent.—after deducting 5 per cent. for depreciation of the property, so that, in any case, many thousands of our countrymen, who are not shipowners as such, are reaping the benefit of the shipping boom. Moreover, when the amount of excess profit taxation drawn from shipping during the war becomes known, it will be an agreeable revelation to the public, and represent a very material proportion of the cost of the war itself. So I feel justified in sounding a note of protest against those who are always ready to throw big stones at others who have come into a share of unexpected prosperity. Although the shipping boom could have been prevented, the 60 per cent. or more excess profit taxation just mentioned is a not unimportant discount which must be borne in mind when we consider the cost of the war, and the increased food prices now prevailing. The nation is “getting its own back again.”

The prices of steamers also rose during the war consistently with the rise in freights. A vessel, which was sold by auction in September, 1914, for £19,000, was resold last year for £60,000, and is now worth £100,000. That is a mild example of the hundreds of transactions that have taken place during the war, and in many cases the profits

* Lord Curzon in the House of Lords, 3rd May, 1916.

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made by sellers have been more than extraordinary. It will be a long time before prices recede to the pre-war level, and there are shrewd judges who predict that the future demands of shipyard workers will preclude any possibility of vessels ever being turned out again on a basis of £5 to £6 per ton as was the case for a series of years prior to 1914, with a few notable exceptions.

It will now be convenient to give some idea of the preposterous blunders committed by the Admiralty Transport Department in the manipulation of requisitioned tonnage. They are almost beyond belief, as the following instances will show. The expensive passenger steamer "City of Birmingham," absolutely unsuitable for carrying a heavy cargo, was requisitioned at a U.K. port, and sent out in ballast to the west coast of South America—about 10,000 miles—to load a cargo of nitrate of soda; whereas an ordinary tramp steamer, built for carrying dead-weight cargoes, might have been obtained within fifteen days steaming of the nitrate ports, and at half the freight. Again, several steamers of 5,000 to 6,000 tons capacity were sent from Cardiff to the East Coast of Scotland, with cargoes of coal for Navy requirements, especially patrol-boats, and after being employed *four months* on that work, they arrived back in Cardiff *with several hundred tons—in one case 800 tons—of their original cargo on board.* Take one or two more examples. A steamer called at Gibraltar for bunker coal *en route* to the Gulf of Mexico, to load a cargo of grain for the U.K. Now the price of coal at Gibraltar was 57s. 6d. per ton, and in the Gulf it is about 14s. per ton. Will it be believed that instead of buying only sufficient dear coal at Gibraltar to take her to the Gulf, and replenishing her bunkers there at 14s. per ton for the homeward run, she bought coal for the whole round at Gibraltar! That stroke of imbecility cost the country £1,000 or more, and one wonders how many more such cases there were which have never come to light. But even that was positively skilful compared with my next and concluding example. Everybody who has cut his wisdom teeth knows that Archangel is a port in the White Sea, which freezes up every winter, and remains so until about the middle of May. Shipowners know it, at any rate, and take particular care to get their vessels out of the port before King Frost appears on the scene;

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but occasionally—only occasionally—they are nipped. Last winter, no fewer than eighty vessels requisitioned by the Transport Department were caught in ice, and remained there until the navigation reopened this year—say, about six months. That fleet of vessels represents say about 400,000 tons of shipping; and I leave it to the imagination of the public to assess what share the putting out of commission of all those steamers must have had on the price of our foodstuffs to-day. Ordinary dictionary words seem quite inadequate to criticise such witless folly. And yet Parliament is never tired of exhorting the nation to practise economy!

But, it will be asked, what steps did the Government take to remedy the shocking muddle created by their want of foresight? Was no attempt made to reorganise the *personnel* and to stop the rampageous extravagance of the Admiralty Transport Department? Did the Government stand idly by when the stampede in the freight market took place? To such questions only a humiliating reply can be given. For many months nothing whatever was done, and things were allowed to drift until, in the early days of 1915, the depletion of tonnage by requisition and by enemy submarines became alarming. Yielding, as usual, to public pressure our wiseacres appointed a Director of Transports, Mr. Graeme Thompson being chosen for the position. His appointment was universally condemned, owing to his lack of technical experience for such an office. In fairness to Mr. Thompson, however, it must be stated that he eventually became a very efficient public servant, whose power of adaptability has earned the unstinted praise of the shipping community. But until comparatively recently the Government, notwithstanding vehement protests, in Parliament and in the Press, against the general retention of thoroughly incompetent officials in the Transport Department, obstinately refused to replace them with men from shipping offices and exchanges who had the requisite knowledge and experience, and matters consequently went from bad to worse. Small advisory committees of shipowners were indeed appointed, but without executive power; and, in any case, it was impossible that their recommendations could be carried out by men who understood nothing about shipowning, chartering, and a thousand other details of this

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intricate business. So that it is almost impossible to realise the hopeless condition of affairs that eventuated towards the end of 1915. And during all this time practical shipping men continued to bombard the Government with schemes for placing the mercantile marine under control. I take the liberty of quoting from a very able letter written by Sir Aubrey Brocklebank * which in my estimation is one of the most valuable contributions that were submitted for relieving the shortage of tonnage. Sir Aubrey compared the mercantile marine to a conduit pipe through which all our supplies and those of our Allies must come, and he maintained that "the pipe is badly furred by the lack of vessels that have been requisitioned by the Government, and the effective bore is thereby reduced." He clinched his convincing argument by the following sagacious application of his metaphor, viz. :—

"When a pipe is carrying all it can, and the attempt is made to force more through it, the result is a rise in pressure in the pipe, which is a fair analogy to a rise in freights. The way to reduce the pressure is either to increase the capacity of the pipe *by removing some of the furring* [my italics], or to put less through it. I am quite confident that very much more can be done in the way of increasing the capacity by a more intelligent use of requisitioned steamers."

The simile appears to be a perfect one, and the release of a number of requisitioned vessels (which may be found practicable when, if ever, Mr. Herbert Samuel's Committee issues its report) would be the shortest and best way of reducing freights, as the commercial markets would thus obtain immediate relief.

However, as constant dropping will wear away a stone, the public will rejoice to hear that the Government has at last been compelled to exercise something like a proper grip on the operations of our mercantile marine. And it is important to observe that this salutary change is due, not to those who have girded at the tight-fisted shipowner, but to the insistent pressure on the part of the advisory boards of ship-owners themselves, and of those Members of Parliament who have been more or less acting with them. The formula

* *The Times*, January 25th, 1916.

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adopted is of the simplest description, and we shall no doubt be asked the usual question, "Why was it not done before?", the answer to which is indicated by the moral that this article is intended to teach, namely, "Put a shipping man in charge of a shipping job." There has been a gradual "combing out" of the bureaucratic automatons in the Transport Department and a substitution in their places of men who thoroughly understand the many technicalities of shipowning and chartering. Also, the movements of vessels are now checked and "directed" in such a way as to obtain the maximum national benefit from the much-reduced quantity of our available tonnage. No British vessel is now permitted to undertake a voyage of any description without a licence, and the authorities are using every possible endeavour to "direct" the tonnage into those trades which will best serve the country's interest. In addition to this, 500 British steamers have been dedicated to the exclusive use of France, Italy and Russia,* and a system of maximum rates of freight has been established on cargoes of coal shipped from the United Kingdom to French ports, representing a reduction of fully one-third of the tremendous rates previously current.

The neutral shipowner, too, is gently but firmly constrained to "do his bit" for our benefit, thanks again to the practical men who are, in effect, taking the wheel in the Transport Department of the Admiralty. In return for the privilege of obtaining supplies of British bunker coal (German coal being seizable as contraband), his vessels must now bring a certain proportion of their cargoes to this country for our comfort and convenience, thus augmenting the already large proportion of our imports that come in foreign bottoms.†

The compelling effect of these wholesome reforms, which will no doubt be extended as becomes practicable, is brought into startling relief by the phenomenal drop

* Lord Beresford, House of Lords, May 3rd, 1916.

† Mr. Runciman stated in the House of Commons, May 23rd, 1916, in reply to Mr. R. P. Houston, that in the calendar year 1915, 13,200 British steamers, with an aggregate net tonnage of 22,632,000, and 12,550 foreign steamers, with a total tonnage of 9,900,000, entered from abroad. The foreign steamers were thus 48·7 per cent. of the total number and their net tonnage 30·4 per cent. of that of all steamers entered with cargo.

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that has taken place in American grain freights during the past few weeks. In February last the rate on wheat from the Northern States ports to the U.K. was 18s. per quarter of 480 lb., whereas to-day (June 17th) it is only 7s. per quarter, a fall of, say, 50s. per ton, equivalent to a reduction of £15,000 freight on a 6,000-ton cargo boat for a round trip of fifty days, as compared with what the same vessel earned four months ago. There has been a simultaneous heavy drop in the price of the staple, and the combined result is that the calculations of grain merchants have been upset, and they are now reported to be selling their produce at a loss of 22s. 6d. per quarter, or over £30,000 on a cargo imported by a vessel of the capacity indicated above. The price of the 4-lb. loaf is tumbling in consequence, and should be very materially lower when the cargoes about to be loaded are marketed in this country.

But although this drop in Atlantic freights is distinctly encouraging, and shows what a well-directed effort can accomplish, it would be hazardous to assume that a permanently improved situation has been reached. We are not yet out of the wood. The diminishing supply of tonnage for commercial purposes is a matter of serious concern, and may handicap the reforms which I have mentioned, which, though very welcome, were unfortunately too long in coming, and we shall see higher freights again when the new grain crops are ready for shipment.

At the beginning of the war the total British tonnage was roundly 21½ million. Up to January, 1916, our losses by perils of the seas and by enemy submarines were made good, approximately, by construction of new steamers and by taking over interned enemy ships. Since then the situation has changed for the worse. When actual figures become available it will be seen that construction work in our shipyards has seriously declined, and the new German submarine campaign, which started on March 1st, 1916, has made great havoc amongst both Allied and neutral shipping.* Assuming that losses by submarine continue, and the Government does not immediately tackle the question of finishing new merchant vessels and building further ton-

* During the first ten weeks, from March 1st, 1916, German submarines accounted for no fewer than 446,467 tons of Allied and neutral ships.

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nage,* I agree with Mr. R. P. Houston, M.P., that not merely the price of the whole nation's foodstuffs, but also whether these foodstuffs will be available depends on the solving of this shipping problem. He further says that "the price of food" as a topic will yield to another and greater, namely, "Will food be available?" and that this is a national question that concerns every home. No less than 57 per cent. of our shipping is under requisition by the Government, leaving 43 per cent. to the British ship-owners for commercial purposes,† though, as already shown, the regulation of the latter is now under State control, and is being used to the best advantage. A practical shipping friend of mine, who has closely studied this question, is convinced that at the present rate of attrition we shall only have (outside of tonnage requisitioned by the Government) some seven million tons of shipping available for commercial purposes by January, 1917, or just over one-third of our pre-war supply. From whatever point we view the matter, the conclusion is inevitable, that a further considerable rise in the price of food and other necessities is imminent, unless drastic steps are taken to counteract the present shrinkage of tonnage by either, or all, of the following means: (a) The release of vessels from Admiralty requisition; (b) the completion and construction of new vessels; (c) taking over the 42 vessels now under construction for foreign account‡; (d) a blockade of the North Sea, thus driving neutral tonnage into our markets; (e) prohibition of sales of British vessels to foreigners§; (f) speeding up the 11,000,000 tons (about) of steamers now under requisition by the Government.||

There is nothing new or revolutionary about these pro-

* Now that the services of every available shipworker is a pressing national necessity it appears fatuous to employ our men in repairing foreign vessels, as is the case in this country to-day.

† Lord Curzon, House of Lords, May 3rd, 1916.

‡ Mr. Runciman, in the House of Commons, May 11th, 1916. The previous day he stated that only 26 vessels were being built in this country for neutrals.

§ The total number of British vessels of all kinds sold to foreigners during the seventeen months ended December 31st, 1915, was 269, with a total tonnage of 552,407.

|| Cases of official incapacity are still cropping up. Last month a requisitioned steamer was sent from a South Wales port to Liverpool, and, after some time was spent on fitting her out for her intended voyage, *she was found to be too large for the job, and was sent back to South Wales to be fitted for other employment.* And the country pays for the loss of time incurred by such muddling.

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posals, all of which have been advocated in the House of Commons by Mr. Houston and other Members of Parliament, but without any real success. Public pressure, loud and insistent, is the only thing which will have the desired effect on our "wait and see" Government. They have yielded to it on a good number of occasions during this war, and will do so again if this subject is not allowed to drop.

And now my task is finished. I have endeavoured to trace, with a restraint often difficult to curb, but with a strict adherence to facts, the manner in which our 21,000,000 tons of mercantile shipping have been mismanaged, and the disastrous consequences which followed. That I have been compelled to hit hard and often is the fault of those whose want of foresight and stubborn resistance to expert advice have rendered them so open to attack. Never was punishment better deserved, and when the time arrives to settle political accounts with the present Government, I hope and believe that the shipping scandal will be remembered as one of the chief of their many shortcomings, and that those responsible for it will receive short shrift at the hands of a nation of business people.

NOTE.—The appointment of a Minister of Marine is an imperative necessity. It is ridiculous to expect the President of the Board of Trade to look after our huge mercantile marine in addition to his other responsibilities, which include railway, tramway and gas companies, standards of weights and measures, electric lighting, the non-legal machinery of bankruptcy, labour exchanges, trade disputes, the National Insurance Act (Part II.), and the Conciliation Act—truly a staggering list. In an article of mine published in the *Syren and Shipping* (October 27th, 1915), I called attention to the matter. The following quotation therefrom may be of interest:—

"Even without our shipping to look after, he would have enough, and more than enough, to tax his efforts, be he ever such a glutton for work. But his lip quivers not, nor does his hand tremble when receiving his portfolio of office. Consider for a moment the further tremendous duties which this political Colossus assumes in addition to being *amicus curiæ* of the mercantile marine and the British public in their relations to one another. The wonder is that he does

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not either succumb inside of a week under his heavy burden or confess that he is unequal to it."

Can we wonder that Mr. Runciman's health has broken down under such an unnatural strain? He has our grateful sympathy and our wishes for steady recovery. He is the victim of a rotten system, which may have worked well 256 years ago, when Charles II. established "The Board of Trade and Plantations," but long since became ready for the scrap-heap. Let us, then, follow the advice of Mr. W. M. Hughes, and organise our national resources on a business footing, beginning with our mercantile marine.

The British Empire

By Frank P. Slavin

IT is more than probable that a good many readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW may wonder what a retired pugilist, turned soldier in his fifty-sixth year, can have to say about the inner feelings of the Colonies and the Empire and the War—that is, anything worth reading. That wonder is quite natural, for I suppose that very few people in these islands have ever heard anything about me or about my life, outside the boxing ring. But, as a matter of fact, I became a professional pugilist more or less by accident, as most professional pugilists have done. My accident, if I may say so, was directly due to the centuries old antagonism between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, and made me not only a pugilist, but a politician as well, of a kind. It happened this way.

I have always been called a Cornstalk (*i.e.*, a New South Walian), but, as a matter of fact, I am a South Australian by birth, though my father moved to West Maitland, in the Upper Hunter Valley, New South Wales, very soon after my birth, where he took up a big tract of land, and built up a big business in cattle-raising and market produce. So you see that I was a farmer before I became anything else. I might have remained a farmer all my life, if the Irish question had not spread over into Australia and affected my career. Unfortunately my father died in September, 1868, when I was seven years old, leaving my mother with seven children (the eldest a girl of twelve); and a large ranch to run. That was a year of exceptional drought, and she naturally had her hands full. Our nearest neighbours were a family of the name of Campbell, dour Ulstermen, strict Methodists, and rigid Sabbatarians, who were naturally highly annoyed at having to suffer the contamination of a horde of "Papish Beasts" (as they called us) in their vicinity. So they set out to prove the superior loyalty of Ulster, and incidentally

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to save their own souls, by invoking curses on all our enterprises, and by, more actively, assisting their curses to roost by lifting as many of our cattle as they could whenever they found an opportunity of so doing. There were plenty of professional cattle thieves about in those days, but though we suffered at their hands, our heaviest losses were due to the political and religious fervour of the Campbells.

As a material result, my brothers and I always fought the Campbell boys whenever we met them, and a nice little civil war raged until old Campbell caught me one day and gave me the worst hiding (with a stockwhip) I have ever received in my life. I was only nine years old at the time, but he beat me into a senseless condition, and, indeed, very nearly killed me. Of course, I had to get even, though I had to wait thirteen years for the chance.

The big drought of 1872 ruined my mother and sent me off gold-mining—into my real profession, that is to say. For, although I have turned my hand to many callings in my time, the one job I have always come back to is that of mining engineering. Drifting into Sydney around my twentieth year, and coming across old Larry Foley, I remembered the Campbells, and at once settled down to learn all I could about the art of self-defence. After a year's study and practice with Foley, and a few fights, I decided that I could attend to the Campbell family, quite as efficiently as the Huns attended to Belgium in August and September, 1914. So I went back to Maitland and paid the Ulstermen a friendly visit. That was a really great battle royal; but when I came away I felt satisfied that I had paid off old scores with full interest, and had also settled the Irish question in that vicinity.

Old Campbell must be dead now, for his sons were mostly older than me. Still, I hope that they are all as hale and hearty, and that some of them may have joined up with the Australian contingent, in which case I may meet them on one of the fronts, and bury all old animosities in the blood of a few Huns.

There is no reason why such a meeting should not come to pass, for there are any number of men well past the so-called military age in the ranks of the Colonial contingents. We have led harder and rougher lives than you people at home, and those of us who have pulled through

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are as tough as tanned leather and as wiry as whipcord. What is more, we have seen the Empire (together with a few good slices of the rest of the earth), and we know that it is well worth fighting for to the last drop of our blood.

Those of you who have lived out all your days here at home, and have both abused and absorbed abuse of the Empire and its management (particularly the last), may think you know all there is to know about the Empire, but you cannot. A man has got to experience the roughest of rough times, both under the Union Jack and a few other flags, before he can begin to understand everything that the old flag really means. I have myself lived at various times under thirty-two flags (twenty-three of which were variations of the Union Jack), and I have been through both good and bad times under them all; and I have learnt that a man can be assured of better and fairer treatment and a squarer chance under the old flag than he can under any other piece of bunting. It was a gradual discovery, and I did not perhaps think so much of it at the time. In fact, I did not realise that I had made it until I came home this time with my regiment and read your newspapers, and talked with old friends and new acquaintances. It was only then that I got to understand how right Kipling was when he asked :

“What do they know of England, who only England know?”

Now, as it is the Nationalist element which rules in America and in the Colonies, and as there are plenty of Ulstermen in those same States and Colonies who have found that Irish—even Roman Catholic Irish—rule is quite tolerable, so there is no reason why in due course they might not accept it comfortably at home. But I am not here “putting up” for Home Rule. My complaint is that the establishment of Martial Law and the military execution of the rebels were bad blunders. They would have been all right and justifiable if the rebels had been Englishmen or Scotsmen; but I am an Irishman by blood, even if I am now a Canadian Scot, and I claim to know my people. Those executions have only succeeded in making a new host of martyrs, and in offering encouragement to any number of other young Irishmen to emulate Pearse, Connolly and Co., in the hope of earning martyrs’ crowns for themselves.

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No Irishman is ever so really happy as when he is striving for martyrdom; and, on the other hand, no Irishman is ever so really miserable as when he is being made a laughing-stock of. No man, of course, yearns for ridicule, but the threat or fear of being made to look ridiculous would be quite sufficient to deter any Irishman from embarking on any enterprise whatsoever. The settlement of the rebellion—or, rather, the sweeping up of the *débris*—was left to the soldiers and the lawyers, who went about their task as though they were dealing with mutinous soldiers or felons on trial, instead of with a lot of hare-brained fanatics, who honestly believed that they had qualified as heroes of epic poetry. I am quite satisfied that the wisest course would have been to address the leaders (including Sir Roger Casement) in some such style as this: "You have proved to the entire satisfaction of everyone that you prefer Germany to Ireland, and Hun rule to the Union Jack, so go where you will feel happy. We, and Ireland, can easily dispense with your presence, and the Germans *might* be pleased to see you. Run along." You could then have shipped them all over to Hunland, where they might perhaps have learnt wisdom, and *perhaps* also have found their martyrs' crowns outside Verdun.

It may perhaps be objected that this would have given them a fresh opportunity of returning to make new troubles in Ireland. But the risk would surely have been remote. Connolly (the irreconcilable) might perhaps have tried, but he would have been a discredited force; while Pearse and the rest would have had a rude awakening. One feels sure that their experiences among the Huns would have enabled them to discover the Union Jack and all that it means. And just try to imagine the impression which would have been created among Irish-Americans and Irish-Colonials. Martyrdom of the Irish brand would have undergone a really bad slump.

But this you will say has nothing to do with the Colonial view of the war and the Empire. I believe, however, that it has a good deal to do with it, since the eternal Irish Question is one of the only solid quarrels which the Dominions have with the Old Country. So very few of you English people appear to realise the immensity of the Irish element in Colonial politics, and how very largely Irishmen bulk

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in Colonial politics. In fact, I have come to suspect that very few Englishmen indeed really possess any inkling of knowledge about Colonial character, or about the real Empire at all. Yet it is far from being a difficult subject.

Colonials are just Britons. The Colonial character is the British character over again; only more so. Of course, we grumble and sneer at the Old Country at times, just as you English at home sneer and grumble at your own Government. But that is only our way; and it is our way because we are part and parcel of you. In reality, we are fully as proud—prouder even—of the Old Country and of the flag than you are. We know that you have allowed us to govern ourselves in our own way—that you have *trusted* us. Hence, we are willing to fight your battles, which we realise are really ours as well, to the last man and to the last shilling. And hence we are proud to belong to the Empire, and resolved that you shall never have any real trouble with us. We are also able to see why Ireland has always given you all kinds of trouble and will continue to do so until you trust her as you have trusted us. You want to *govern* Ireland, for her own benefit, of course. You have told her so until she is sick and tired of hearing you say so. It is possible, perhaps, that your rule is far more beneficial to her than any Home Rule could be, but the mischief is that the vast majority of Irishmen—both at home and abroad—don't worry about that. It isn't beneficial government they want so much as Irish government. You would feel just the same as they do; in fact, you do. The Germans are quite satisfied that their own Kultur is vastly superior to any other brand, and they honestly believe that you would be ever so much happier if you would but allow them to administer it among you. They really cannot understand how you can be so dense as to refuse; and *you* cannot understand how or why the Irish people are so dense as to be unable to appreciate Dublin Castle Kultur.

It isn't fair to blame them for their inability to realise the Empire when you neither realise it yourselves nor afford them the faintest chance of realising it. All that they know is that they are Irishmen, who have clamoured for self-government, for a *proof* that you really do trust them, for centuries, only to meet with a steadfast and repeated refusal to all their appeals. How in common justice can you com-

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plain when a partner whom you do not and never have trusted, whom you have always told that you do not trust, proves to be occasionally troublesome and always peevish?

You have assembled a congeries of republics, and have welded them—loosely perhaps—but consequently securely, into the mightiest and freest republic the world has ever seen. The Empire has been built up on the foundations of freedom and trust; and there you have the whole secret of Colonial loyalty to England and to the Union Jack. It is *our* Empire and *our* flag. You refused to trust your American Colonies, and lost them. That was a bad day for you, and, I may add, a worse day for them. The clearer-sighted American has at last come to recognise that last-stated fact; for there are scores, nay, hundreds of thousands, of Americans to-day who, though they would be loth to admit the fact, would be happier if their flag was the Union Jack. They would, of course, fight to the death sooner than see it float *over* the Stars and Stripes. But for all their pride in “Old Glory,” in their heart of hearts they are sorry that they ever became separated. How many Americans are to-day serving in the ranks of the Canadian contingents do you think? The total would, I fancy, surprise you. And there are scores of thousands ready and eager to follow if they felt that the Empire ever needed them.

Lust for adventure, perhaps. Well, they and we native Britons, Canadians, Australians, Americans, South Africans and New Zealanders have had our glut of adventure in Alaska and on the Klondyke. But we have swarmed into the recruiting depôts all the same—Britons, Colonials, and Americans alike, irrespective of age or circumstance. There is an old comrade of mine, now in France, a grandfather, as I am myself, but a millionaire, as I am not. He and I packed many a trail together in the Yukon before he made his pile and pulled out to settle down on a ranch on Queen Charlotte Island. Yet he was one of the first to enlist and to see war for the first time at Ypres. The Empire called him, and he heard the call; simply because the Empire is worth fighting and dying for.

Yes, the Old Country is a grand old mother, and we are proud—all of us—to be numbered among her soldiers.

The Secret Constitution of the Shinn Fane

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

ON the concluding page of his "New Ireland," the late A. M. Sullivan foreshadowed, with more than prophetic accuracy, the revival of the I.R.B., the easy suppression of which, some forty years past, led, both on the part of the Government and public, to many false conclusions. Wrote, nearly a quarter of a century ago, this Irish historian and Nationalist journalist: "Above all, it must be borne in mind, that like the party of Kossuth sullenly watching the endeavours of Francis Deak to obtain a measure of Home Rule for Hungary, *there are men in America and in Ireland, few, but not less determined, some of them more desperate than ever, who hope in the breakdown of public effort, to have another chance for the resorts of violence.*" When these words were penned, most people assumed that the last had been heard of Fenianism—the prisoners had nearly all been amnestied, the attempt to prepare the way for a revolution in Ireland by a secret society had apparently failed and been abandoned. Those, however, who believed that the project had been relinquished after the fiasco of the 'sixties, reckoned without their host, although appearances were in favour of their view, for the conspiracy was then disorganised and shattered; the rank and file of the I.R.B. remained, but there were few local leaders. The impulse of resuscitation came from America, when arrived in London from New York an envoy of the F.B. (the Transatlantic wing of Fenianism) endowed with Ambassadorial powers of a high order. With that want of politeness which so unhappily characterises perfidious Albion, this distinguished diplomat in our midst was overlooked in the invitations to the Lord Mayor's annual banquet; neither was he presented to Her Majesty. Perhaps these discourteous

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omissions were due to the fact that during the month of fogs the High Plenipotentiary evaded inhaling our "London particular" by the remarkable expedient of never quitting for some forty days and nights an Irish public-house in Wardour Street, Soho. And unlike Elijah, this eminent, if officially unacknowledged, member of the *corps diplomatique* never, during the period of his self-internment, eagerly scanned the pea-soup-coloured firmament for the advent of ravens bearing him manna. His Excellency was not a "fasting man." Quoth to me the landlord of the caravanserai which had the honour of housing the distinguished foreign guest: "Begorra, your honour, this house will never see such times again. We had all the head men of the organisation every night here for more than a month. This is the sort of life it was. Every night, from seven o'clock on, a crowd of the boys would drop in one after the other, and all with the same inquiry, 'Is himself right yet?' And, God forgive me, what could I do but tell a damned lie and say that Mr. D. O'S. was terribly busy on his dispatches for New York, and couldn't see anybody at all, at all, even if it were the Holy St. Peter hot-foot from Rome." I had been privileged, in 1886, to inspect Peter Cowel's ledger for the memorable period of the Ambassador's mission. With an emotion that moved me to tears, I read in the worthy landlord's diary such gems as, "Mr. O'Donovan is getting into the jim-jams; he opened the window last night of Mr. O'Sullivan's bedroom and fired off into Wardour Street the revolvers he brought from Merv. Michael Davitt went out looking as black as a crow. He says Mr. O'Donovan had better have stayed with the Turcomans. Mem.: Two gallons of malt for Mr. O'S.'s room last night; that makes forty-three gallons of whisky; but he gets plenty of money from America, so, Peter, you are all right." It might have been matter-of-fact old Pepys again! *Eh bien!* When the great thirst of forty days had been reasonably assuaged, His Excellency proceeded on a tour of inspection of the scattered units of the Brotherhood, accompanied by the founder of the Land League and Edmund O'Donovan, the famous special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who to the day of his death with Hicks Pasha in the Soudan was imbued with an extraordinary taste for the business of Irish con-

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spiracy. I must pay a tribute to the memory of O'Donovan, who was the most earnest and sincere believer in the righteousness of the Fenian cause I ever met. Far from deriving any financial emolument from the conspiracy, the large profits which he derived from his works of travel were always placed with a free hand at the disposal of the Brotherhood, and before leaving on his ill-omened journey to Khartoum he bequeathed all his property in trust for the then treasurer of the I.R.B., Pat Egan, M.P., sometime baker's clerk, treasurer of the Dublin Invincibles, and United States Minister to Chili when the writer was serving in the Chilian Congressional Civil War. The triumvirate were accompanied in their Odyssey by another trio, one of an order of mankind poetically distinguished as myrmidons, but recognised by the vulgar as police. And wherever progressed His Excellency, and Michael Davitt, and the unsuspecting war correspondent, so also did three Irish detectives from Old Scotland Yard. In brief, the whole task of the re-establishment of this secret society throughout Ireland and England was effected about the end of 1878; and since then, up to the big split in the ranks of the conspiracy after the Phoenix Park assassinations, the Fenians fondly believed that the organisation maintained an unsuspected existence.

The real truth was that every step taken to reunite the scattered units of the I.R.B. was daily reported to my friend the late Sir Edward Howard Vincent, chief, by grace of Mr. Gladstone, of the newly-constituted Criminal Investigation Department. Once revived in Ireland, Fenianism, as time went on, waxed strong, and communicated a new lease of life to the organisation on the other side of the Atlantic, where it expanded into the ill-famed Clan-na-Gael. And in Ireland and the United Kingdom the I.R.B. soon followed the example of the American wing—that of forming Secret Circles under the cloak of legal associations. This system of masking a treasonable society was initiated by the capture to Fenian purposes of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Then came the turn of the Young Ireland Society—a band of harmless romantic dreamers—and, finally, the greater part of the conspiracy was, without attracting the attention of the outer world, carried on behind the branches of another association of impracticable visionaries—the now

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notorious Shinn Fane. Here is how the system worked. The Circles of the I.R.B. being independent of each other, the detection of one—should Dublin Castle deem it politic to “detect”—could compromise none outside its own members. Each club, or rather branch, of an openly constituted club has its own name, and is attached to an I.R.B. Circle, outsiders, of course, being able to distinguish the one from the other. The club is not the Circle—only a portion thereof. The members of the branch of the Shinn Fane are not compelled to join the Circle of the I.R.B., but association and the force of opinion almost invariably drive the whole of the one into the other. Since the reawakening of the conspiracy the constitution of the I.R.B. has undergone some important modifications. A system of decentralisation in the administration of the organisation has been developed since the German influence was definitely imported into it in 1913. The date more than suggests that Germany, the year before the war, was reorganising, both in Ireland and the United States, the wings of the Irish Revolutionary Society to her own purpose. When I learned in May, 1913, that German Staff officers had been touring Ireland, I said to my old friend General Sir Alfred Turner, “This means business; the German eagle is poisoning for a swoop.” The constitution of the I.R.B. of to-day is strongly suspect of Teutonic systematic thoroughness. I succeeded, while engaged on my Shinn Fane mission last September, in obtaining a copy of the code of laws adopted by the Divisional Executive of the Munster Province of the I.R.B. Here are some interesting extracts from the code through which the Shinn Fane or I.R.B. was ruled by certain luckless patriots who were recently interviewed in Dublin by a firing party:—1. No man is to be admitted into the I.R.B. or to be recognised as a citizen or soldier of the Republic until he has taken the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, *which will be declared within six months following the outbreak of war between England and Germany.** Previous to administering the oath of allegiance the man’s name shall be proposed and seconded as a fit and

* The period expanded to the autumn of last year when I resolved to go over to Ireland. Then the premature circulation of what I called in my ignored report the “Fiery Cross Manifesto” postponed the declaration of the very last of the globe’s Republics. Finally the event took place on May 1st, 1916.

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proper person to become a member at an ordinary meeting of the Circle, and if a majority of those present vote in favour of his admission, the oath can be administered.

2. No man, however, if a member of any factional or non-Republican association, to be enlisted until he has first broken off his connection with such association.

7. Every member is bound to protect the secrets and guard the safety of the I.R.B. Any member speaking of its secrets to persons outside its ranks, or neglecting to report a brother member so doing to his knowledge, is to be expelled the ranks of the I.R.B.

11. Every Circle is to be divided into "companies." "A" company is to consist of not less than eighty men—to be expanded to two hundred and fifty—and is to be under the control of an officer, who shall be entitled a "B" or captain. A Circle is to consist of not less than eleven hundred men, and is commanded by a Centre, or Commandant,* who will be addressed in the I.R.B. as the "A."

14. Every Circle shall be governed by an executive of three—the Centre, Secretary, and Treasurer.

The duties of the "A" are to receive all information and instruction for his Circle, to conduct all correspondence for his command, to settle all disputes between his "B's" and his "C's" (sergeants),† to be responsible for the safe keeping of all war material for the Circle, to expel or otherwise punish all offenders in the Circle, to superintend the election of a "B" for each company, to issue orders for all general meetings of the members, and to appoint a vigilance committee in his unit.

18. The duties of the Secretary are to receive and keep an account of all money paid by the "B's," and hand it over to the Treasurer.

19. The duties of the Treasurer are to receive from the Secretary all subscriptions received within the Circle, and place the same in the hands of Trustees duly elected; and to receive the same from the Trustees whenever required by the Centre for the purchase of war material should a favourable opportunity occur for so doing.

* This looks suspiciously alike to the organisation of a German battalion.

† Very Irish this, and not at all German, where officers and non-coms. cannot indulge in disputes, and is quite different from the old I.R.B. organisation as I knew it when with General Buller in Kerry in 1886.

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The whereabouts of the arms of the Circle shall only be known to the executive of the unit, the Commandant, Secretary, and Treasurer.

34. No stranger presenting himself to any Centre, unless properly accredited as a messenger from a "V," or as a member in danger of arrest, shall be received or recognised by such Centre.

41. Every Centre shall appoint a Vigilance Committee of not less than three or more than nine members, who shall be known to no member or officer of the Circle but the Commandant.

43. The members of the Vigilance Committee shall be unknown to each other. No member shall know any other member save the Vigilance "B," unless two members are required to perform any duty beyond the power of one to accomplish, in which case the Vigilance "B" shall introduce the two members to each other.

46. Should the Centre of the Circle discover that the identity of the Vigilance Committee, or any member thereof, is known to any member of his Circle, he shall forthwith disband the said Vigilance Committee and form a new one.

47. A black list of all traitors, spies, and other criminals against the I.R.B. will be placed in the hands of each Centre, who shall read it to all the members of his Circle; any members known to hold correspondence or intercourse with any man whose name appears on the black list, to be immediately expelled, and never readmitted into the I.R.B.

48. *It shall be the duty of every Centre to forward to his own "V" for transmission to the President of Public Safety all cases of treachery, etc., in his Circle with an accurate description of the offenders, and it shall be the duty of every Centre to preserve the black list given to him for reference whenever needed.*

49. Any Centre or other member of the Circle's Executive losing or mislaying any dangerous document, such as these rules, to be for ever expelled from the ranks of the I.R.B.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

Rules 41 to 48 of the Code in force in the Province of Munster, it will be perceived, provide for the establishment

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and organisation of an I.R.B. secret police; and especially rule 48, with its ominous reference to that body, which in the conspiracy is styled with grim irony the Committee of Public Safety, may be regarded as a key to the lurid cloud of mystery that surrounded the circumstances of certain murders which have puzzled the authorities during the last half-dozen years in Dublin, Galway, and in Kerry. These deeds, as well as several others, which, being unsuccessful attempts at assassination, have attracted less attention, have in no small wise aided the invisible Directory in maintaining its sway over the conspiracy, as they have shown in fearful earnest with what willingness and ability instruments can be found to deal with those who have incurred its vengeance, or even suspicion. The power of this secret Directory was simply autocratic. It wielded a marvellous influence over the mass of dupes it controlled, an influence ludicrously out of proportion to the ability or personal character of those who commanded it. Down below in the rank and file of the Shinn Fane or the I.R.B.—for be it always remembered that both mean one and the same—and above them again among the various grades of the organisation a profound mystery attached itself to the Supreme Directory, and impossible societies of distinguished Irishmen were believed to meet together in the Council Chamber to discuss in all its bearings the secret alliance between Hun and Hibernian. The proclamation of a short-lived Irish Republican Government disclosed the identity of the august hierarchy, whose rule over the Shinn Fane was expressed in a maxim which was rigidly adhered to, *viz.*, THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS. Who were they? A petty newspaper shop proprietor, a brace of schoolmasters, half a dozen young civilians whose poetic talents were tempered by fierce desire to undertake the direction of military operations evolved from their inner consciousness, and, lastly, John McBride, whilom commander in the Boer War of a Falstaffian Brigade of exactly ninety-one officers and men, and who, after successfully dodging the hangman in Ireland, was amnestied, and retired to France, where, Saturday eve, he with hearty vigour larruped his wife, beautiful daughter and heiress of a former Colonel of our "White Uhlands"—the 17th Lancers. Of course, by this time another Shinn Fane or I.R.B. Directory has been constituted, one which

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will be equally blown out with its own self-importance, for the Dublin fiasco has by no means disposed of Irish conspiracy. Rather has it been driven into more subterranean channels, until we are rudely reminded of its continued existence by some startling event, and then we all over here in the thriving market towns of London and Westminster will look at each other and, shaking our noddles, mutter: "Well, now, who would have thought it?"

The Directory, the military ability of which would have been laughed to scorn by the junta of any of the periodical revolutions in the most tin-pot of Central American Republics, used, as connecting links with the units of the society, a species of travelling inspectors of Circles known as Provincial Organisers or "V." It was through discovering the identity of one of these gentry that last September I was enabled to satisfy myself as to the complicity of the admirable Mr. Koenig, late lessee of the South-Western Railway, Killarney, with the surreptitious disposal of petrol to an enemy submarine. This by the way.

Now the question will be asked, "Is the Shinn Fane, or its now openly-revealed actuating force the I.R.B., scotched for some years to come?" To which I unhesitatingly reply, "Not a bit of it!" As long as this organisation exists the security of Ireland remains in deadly peril. In my report, which for some weird and wonderful reason was ignored by the authorities directly concerned, I insisted that in the Shinn Fane sphere of influence in Western Kerry, the feeling was predominant in favour of the chances of a successful German raid. I have always maintained that in dealing with this particular danger our special difficulty will arise from the sea-fogs which with lightning-like celerity cloak the harbour-indented coast of Connaught and Munster. Here is a concrete and not generally known instance: A few years past, at the annual Naval Manœuvres, the problem to be solved was to smuggle a squadron inferior in gun power, and considerably inferior in speed, into Killary Harbour (a bay some twenty miles north of the little island upon which the writer first saw the light) in the face of the hostility of a superior foe against which the first-mentioned fleet was pitted. With one accord it was said by everyone from admiral to "snotty," that the task was humanly impossible; for that

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on the arrival of fleet number one, fleet number two would be in waiting, and would theoretically send to blazes the raiders. And such it would have been, but for the weather. I laid an even sovereign with a captain of No. 2 fleet that the invaders would dodge the blockaders—and I won. For I smelt the approach of one of my native fogs. When number one approached the entrance to Killary Harbour there descended an aqueous mantle so thick that it was nigh impossible to see the stern of the ship next ahead at one cable interval. As had been anticipated by the admiral of the raiding squadron, No. 2 fleet was awaiting the arrival of the "enemy." But, screened by the timely fog, number one made good the duty it had been called to perform; and when morning broke, number two had the mortification to see her adversaries snugly and safely ensconced in the bay to which they could never have attained had it not been for the elusive West Irish sea-fog. A raid brought off under these favouring conditions and an anti-English conspiracy pervading the hinterland of Connaught and Ulster—such is still one of the surprises that might be sprung upon us in the war of surprises.

For Ireland, as I write, is, in the west and south, seething with a rebellious movement scattered in its elements, but awaiting the first opportunity to reunite. The Home Rule party is regarded by the Shinn Faners as having been gradually monopolised by ultra-Conservative influences. When engaged on my Irish mission for the Anti-German Union last autumn, I heard a Shinn Fane organiser tell his audience that the aspirations of the New Ireland movement are not heeded or even understood by the Redmonds or Devlins. In the speech of this firebrand a significant expression of policy was disclosed: "We allow John Redmond to hold the form of authority while we are preparing our own course." That this was not mere talking "hot air" is shown by the completeness with which the Provisional Government sprang into being. Long before the "Irish Republic" emerged it had existed below the surface. The rally of the youth of the country to the standard of rebellion was foretold in 1913 to German Staff officers by Casement; the postage stamps and the flags of the new republic were all there; and even Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon were so completely out of touch

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with this subterranean business in active progress in their midst that they accepted the information on the Shinn Fane supplied to Mr. Redmond by Mr. Birrell, although the late Chief Secretary knew less about the real potentialities of the Shinn Fane than I did before I proceeded to get the threads of the conspiracy into my hands. The catching and shooting of a few spring poets will not, as supposed by the English Press, ensure the collapse of the I.R.B. disguised as Shinn Faners. Rather will the deep spirit of Celtic revenge induced by these fusilladings act as an effective recruiting agent for the Circles of the Brotherhood. And that Brotherhood emphasises the influence of Socialistic principles upon the Irish youth. For let it be clearly understood by my readers that this latest departure in Irish conspiracy is pure Socialism, and as such appeals to those optimistic Celts who fondly believe that everyday economic problems would be solved by the State—as represented by the long-plotted-for Irish Republic—which would become a benevolent partner in everybody's business. Surely, to arrive at such a desirable consummation, "it's worth while coddling the Germans a bit," said, with a meaning droop of his left eyelid, a light of the Shinn Fane hierarchy to me last year in Tralee. And this is the really dangerous spirit which the Irish authorities will find, sooner or later, is the actuating factor of the conspiracy. And the ghastly irony of it is that this Socialistic madness in the sister isle has been nourished for military purposes by the most autocratic and anti-Socialistic sovereignty on the face of our distracted globe. The Grosser Generalstab in Berlin have, in the Irish adventure, subordinated military policy to a political consideration, and the higher command still, from that point of view, look on a diversion in Ireland as being of the first importance. The Germans cling obstinately to the designs they have conceived, and which seem to them propitious from the very fact that they have germinated in their own minds. It is a fixed idea in Berlin that the Irish conspiracy will be speedily reconstituted, so I expect to learn any day that the Kaiser's secret agents have embarked upon a new career of activity in the perturbed sister isle, in virtue of the thorough-going Teutonic principle that elements of trouble among the enemy must always be exploited.

The Eye of the Navy

By D. Hugh Sway

Now that the spectre of disaster raised by the extraordinary tone of the first announcement issued by the Admiralty to the Press has faded into the assurance of victory, it is to be hoped that in the general sensation of relief which the publication of the whole truth has brought us the lessons to be gathered from the Battle of Horn Reef will not be lost sight of by our Government.

It is not open to doubt that the enemy cruisers creeping northwards were informed by their aerial scouts of the proximity of Admiral Beatty's unsupported squadron. Through them it was also known that the main body of the British Fleet under Admiral Jellicoe was many miles away. The Zeppelins, with their unlimited range of vision and their wireless installations, were the eyes of the German ships, while Admiral Beatty was forced to rely upon the limited slow speed of his sea scouts. Had the British Navy been supplied with airships equal to the Zeppelins or superior to them, Admiral Jellicoe would have been able to join the battle in time to inflict severe punishment, and possibly to annihilate the German naval forces. But as they have been sufficiently crippled to check their audacity for some time to come we have now an opportunity, better late than never, to render our Navy superior to that of our enemies in this respect as in all others.

We use the word "superior" advisedly, for we need not only Zeppelins, but super-Zeppelins. At present the Germans have by years of labour, encouraged by the State, by constant practice since the war began, succeeded in evolving a type of airship which gives them complete mastery of the air so far. This ascendancy may not have given our enemies any great advantage from the military point of view. In none of the raids upon our shores have the Zeppelins succeeded in inflicting serious damage. Our historical monuments are still intact, so are our munition works and barracks. But the advantage they confer upon our foes when it comes to naval operations is undeniable. It has been proved by the Battle of Horn Reef, and every subsequent conflict upon the sea will demonstrate it more clearly.

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We cannot afford to leave our Navy in its present state of semi- if not total myopia. As long as we labour under this disability it is highly improbable that we shall attain our main object—the destruction of German naval power.

Unfortunately, the blindness from which our Navy suffers is merely the lamentable result of equal, and, we fear, inveterate blindness, among those Government officials who are responsible for the equipment and efficiency of our Fleet as far as its *matériel* is concerned. It is absurd to contend that it is now too late to wrest from the Germans their pre-eminence in aerial navigation. But before we give eyes to our Fleet we must cure the purblindness of the bureaucrats in the Admiralty who have consistently during the past six or seven years not only refused to admit the utility of airships, but set themselves to obstruct in every possible way their construction by private enterprise.

It appeared early in 1913 as if the Admiralty officials had at last realised the error of their obstinacy, for they then authorised the great armament firm, Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., to construct a dirigible airship of the Zeppelin type, modified to suit the requirements of the British Navy. It was to be built under the supervision of Sir Philip Watts, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Ottley, Sir Percy Girouard, and the officers of the Air Department of the Admiralty, who had accepted the design and specifications thereof.

Following upon this order, Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth purchased a large tract of arable land near Selby, in Yorkshire, ejected the existing farmers, felled trees, built roads, sheds, plant, etc., necessary to carry out the rapid building of airships for the Government. Subsequently, in February, 1914, when the work was in full swing, the Admiralty suddenly discovered that they did not need airships! As a result, it was suspended, and all hands dismissed. A few weeks later, on March 17th, Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, made a speech in which he referred with derision to the supposed utility of airships. "Any hostile aircraft," he declared, "which might reach our shores during the coming year would be promptly attacked by a swarm of formidable hornets."

On several other occasions Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a valuable politician of the "blue-skies" school, has publicly expressed his contempt for aerial machines constructed

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with a view to long flight and high speed. More than any other Cabinet Minister is he responsible for the blindness of our Navy. During his tenure of office at the Admiralty he invariably refused to advocate the evolution or organisation of an adequate and homogeneous aerial fleet for the protection of our shores and our ships. He discouraged any such project on the score of expense, and ruthlessly crushed any interest shown by his subordinates towards new inventions or ideas in the domain of aerial navigation.

We will confine ourselves to one such instance. In October, 1914, at the time when Mr. Churchill, arrayed in a semi-naval uniform, was assuring the Municipal Authorities in Antwerp that he was going to save the city from the invaders, Lord Plymouth was giving his moral and financial assistance to a scheme for the construction of a fast and powerful sea-going super-plane, specially designed to carry a load of high explosives by a well-known aeronautical engineer whose plans had passed the tests imposed by the French military and naval experts. The work commenced in Paris had been transported to St. Fagan's Castle—Lord Plymouth's country seat—and was approaching completion when a peremptory order to stop the building of the airships came from the Admiralty. No reasons were given by Mr. Churchill for this arbitrary interference with a private enterprise. The work which would have endowed our Fleet with the eyes it still lacks was thereupon abandoned; nor was the engineer permitted to continue it elsewhere under direct supervision of the Admiralty, to whom he offered his services. Besides the important task of aerial reconnaissance at sea, this flying machine was destined by its inventor to be the pioneer of an aerial offensive, whose object would have been to drop bombs on the Kiel Canal, Essen, and other strongholds within our enemy's frontiers—an adventure for which our existing aeroplanes are not adapted. In sharp contrast to the hostility of the British Admiralty is the importance attached by Germany to the invention of this engineer, for after several ineffectual efforts made during Zeppelin raids upon Paris, a bomb was finally dropped upon the sheds where this particular airship was in process of materialisation before the war broke out. Ignorant of the fact of its removal to England, they determined to strangle the super-Zeppelin at its birth. That task, however, was performed by Mr. Winston Churchill.

There Resteth to Serbia a Glory—

By Alice and Claude Askew

THE battle of Kossovo, on June 15th (old style) in 1389 plunged the entire nation into mourning, for practically the whole of Serbia's manhood perished on the fatal plain. The Turks took possession not only of Serbia, but of Hungary, and all the valley of the Danube; and during the next four centuries (1400-1804) Serbia suffered cruelly at the hands of her foes, but the women who sang the old battle-songs to their children kept the national spirit alive; the day came round at last when the Serbs were enabled to throw off the Turkish yoke, to regain their freedom, and then the poetical nature of the Serb displayed itself in the yearly commemoration of Kossovo. Men and women mourned for the dead heroes with a fine sincerity—the cavaliers who had perished nobly over five hundred years ago; they talked with an intimate knowledge of the fight that made the green plain, according to an old Turkish chronicler, like a tulip-bed—a tulip-bed composed of severed heads and rolling turbans, they praised King Lazar and the hero, Milos Obilick, with tears in their eyes.

Most people know something about the tragedy of the Serbian retreat, but the tragedies that took place at Corfu are also great in number, for here the Serbian Army had to watch their stricken comrades dying in their thousands. The total number of deaths slightly exceeds 20,000, and these were the men who had struggled so hard for their lives—men who had hoped, the trials and perils of the march over, to regain their strength at Corfu.

The British soldiers we met on the island had grim tales to tell about the terrible condition of the Serbs when they first began to land there. One hefty young transport driver grew curiously eloquent as he described some of the men he had helped to feed on their arrival.

"They crowded round us, smelling the food as it were, their eyes wolfish with hunger, the bones showing through

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their skin—tattered skeletons. They pushed; they almost fought to get at the bread, but directly some of the poor chaps put a bit into their mouths they choked an' died. They couldn't swallow, they were too far gone." Our friend paused, his face hardened. "The Bulgars have got to pay for all this later on; they will have to face us as well as the Serbs, an' by God they shall pay." His eyes, his voice suddenly got very soft and pitiful. "An' the Serbs don't know even yet what's going on at home. Rape and bloodshed most like, an' their kids starving; their little plots of land made waste ground—ain't it awful? What should we be feeling, I wonder, if a whole pack of Huns an' Bulgars had been let loose in England an' no army left to fight 'em, 'cos we were all somewhere else? I don't know how we'd stand the thoughts of our women——." He paused, and did not finish his sentence, but his speech only reflected the general attitude of mind that our troops out here have for the Serbs. They not only admire them as brave men, but they feel a great compassion for the exiles; they want to fight with them shoulder to shoulder in the future; they are filled with a generous desire to avenge Serbia's wrongs.

The Serbs respond whole-heartedly to the British. Curious little friendships have struck up between Serbs and Englishmen; they talk in a funny broken language; they swear by each other; they are pals in the truest sense of the word. The two races are both a little shy of the French, and savagely contemptuous of the Greeks, but full of mutual esteem, mutual trust.

We are glad ourselves to have said good-bye to Corfu and sailed with the Serbian Army to Salonika, for here we see fine sunburnt troops, the tall khaki-clad hardy soldiers who have regained their strength; we have left the sickly and the dying behind; we have got into a fighting atmosphere once more; we have turned our backs on hospitals and graveyards and disease.

But we cannot forget the men left behind at Corfu—the six thousand odd soldiers who still fill the hospitals, and are taking their time to die, for the seal of death is upon most of these poor fellows; they lie utterly spent and exhausted upon their beds, so emaciated by the privations they have undergone that in many cases their arms, even

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their wasted legs, are no thicker than a woman's wrist. They are so weak that they cannot lift a weary hand to brush the flies away that settle on their faces, but they smile gratefully at the doctors and nurses, who, alas! can do so little for them, and they die very quietly, for the same wonderful patience distinguishes them in their death agony as in life.

Up at one of the English hospitals at Corfu—a hospital we were specially interested in—it was found a difficult matter after a time to procure wood for coffins, so twigs had to be sought and long coffins made of basket-work, otherwise the dead would have had to be buried merely in their winding-sheets.

The soldiers who died in their thousands on the Island of Vido had their bodies mostly committed to the sea; but it is generally felt now that this was a mistake, for later on the relatives of these dead heroes may desire to visit their graves, but there was not even a green plot of earth to be found for those starved victims of the march, or the cholera and the typhus patients. They were given to the sea and the fishes.

A few days before we left Corfu, however, a moving ceremony took place on Vido. A nursing sister—all honour to the gentle womanly instinct—and two or three young Red Cross men felt that it would be a fitting tribute to put up a simple little grey stone cross to the memory of the Serbs who had died on the island.

A cross was raised, a small, most unpretentious cross and a pope of the Greek Church undertook to dedicate the cross and say a mass. Quite by accident, the Prince Regent heard of the proposed simple little ceremony. Deeply touched, Alexander announced his intention of attending the dedication service, and what was to have been a simple service became a great function.

The Prince Regent arrived on the deserted island—for Vido has had to be abandoned, having become such a plague-spot—he brought all his staff with him, and English and French Generals and officers came over, and leading Greeks from Corfu. For a little while Vido was crowded whilst a great circle did honour to the dead; but by nightfall the island was left once more to its solemn peace.

The pale moonbeams played softly round the little stone

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cross raised to the memory of the Serbian dead, and the lapping waves sang a gentle requiem; but no other sound broke the silence that has settled over Vido, and no other sound will ever break it. Here is, indeed, the silence of deep sleep.

A little stone cross, and no more fitting monument could have been raised to the men who perished on Vido than this simple cross, for the soldiers who drew their last breath on the island were very simple, humble men; the only lesson they thoroughly understood, perhaps, was how to do their duty—how to die uncomplainingly for Serbia.

They were just peasants—poet peasants who had become soldiers at their country's call. They had been fighting for a great many years some of them, and they were all very weary, and far from their wives and their children, and their homes; so doubtless it was not difficult to die, and we can well believe that they saw Jesus, the Carpenter's son—Christ, the son of God, hanging on His cross, as they gave up their breath, and that the peasant of Galilee led these brave, simple souls into His Father's mansions:—

There resteth to Serbia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to Serbia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation
Of the mourning heart of a widow'd nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation!

History continues to repeat itself. These Serbian lines, so ably translated by Owen Meredith, apply just as well to the men who have perished during the present war as to the cavaliers of Kossovo; for there, indeed, rests a glory to Serbia at the present moment, she is glorified through her dead. Not a life laid down—either on the battlefield, during the retreat or on the isle of refuge—can be considered a wasted life, for the men who have been spared from the red reaping and the generations yet unborn will not lightly forget these soldiers. Like the heroes of Kossovo they will be honoured and mourned eternally by their nation; their names, like stars, will circle Serbia's forehead when she once more rises from the dust.

For she will rise; the soldiers waiting restlessly at Salonika, the resurrected Serbian army, have no doubt at all

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on that point, for they believe in God; they believe in justice; and they also have, notwithstanding our failure to support them last year, a most intense belief in England. But we, for our own part, must take it as a most solemn duty and trust, not to expose all that is left of the Serbian army to an over-rigorous campaign, nor to strike till by mere force of arms we are certain of victory in the Balkans. It would never do to sacrifice this little handful of Serbs, whose one idea now is to hurl themselves at the Bulgars and force a path home, to win at any cost, for it must not be forgotten that nearly all Serbia's manhood is stationed at Salonika. Her army represents the nation's life, and this army must be guarded—preserved. The Allies dare not, for very honour's sake, allow any undue risks to be taken by the Serbs when the advance is made; they owe it to the Serbian dead to do their duty by the Serbian living.

“There resteth to Serbia a glory.” Ah! but a glory not fully understood even by her friends; for over and over again, since the Hun and Bulgar conquest, she has been spoken of as a dead nation by those who should know better, for nations like Serbia do not die. No conqueror can stamp out a divine spark, the sacred fire of freedom; no ruthless oppressor can rob Serbia of her martyred sons, for they have joined the ranks of the immortals, and the womb of Serbia will bear fruit in the future, and the children sucking at her breasts will listen to what their mother is singing :

Yea, so long as a babe shall be born,
Or there resteth a man in the land—
So long as a blade of corn
Shall be reaped by a human hand—
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo—
So long, so long, even so,
Shall the glory of those remain
Who this day in battle were slain.

Industrial France since the War

By André Lebon

(Ex-Minister of Commerce.)

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, the greatest of our statesmen, and one who knew us well, said of us that "our enemies, unable to take adequate measures against our constant changes of policy, could not find time either to profit by our faults."

These words of Louis XIII.'s celebrated Minister came into my mind while thinking over a few aspects of the present industrial position in France. Foreigners, struck principally by the gay good-humour and the impulsive genius of the French race, are too apt to reproach us with lightness and frivolity. The accusation is exaggerated, if not unjust, for when needed we display qualities the exact opposite of these superficial faults. Yet whatever may be thought on this subject, no one can deny to the French race an extraordinary facility in adapting itself at once to the most unforeseen circumstances, no matter how critical or how grievous these may be. The happenings in the industrial world during the last twenty months stand for proof.

One may say that in August, 1914, nearly everyone shared in the fundamental error of the military and economic authorities—viz., that the war, by throwing into the field tremendous masses of men armed with the most terrible weapons of destruction and at a staggering money-cost, must necessarily be short and crushing.

From this mistaken idea came that other error which prevailed in our army organisation before the war—viz., that all workshops must be instantly closed and every man hurried to the frontiers so as to stem the invasion; with the inevitable result that, six months after the declaration of war, we found ourselves not merely impoverished through the occupation of our manufacturing departments of the north and east, but also because all our other com-

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mercial and agricultural industries were suddenly brought to a standstill by the mobilisation of their best hands, engineers, overseers, and others, who had been called to the colours. A few exceptions had been made for a limited number of factories working solely for the army, but one single example will show how restricted these exceptions were. The heads of departments, whose business it was to judge, estimated the number of shells required at ten times less than the daily need proved to be, with the result that the production of one particular type of shell was ten times less than the artillery called for.

Thus in September, 1914, all industrial civil life was shut down, and the industrial life of the army was most inadequately provided for. We may take it that out of every hundred pre-war workmen, twenty-four were mobilised, but the disorganisation thus caused in the workshops obliged half at least of these to close. Forty-two workmen found themselves thrown out, and only thirty-four continued in employment. The disaster was great, and the social misery which must necessarily follow was to be dreaded from many points of view.

Nevertheless, fifteen months later, in January, 1915, official statistics proved that enforced idleness had completely disappeared. More than this: if to the number of those at work you add the 24 per cent. with the army, you find the total number of these and those to have increased by 1 per cent. in comparison with the normal number. And this in spite of salaries, on the whole, higher than in pre-war days, the reason being that, to supply the demand, it was necessary to increase the hours of work and to raise the minimum wage. Again, the Army would only consent to release the most indispensable specialists in each trade; a large number of women were therefore taken on to replace the ordinary workmen. Nearly 110,000 women were employed at one and the same time in the factories working for the artillery and the engineers, and many others, with the object of entering civil industries, were being taught trades from which hitherto they had been excluded. Certain factories even transformed their entire plant so as to make it easier of manipulation by feminine fingers. The hat factories, for instance, substituted aluminium shapes for the much heavier shapes in zinc.

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Results such as these have only been obtained by an immense and costly effort : on the part of the workmen who have adapted themselves to new conditions ; on the part of the women who have undertaken manual labour ; and on the part of those captains of industry who have either brought their old machinery up to date for dealing with new needs, or who have constructed immense new factories in order to provide the country with those goods which up to now she has lacked.

France thus presents the following paradox : At the very moment that the German occupation deprives her of two-thirds of her raw and semi-raw materials, and she is obliged in consequence to beg for coal and iron and steel from England and the United States—a condition of things which has contributed not a little to prolong in England the erroneous idea that we are not an industrial people—she forges new tools so as to become, and actually does become, a greater manufacturing and industrial country than ever before.

And do not make any mistake : this transformation, or, more correctly stated, this addition of new centres of industry to pre-existing ones, is no temporary expedient, but is inspired by the desire to prepare a permanent future. The Frenchman is not wasteful by nature—not, at least, in his private life. One might even reproach him with being too close-fisted in business questions, and not looking far enough ahead. But in the present circumstances his traditional instinct has been a sure guide. He realises that since necessity forces him to an immense effort of reorganisation, it is just as well to arrange to profit by this when the war is over, so that France on the cessation of hostilities should find herself—putting aside the ruined edifices in the north and east, which must be rebuilt—in the possession of more modern machinery and of an organisation better fitted for Army needs than ever before.

Here is an instance, very much to the point, which has just come under my personal observation. The manager of a certain factory which had fallen into the hands of the Germans found himself alone in Paris without the support of a single one of his directors, all of whom were retained as hostages by the enemy, but in a Paris bank stood £4,000 belonging to the company. There was no one to give him

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orders, no one to whom he could ask advice except one of the company's largest shareholders who was living near him. This did not trouble him. Strong in the approval of the single shareholder, he decided to use the £4,000 in the construction of a shell factory. But with an eye on the future he fitted up this factory with machinery of a superior type to that strictly necessary for the immediate object in view, in order to utilise later these machines for the production of goods which France needed before the war, and which are the normal complement of the ordinary work which this company produces.

An intelligent, determined, and far-seeing man, this manager; nor is he the only one of his kind.

You may be sure that if France has set herself to produce daily almost twice the number of shells that Lloyd George can turn out from his munition factories—shells of which a large part are destined for our Allies—she has no intention of letting her energies slack later on during the campaigns of peace.

These efforts, we must not forget, have been the work of private individuals, as much, or perhaps more so, than of public bodies. Not only have the State arsenals been reorganised for increased production, but private workshops have been reorganised more radically still.

Here is the procedure followed:—With the exception of Paris, where the Government has, in general, dealt directly with the hundreds of big manufacturers who live there, the rest of France has been divided up into fifteen districts. At the head of each district is a representative man chosen from the most important manufacturers round about. With him alone the Government draws up its contracts, and he undertakes to find, even if necessary to create, every requisite appliance for the complex manufacture of shells. All sub-contracts he carries through by himself.

As regards the other things we lack, such as heavy artillery, tools and materials for trench-making, gun-carriages, chemicals employed in explosives, etc., the course followed has been different. Under the management of first-rate civil engineers, manufactories have arisen perfect in every detail, and many of the greatest importance in output. In some cases these have received direct financial support from the State. In others they have worked on ordinary busi-

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ness contracts to deliver goods. In all cases, of course, the work is done under the strict control of State inspectors, who are required to verify every detail and every stage in the quality of the output.

It is not easy to imagine the various difficulties which had to be overcome in order to accomplish this national work. To the difficulties of obtaining the enormous quantities of iron, coal, and steel needed, of which the invasion had deprived us, must be added those relating to labour and transport.

Although the workers, with a splendid devotion to the interests of their country, have given the go-by to all their trade union rules, nevertheless the insufficiency of their numbers has necessitated the taking on of foreigners and colonials.

Serious complications have also occurred in the railway world. Held up at first, from the point of view of civilian requirements, on account of the mobilisation and the concentration of troops, upset later on by the daily increasing numbers of the commissariat, equipment, and munition trains which had to be dispatched every day, embarrassed by the loss of one-seventh of the rolling stock which fell into the enemy's hands during the first weeks of the war, the railway service had to meet not only all these demands—an increase of 50 per cent. above the normal traffic, and of 67 per cent. on certain lines—but also demands of an entirely new nature because of the new directions which the trains had to take.

But it is thanks to this marvellous initiative, to these stupendous financial sacrifices, that France "at the back of the Front" has assumed just as much as the boys in the trenches her share in the responsibilities of the defence.

It would not be in the interests of the public to give the actual results obtained by this industrial revolution. Suffice it to say that in place of one single shell made for the Soixante Quinze on August 1st, 1914, we turn out to-day 35'7, while the increase for the heavy guns is from 1 to 54'5.

Thus during the last twenty months a new industrial France has come into being alongside of the old one. She will constitute one of the most important factors in the coming economic relations between the Allies.

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Iniquitous as it would be—I hope I have already shown you this?—not to make over to the manufactories of the invaded departments all the war indemnities to which they have a right, as well as to allow them sufficient time to recover their equilibrium, it would be more foolish still, commercially, socially, and politically, to seek to break the wings or stop the upward spring of this new France born of the miraculous vitality of our ancient race.

Commercially, it would be idiotic—just at the moment when, according to Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, the whole world will be appreciably poorer—not to utilise the capital, machinery, and labour improvised during the war to re-establish as quickly as may be the former standard of comfort.

Socially, one could not, without risk, force back into worse labour conditions, at a lower scale of pay, those men and women who have since the war acquired a taste for work and pay of a higher class.

And, to conclude, it would be politically an unpardonable fault to destroy the industrial centres which have risen all over France, and to dope again into slumber those cities which are just awakening to modern life. And this would be still worse, so far as our foreign policy is concerned, were there grounds for thinking that any one of our Allies, no matter how admired and loved to-day, could desire, at the back of his mind, to snatch a war-profit to our disadvantage or to push his business plans to the detriment of ours.

Which is not, of course, to say that we are independent of outside help for the development of our legitimate undertakings. But one must “scrap” the silly notion that England and France are complements one to the other; that the first personifies big industries, the second mere luxuries, although it is true that certain articles or certain series of articles do thus complement each other.

But it is to a very different order of ideas that a closer alliance of their material interests is to be discerned, although before the financial settlement of the present war can be duly drawn up it is too soon to speak of this.

The Balance of Power

By Austin Harrison

IN the twenty-third month of the war, which is rather a physical movement of Peoples than a war in the old professional or Princely sense, the Democracy of Britain is still trying to understand what it is fighting for, what, to be exact, are the ends proclaimed in magnificent language by Mr. Asquith, short of which we will "never sheathe the sword." To answer merely Victory is not enough—all nations who go to war fight for victory, which is the platitude of war—because, apart from the difficulty of defining victory, of agreeing among ourselves, that is, what constitutes a sufficiency of defeat, we have to-day to face the nature of war in modern conditions; which, as it has upset all preconceived notions of warfare, so may not improbably upset all preconceived notions of the results of war, both positive and consequential.

The positive results of war are, of course, conquest or absolute victory. History books are filled with the theme. To the average man, history is little else than a record of battles, and the names we know best in this world are those of the men who won them. Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, etc., these men are the creators of power; it is the legacy of their works which has taught us the doctrine of the Balance of Power, which is the cause of the European war.

But war seldom has positive results, and even the positive results have no permanency. What lives of Cæsar is his lucid history. Napoleon has left a code and a system of roads. Even the creators of power leave but the epitaph—of themselves. The Balance remains a balance, like all things human on this globe.

Most wars, in short, end in purely temporary results, as the history of the last fifty years shows only too signifi-

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cantly. France was not smashed by Bismarck in 1870; she was only temporarily incapacitated; to-day she lives, more glorious than ever and more powerful. The Russo-Japanese war ended in negative victory. The Bulgars, forced a couple of years ago to their knees by conquering Serbia and Greece, to-day swarm over an absolutely conquered Serbia, while Turkey, similarly thrashed out of Europe, has inflicted two of the greatest defeats upon British arms in our annals.

There is no need to continue. War, which is the expression or ultimate reason of diplomacy, settles then, as we see few things, and settles those but temporarily. And this is naturally the case. War is the energy of man. As there is nothing final, nothing stable, nothing permanent, so there is, and can be, no stability or permanency of human energy. There is consequently no such thing as equality. Without the idea of permanency, equality obviously can have no reality. And as energy is the equation or significance of Man, so force is his expression; and as Power is thus the significance of Peoples in accordance with the principles of man collectively and nationally asserted, so war is, in the last instance, the expression of nationality, from which conception or ratification of the ethics of force we have the doctrine of the Balance of Power and the present European system.

The Balance of Power in recent years seemed to denote progress. Men pointed to the diminution of points—national points—of danger. No doubt the word balance conveyed a reassuring idea: it had a judicial sound. And for some years the group system maintained the peace of Europe until the notion grew in England, that the group system had solved the question of war chiefly on the hypothetical ground that war by groups was too terrible a thing to contemplate. But on the Continent this delusion was never shared.

If, then, the ideas of men frequently carry them off the earth, the energy of men most certainly does not soar in the clouds. Our visionaries forgot that the groups were armed, and kept on arming, to the teeth, and that, if there were less individual nations to fear, the group system aimed at and rested solely on Power, the one balancing against the other. That was the position in Europe up to August,

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1914. War came inevitably as the result of the European system, the two extremities having reached the point of collision. The Balance of Power could not endure any longer under its own fierce competitive tension. It broke down, as history has shown that peace does break down in periodical cycles as of inflated human energy which seeks a solution in violence.

Not everyone will admit this, of course. In time of war it is difficult to think dispassionately, and, in truth, we can honestly assert that we neither made the war nor desired it. But there is no need to inquire into the origins of the present conflagration. It is the struggle for Power, as the result of the system of Balance of Power, and that being incontestably so, it is clear that Power alone can decide it. The question we do not seem to grasp is the logic of this all-paramount situation. What constitutes victory? What is the minimum of defeat we can accept? And also, seeing that it is the direct concern of every man and woman in these Islands, what conditions could we accept in the event of a negative issue, and what use would they be to us? What, in short, is the irreducible minimum we are fighting for?

Granted a positive victory, the solution is clear enough—at any rate, for a certain number of years. The time has come, however, when we should throw off all delusions, and definitely make up our minds what it is we Allies mean by victory or a sufficiency of defeat. Now here plain speech is essential. Let us examine the definition of victory. It is perfectly simple.

To win the war, we have to defeat the German Armies on the field. We have to drive them out of the occupied lands that we have pledged ourselves to restore and exact retribution for; we have to crush the fighting energy of Central Europe, unless in the process of defeating the common enemy we can detach the hostile groups severally or collectively from their centre, which we rather vaguely designate as Prussia. So much is axiomatic. With those who imagine, after nearly two years of experience, that Germany can be starved out or smashed by any of the latent forces of war other than by violence, I do not propose to argue. Men who think like that either cannot, or will not, understand realities; they are not on earth. The axiom

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of war then stands. Violence must be crushed by superior violence, or not at all. And this truth leads us to the conclusion we have all got to face: that to win the war we have to defeat the Germans, and so defeat them that they are compelled to accept the terms that we may see fit and well to impose upon them for the security of ourselves and of Europe.

That is our goal. We are pledged to win. The war must therefore continue until we have secured victory or the total defeat of the Germanic Armies.

I do not suppose any man seriously expects that we intend to, or can, physically crush Germany. To do that, we would have to annihilate the German Armies and sterilise the German women. It is not humanly possible or desirable. By victory, then, we do not mean the extinction of the German race. Our purpose is not to blot out the Huns from the map of Europe. It is to secure military victory—victory, that is, which leaves the Allied and conquering Balance of Power superior in force to the defeated group or balance, in order to redress the evil done and secure some relative standardisation of peace.

So long as the principle of Balance of Power is upheld. But that will not end war, or bring about the era of Peace we speak of, or even make for it. On the contrary. As force breeds force, so the Balance of Power stands for force. Change it about, and you have but a transvaluation of values. The reason, the equation of war, will remain, plus all the incentive of revenge which defeat necessarily generates in the vanquished, and so all the uncertainty which leads men to arm and prepare with all the attendant expenditure. When we speak of winning, it is this that we have to bear in mind. If the conditions of war are Power, then obviously it is the conditions that we have to remove, if the idea of Peace as an institution is to be other than a chimera. And if the war is to end merely in a shifting of the Balance of Power, then we shall discover only too soon that all our fine words and protestations have been in vain, and that war will continue to be man's final and national expression.

Unless humanity itself changes as the result of this war, and Kings and Emperors, soldiers and politicians, armament manufacturers and professors, youth and age agree

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to agree to face the future in a contrite spirit of Pacifism. But that to me seems but a dream. All the evidence of history is against any such revolution of human thought and morals; moreover, it is diametrically opposed to all known laws—and they are laws—of human energy, which can never agree to agree because there is no finality, no permanency, no equality, no stability, so far as we know, in life or in the things of this cosmos. And even if it were so, and European humanity suddenly saw equally, judged equally, and thought equally as the result of the horrors of the present war, such morality will have no reason in any system based on the Balance of Power, which connotes force—whether by nation or group—as the controlling argument. Moreover, leave but a fragment of Power in the hands of any one Party, and there will arise opposition, rivalry, ambition, envy, *energy*, which will needs be suppressed in turn by energy, and so lead back again to the old conditions and balances. For this energy is life itself. Are we to imagine that the instincts and foundation springs of man will change as the result of cataclysm, however terrible? I cannot think so. I cannot believe that any man capable of clear thought does think so.

For the nonce all this is “future music.” The immediate and only question for us is the war, with its corollary peace, as affected by the existing system of Balance of Power. I fear there are still important sections in this country who fail utterly to realise the significance of, and issues dependent on, the present upheaval.

Briefly stated, the Germans went to war to upset the Balance of Power in their favour. That was their avowed aim. In Germany the idea is known as Pan-Germanism. It is thus the aim and object of the Allies to frustrate the German intention by asserting and imposing their own physical superiority. Now follow the logical conclusion. It is this. The Balance of Power remains—we hope in our favour. That means that war remains with us, and armaments remain to meet war—in other words, the condition of war is reasserted.

For we have seen that Germany cannot be crushed, rendered innocuous, that is, for all time; so that unless we can bring about by force the disruption and disintegration of the German and Austrian Empires—and this

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object can only be achieved (1) by the dismembership of the House of Austria, (2) by the forcible partition of what is to-day the German Empire—the maximum we can win to under the system of Balance of Power is, curtly stated, the assertion of the Allied supremacy of Power, thereby dislocating the Balance up to 1914 in favour of other Continental Balances; which end, however satisfactory immediately and morally, will in reality neither establish the security of such supremacy, seeing that no conditions are permanent and energy is naturally progressive and unreliable, nor in the least solve the great problem of how to put an end to war, for which object we appear to imagine we are fighting.

There are possibilities, of course. A European Federation is one. The establishment of a European Court of Justice is another, but this latter would seem merely a lawyer's expedient utterly incompatible with the teachings of history and the natural energies of Man. The idea of Federation will obviously depend on the nature of the end of the war or the degree of victory obtained. But I am not concerned with any Utopian conceptions of settling our poor humanity. I am looking at the war in the light of our working system, the Balance of Power, and I contend it is high time that this Democracy faced the gigantic problem before us as it is, and not as we fondly imagine it to be.

That problem is this: Under the present system of European Power, the war can only end with the assertion of supremacy of what we term the Balance of Power on the one side or the other, and this even if the war ends in stagnation or all-round exhaustion, which, again, is unlikely.

Fighting for Power or the dislocation of the old Balance, the German-Austrian group either obtains it or loses it. But as we cannot obliterate the Huns, so neither can they exterminate us. The system, therefore, will remain. If the Germans are utterly defeated, the Balance of Power will be adjusted in our favour, and to maintain that Balance we shall have not only to maintain the force necessary to safeguard it, but very particularly the association of the group which secured the ascendancy. If, again, the war ends in partial victory, in terms, or by exhaustion,

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the Balance of Power, or militarist Europe, naturally remains as before, and no solution of the problem (if it is a problem and not a natural law) of war is possible or desirable. If, finally, we fail, then the Balance of Power will revert to the enemy, who, we may be sure, will not shrink from asserting his supremacy more and more to the disadvantage of the group which opposed him, in which case the vaunted *Furor Teutonicus* would become not merely a symbol but a reality, heralding the revolution of the European system of nationalities and interests on the lines of the Pan-Germanic hegemony of the German professors.

Quite obviously, the Germans are fighting for military or strategic terms and have in no wise abandoned either their philosophy of Force or the belief in its efficacy. And looking at things as they are, and the results of the war as they appear on the map—which is the soldier's way—we must be past all hope blind if we consider that, under a system of Power, war can change any values but the values of force, and that this war will therefore bring about the Utopia of English Radicalism, or any likelihood of substituting the argument of infantry for the Protocol valuations of highly-paid lawyers. Only the obliteration of the Teutonic Peoples can depose the helmet for the wig. Only our complete military victory. Those therefore who to-day are inclined to study the "psychology of peace" had better first learn the basic principles of war: which primarily and ultimately demand military supremacy to beat the enemy, and military supremacy to hold him down.

Do we realise this? I wonder when Mr. Asquith spoke about "never sheathing the sword" whether he had any idea of the nature of the violence his rhetorical blade had to shatter before the word "never" acquired even a politician's significance. And do we understand what failure must signify to Europe, to us, to the whole future of Anglo-Saxon civilisation? Only too few of us, I fear. We have talked of war to end war, of the last war, of the millennium of Peace; yet we do not seem to grasp the essential truth of the war, which is that only superior force can beat down force, and that all conditions short of positive victory must therefore leave the Balance of Power in Europe not only unsettled, as before the war, but morally

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and potentially with the Balance in Germany's favour, all the greater actually owing to her central strategic position and the fact that her direction is single, and not, as with the opposing group, divided. It was for this that Germany threw down the gage. She went to war to show the world that the Balance of Power was a misnomer, that militarily there was no balance.

We have called this the war of Liberation, the war of the little Peoples, and here again it is essential that we face the alternative. The danger, as the map of Europe now stands, is that precisely the idea of Nationality tends to grow weaker the more Force or the Balance of Power claims its justification. If the Germans were to win, this would obviously be the case; but even in the event of "terms" or diplomatists' settlement, the little nations would seem doomed to suffer. Thus the German idea is to make Poland the buffer State in the East, and part of Belgium the buffer State in the West; nor, unless the Germans are overthrown and beaten into humility, is it easy to see how the creation of any one controlling group of Power can benefit the small Peoples who, as the war has shown again and again, are necessarily the victims of *force majeure*. We are compelled to apply this principle to Greece; there is the Foreign Office Treaty of Blockade instead of the sailors' Blockade; there is the Swedish question over the Aland Islands, there is the American principle of neutral Liberty, the affirmation of which our so-called Democratic Government have sedulously withheld from the Public knowledge; there is Serbia.

Short then of an absolute Allied victory, the principle of Nationality appears destined to weaken rather than acquire affirmation, and any Peace which left the Germans whole and in possession of strategic boundaries must attenuate Nationality in the interests of military expediency. And this is what the German Chancellor meant in his last utterance on Peace. The Germans, he declared, must acquire the strategic results of their achievements. This, of course, is the principle we are fighting. It is this Liberation we are struggling for. It is, therefore, this end that those among us who profess Liberal principles should stand for to the last man and farthing, instead, as the tendency among them

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would seem to be, of thinking rather how to end the war in conditions which, whether they admit it or not, must leave all their aspirations and principles not only unsolved but frustrated.

That is why the Germans are to-day ready for peace, for the purpose of consolidating their gains. As things actually stand, the programme of Pan-Germanism has been realised, the main feature of which was the direct highway from Hamburg to Constantinople, and thence to the east. To Germany, this is the crucial demand, not Belgium, not the Western delimitation of frontier; and it is here that, failing positive victories on our part, the door of Peace may be regarded as open or shut. It will depend solely on violence or military results. And what this Democracy has to realise and decide is what sufficiency of defeat (of the enemy) it will accept as the precondition to Peace negotiations, failing which all idea of altering the militarism of Europe under a system of Power is to be dismissed off-hand as mere verbal futility.

It is my opinion that the issue will be decided as the results of the terrific fighting this summer. The Allies have opened the campaign in favourable auspices. On sea we have demonstrated our superior power in the testimony afforded by the refusal of the German Naval Forces to meet our Main Fleet in battle. More than that is not needed. When Admiral Jellicoe arrived, the Germans withdrew—in the face of superior forces, according to military teaching. There were no surprises. The net result of the Naval Fight may be summed up as entirely satisfactory to us: the “Young” Fleet of Germany realises that it cannot face ours; it is and it remains an inferior arm, and it is an excellent thing that the world should know it.

On land, the “surprise” has been the success of the Russians, who have proved that there is no necessary stagnation in positional warfare, even as the Germans proved it last summer at their expense. But the key of the war is in France. It is on the Western front that this war will be decided, and it is there we shall probably see in the next few months the greatest battles that have taken place yet in the history of man. We stand to-day at the crisis of the war, before decisions which will decide the principles of Europe in this century. All sides are at their maximum

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strengths. The results of this summer's fighting must, it would seem, be determinative.

Clearly, the Germans have not changed, and to-day hope to be able to assert themselves; to prove to Europe that the Central Powers hold the Balance of Power, and that Force is to dictate to Europe. Only our superior Force will give us the power of dictation. Only our positive victories will compel the Germans to see life other than strategically, for the condition of military defeat alone will provide that sufficiency upon which we can conclude Peace on any terms satisfactory to the little Peoples, and so win to any durable conception of Nationality higher than that of Power under the present European system.

The truth, then, we have to realise is that if we fail to correct her estimate of that Balance she will have proved her contention, and that in the event of what is called an "inconclusive peace" our failure will not only leave the question of war and armaments and secret diplomacy and national hatred unsolved, but it will be morally, physically, and nationally immeasurably greater, in degree of quality and unity and potential application of power, than hers.

More about Rubber

By Raymond Radclyffe

I WROTE what was almost an enthusiastic article about rubber shares in the April issue of the ENGLISH REVIEW. I then pointed out that investors should choose the best shares, and refuse to be deluded into buying supposed bargains. I was careful to say that no one should purchase shares unless they could see a clear 10 per cent. In April raw rubber was round 3s. 6d. per pound, and the market looked moderately strong. To-day the price is under 2s. 6d. and does not seem inclined to remain there. Thus, in three months we have seen a drop of over 25 per cent. in the raw material. Yet, the quotations in the share market are in many cases actually higher, and in no important share is the price much lower. This is remarkable, because a company with an output of a million pounds would apparently shed profits at the rate of £50,000 a year by the lowering of market value in the commodity it supplied. It would seem to suggest that share values were too low last April if they have been able to sustain themselves in spite of a 25 per cent. drop in the commodity. But I think the real reason why shares have remained steady is that investors are not in the least disturbed at the sight of rubber at 2s. 6d., because the bulk of the plantations are year by year increasing their yields; and as the yields increase without any addition being made to the issued capitals, so can the dividends be held.

I was careful to point out in my previous article that all the best companies were handled by cautious men of business, who were not out to sell shares, but who had their own money in the companies they administered. These men have gradually increased the acreage of their plantations, and paid for the planting out of profits or out of reserves obtained in some cases by the issue of shares at enormous premiums. For example, Anglo-Malay, one of the Harrisons and Crosfield

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group, began life in 1905 with 1,700 acres and a capital of £150,000. To-day, 4,430 acres have been planted, but the capital remains unchanged. This is a fair example of a well-managed company, whose dividends have fluctuated between 18 and 100 per cent., and have in all totalled 514 per cent. in the ten years of its existence. The sum of £173,000 has been spent out of profits, or equal to £39 per acre. There are still about 750 acres of rubber to come under the knife. This company, supposing it does not go on increasing its acreage out of profits, could always pay round 10 per cent. to an investor who purchased the 2s. shares at 12s., even when rubber drops to 2s. per lb. I do not mention this company with any idea that people should take fire and rush in to buy the shares. I think that there are more attractive purchases in the rubber market. I give it as an example of the type of enterprise that has been carefully financed, moderately well-managed, but fully valued by the share dealers. It is also a reasonable example of the vicissitudes of the rubber plantation industry, for in 1910 the dividend was 100 per cent. and the price had risen from 4s. 1d. to 39s. From these high figures the dividend dropped year by year till it touched 32 per cent. in 1914, when the price was as low as 6s. 6d.

It is quite possible that we may again see rubber quoted at 2s. per lb., and there are many reasons why shareholders in sound companies should welcome the fall. Mexico may become once again a rubber-producing country, but it can hardly hope to harvest large and payable crops of either Castilloa or Guayule at 2s. per lb. Brazil will one day recover her financial equilibrium, and then the aviadoring houses at Pará and Manaus will be able to finance themselves and adventure their goods on the Amazon in exchange for rubber, but with a low price such enterprise hardly pays. Probably the Amazon crop is kept down quite as much by lack of capital in Pará and Manaus as by the low price, for the trade is almost entirely one of barter. The seringueiros must live, and to live they must tap; but no new areas will be opened up under present conditions, and Eastern planters have now got working costs so low that they can view the Brazilian competition with a calm mind. The African wild rubber market is practically killed by low prices, as this rubber always arrives in a very dirty condition,

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and consequently fetches a low price, which is governed by the rate for plantation. Jelutong is in demand in the United States, but the Chinese who collect this species are not people who work for nothing, and we may consider that it does not pay to collect if plantation is round 2s. Therefore, it is infinitely better for the plantation industry as a whole that rubber should be low in price than that it should be boomed to 4s. per lb. and over. Also, it must not be forgotten that the Eastern plantations are year by year increasing their production, and that it is of the utmost importance to them that new uses should be found for rubber, in order that the larger and ever-growing tonnage should be readily absorbed. There are numberless uses to which rubber can be put outside the engineering, automobile and shoe industries, which at present absorb the whole output. But to open new markets for rubber price must be low.

Practically all well-managed plantations can to-day produce their rubber at 1s. per lb., including all charges for depreciation, London expenses, and selling charges. Many of the older companies have been able through various causes to even boast that their "all in" charges are down to 9d. Some enthusiasts claim that the time will come when every first-class plantation will be able to sell its rubber at 1s. per lb., and still make a handsome profit. I am sceptical on this point, for up to the present increased acreage, though giving larger crops, has not resulted in any material reduction in costs. Moderately-sized estates, compactly arranged, would appear to give the lowest costs. Huge areas necessitate the employment of a large European staff—always an expensive item. But every year adds to our knowledge of how to run a rubber property, and every year sees fractions of a penny knocked off costs. If it had not been for the war, which must have added 2d. per lb. to the costs on all properties, and much more on some, we should have seen the average "all in" cost on all old estates reduced to 9d. Freights have been raised, Europeans have joined the colours, and thus supervision has been less efficient and more expensive. Native labour has been more expensive, owing to the rise in prices, and general charges have increased all round. Therefore, it is only fair to assume that when peace comes costs will fall at least 3d. per lb.

Whether the demand for rubber will keep pace with the

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production of the East no one can say, but we may hope with reason that it will. Motor transport is mainly run on solid tyres, which are sold on a guaranteed mileage. The better the tyre, the longer it lasts, and the more economical it is in the long-run. Therefore, makers who wish to get a good name for their tyres use plenty of rubber, and use the best. They can thus compete by guaranteeing a longer mileage. German tyres undoubtedly held a great name for quality, and German makers were bold in guaranteeing mileage. They are now out of the market and British tyre-makers have a splendid chance. They are using it for all they are worth, and when the war ends the Continental and other German firms will have to fight hard to regain the business they have lost. The competition which must ensue will, of course, mean more rubber and should aid in stiffening the market.

Therefore, on the whole, I see no reason why shareholders in Eastern Plantations should view the future with any fear. They will no doubt have to face fluctuations. Every business has its good years and its bad. But the general outlook is reasonably good.

Those who are in rubber will probably remain in. The question arises, Will it pay to buy shares at the present moment? I reply, "Yes," if due care is taken not to pay too much. Many formulas have been invented in the rubber market whereby the tyro could, by the exercise of a little arithmetic, find out which share was cheap and which dear. But all formulas leave out the personal element of management; they disregard typhoons, white ants and other pests; they scorn the unexpected. They are at best merely rough-and-ready rules. A House firm of brokers recently suggested that for every £1 invested in a rubber company there ought to be an output of 2 lb. of rubber. If, for instance, say the brokers, a rubber company has a capital of £100,000, and the price of the shares is £2 (or a capitalisation of £200,000), then that company should produce 400,000 lb. of rubber. If we take the cost price to be 1s. and the sale price 2s., we get a profit of 1s. per lb., which is equal to 10 per cent. on each £1 invested, when the yield is up to the required 2 lb. of rubber for each sovereign. On the whole, this rule is fair enough, and no one who buys on it can come to much harm.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

TWILIGHT IN ITALY. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Duckworth.
6s.

There is a passage in George Gissing's *Papers of Rycroft* where he confesses his intense hatred of soldiering, on account of the discipline it necessitates; and this almost ferocious individualism speaks from every page of Mr. Lawrence's new book, chiefly studies of travel. They are the man. A sensuous sensitiveness, a fierce intellectual detachment from the world, a spirit of revolt and freedom and honesty of purpose cry, as it were, from these pages, and we have the impression of a great loneliness, a proud unhappiness, a man in artistic distress. Here, of course, we collide with the artist. He sees the terrible ordinariness of Switzerland, and it hurts him. His æstheticism is continually jarred at the sordidness, the slavery, the mechanising of human life. Certainly he was no happy wanderer—too critical for that, oddly enough, too English, though this he has yet to learn. At times his petulosity seems rather unworthy, but Mr. Lawrence is so beautiful a writer that his vision, however oblique, however *criard*, calls for pity rather than rebuke; the man is so honest, so absurdly the artist-child, the discoverer—which is one of the signs of genius. Let us leave it there. All creation is born of suffering. Yet there are no traces, as yet, of any pose as a moral reformer. Mr. Lawrence sees and describes what he sees, and very pathetically we feel how much of human life stinks in his nostrils, and we are glad of his wholesome agonising pen.

INN OF HEART. By Odette St. Lys. 3s. 6d. net. And
THE GYPSY. 5s. net.

WE have received this "fragment" in French and English. It is an essentially feminine creation, elliptic, inconclusive, curiously subtle, and quite charming—the half

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profits are to be devoted to the British Red Cross Fund. To us, the most interesting thing is the comparison of the two languages, for Odette St. Lys has done both works—both, by the way, produced with taste. And here the student will find considerable room for thought. Also we have the new *Gypsy*, which is more luxurious than ever. It is an æsthetic production, with some clever and astonishing drawings, designs, and ornamentations. It has a tone, a vague, semi-drawing-room, semi-Quartier Latin atmosphere; the whole thing is, in fact, *baroque* yet ladylike, which no doubt will appeal, even in war-time, to those spirits who, outraged at the conventionalities of modern productions, seek the sense of themselves in the detachment and savour of a neo-æstheticism.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DOSTOIEVSKY: HIS LIFE AND LITERARY ACTIVITY. By EUGENII SOLOVIEV. George Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.

This life does not take us very much nearer to a complete understanding of the famous Russian novelist, though occasionally we get an inkling of the series of circumstances which went towards the formation of Dostoevsky's very individual and peculiar genius. We are told that in his early childhood Dostoevsky suffered from hallucinations and later from epilepsy; that neither psychopathy nor psychiatry attracted his attention; and that nowhere in his correspondence do we find a line which could be taken as evincing the smallest interest in matters of science. We are further informed of the series of incidents which led to the writing of "Poor Folk"; of how, after its publication, Dostoevsky "simply reeked of glory," and, in his hysterical enthusiasm, even exaggerated his success. But altogether the life is singularly incomplete and uninteresting, and is without any of the touches which make the ideal biography. At times the author is irritatingly personal, as when he writes such philosophy as: "For the majority of people early manhood or womanhood represents the happiest times of their lives."

BOOKS

FIFTY YEARS OF A LONDONER'S LIFE. By H. G. HIBBERT.
London: Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

A volume of reminiscences, put together most pleasantly at haphazard, and dealing with the world of amusement, as it has been watched through half a century by a busy theatrical journalist, who has been everywhere and known everybody in theatre-land. Especially does Mr. Hibbert trace the development of the music-hall, in its progress from pot-house to palace, from the old caves of sometimes indecorous harmony to the present gilded halls of expensive propriety. It is a theme that might furnish an obvious text for a philosopher, conveying as it does that sense of fugacity that attends the small pleasures of life—the sense that can make of a bygone comic song the sad corpse that we all know it to be. These old-time songs, their singers, and the managers of their singers, all figure in what, philosophy apart, is as entertaining a collection of memories as any that we have met this great while. Mr. Hibbert has a sly way with him that assures that no story loses point through his telling of it. Nay, he is often so frugal as to make a single phrase illustrate a variety of meanings. A book that will appeal most of all to Londoners; and after them to anyone who is interested in the lighter side of stage life.

An "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Hut

ONE of the surprises of the war, certainly one of its essentially English improvisations, has been the institution of the Y.M.C.A. Huts which have now been erected in all fighting zones, the benefit of which has long been recognised both by soldiers and civilians. In these Huts meals are provided at cheap rates; there is sleeping accommodation; there are hot baths, and all the facilities of a club. In France these Huts have proved invaluable to the men, helping in no small way to maintain the link with home associations, and here, too, they have done splendid service to those who find themselves stranded in London and elsewhere. But there is no need to-day to dwell on the Y.M.C.A. work. It is unique in military annals, and is the wonder of friend and foe alike. It having been suggested to the management that there is as yet no ENGLISH REVIEW Hut, we have determined to "do our bit" in the matter, and we now confidently appeal to our readers and supporters to help provide such a hut, the full cost of which amounts to £500.

We hope to raise at least the amount of a complete Hut.

All contributions should be addressed Y.M.C.A., ENGLISH REVIEW, 17 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

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SEPTEMBER, 1916

Strange Meetings

By Harold Monro

IF one beheld a clod of earth arise,
And walk about, and breathe, and speak, and love,
How one would tremble, and in what surprise
Gasp : "Can *you* move?"

So, when I see men walk, I always feel :
"Earth! How have you done this? What can you
be?"
I'm so bewildered that I can't conceal
My incredulity.

Rising above the surface, we are men
A moment, till we dive again, and then
We take our ease of breathing : we are sent
Unconscious to our former element,
There being perfect, living without pain
Till we emerge like men, and walk again.

You live there ; I live here :
Other people everywhere
Haunt their houses, and endure
Days and deeds and furniture,
Circumstances, families,
And the stare of foreign eyes.

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Often we must entertain,
Tolerantly if we can,
Ancestors returned again
Trying to be modern man.
Gates of Memory are wide;
All of them can shuffle in,
Join the family; but, once inside,
Oh, what an interference they begin!
Creatures of another time and mood;
And yet they dare to wrangle and dictate,
Bawl their experience into brain and blood,
And claim to be identified with Fate.

Eyes float along the surface, trailing
Obedient bodies, lagging feet.
The wind of words is always wailing
Where eyes and voices part and meet.

Oh, how reluctantly some people learn
To hold their bones together, with what toil
Breathe and are moved, as though they would return,
How gladly, and be crumbled into soil!

They knock their groping bodies on the stones,
Blink at the light, and startle at all sound,
With their white lips learn only a few moans,
Then go back underground.

It is difficult to tell,
(Though we feel it well,)
How the surface of the land
Budded into head and hand:
But it is a great surprise
How it blossomed into eyes.

BIRTH

One night when I was in the House of Death,
A shrill voice penetrated root and stone,
And the whole earth was shaken under ground:
I woke and there was light above my head.

STRANGE MEETINGS

Before I heard that shriek I had not known
The region of Above from Underneath,
Alternate light and dark, silence and sound,
Difference between the living and the dead.

How did you enter that body? Why are you here?
Your eyes had scarcely to appear
Over the brim—and you looked for me.
I am startled to find you. How suddenly
We were thrown to the surface, and arrived
Together in this unexpected place!
You, who seem eternal-lived;
You, known without a word.

The ploughboy, he could never understand—
While he was carried dozing with the cart
Or strolling with the plough across the land,
He never knew he had a separate heart.

And to have told him, (had he understood,)
It would have been like tearing up a tree.
You cannot make him hear you—and he would
Be blind if you could teach him how to see.

So they mistook him for a clod of land,
And round him, while he dreamed, they built a town.
He rubs his eyes; he cannot understand,
But like a captive wanders up and down.

A flower is looking through the ground,
Blinking in the April weather;
Now a child has seen the flower :
Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower would speak,
And would call the child its brother—
But, Oh, strange forgetfulness!—
They don't recognise each other.

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A man who has clung to a branch and he hangs-
Wondering when it will break.

A woman who sits by the bed of a child,
Watching for him to wake.

People who gaze at the town-hall clock,
Waiting to hear the hour.

Somebody walking along a path,
Stooping to pick a flower.

Dawn; and the reaper comes out of his home,
Moving along to mow.

A frightened crowd in a little room,
Waiting all day to go.

A tall man rubbing his eyes in the dusk,
Muttering "Yes"—Murmuring "No."

Memory opens; memory closes :
Memory taught me to be a man.

It remembers everything :
It helps the little birds to sing.

It finds the honey for the bee :
It opens and closes, opens and closes.

The Shadow-line (i)

By Joseph Conrad

ONLY the young have such moments. I don't mean the very young. No. The very young have, properly speaking, no moments. It is the privilege of early youth to live in advance of its days in all the beautiful continuity of hope which knows no pauses and no introspection.

One closes behind one the little gate of mere boyishness—and enters an enchanted garden. Its very shades glow with promise. Every turn of the path has its seduction. And it isn't because it is an undiscovered country. One knows well enough that all mankind had streamed that way. It is the charm of universal experience from which one expects an uncommon or personal sensation—a bit of one's own.

One goes on recognising the landmarks of the predecessors, excited, amused, taking the hard luck and the good luck together—the kicks and the halfpence, as the saying is—the picturesque common lot that holds so many possibilities for the deserving or perhaps for the lucky. Yes. One goes on. And the time, too, goes on—till one perceives ahead a shadow-line warning one that the region of early youth, too, must be left behind.

This is the period of life in which such moments of which I have spoken are likely to come. What moments? Why, the moments of boredom, of weariness, of dissatisfaction. Rash moments. I mean moments when the still young are inclined to commit rash actions, such as getting married suddenly or else throwing up a job for no reason.

This is not a marriage story. It wasn't so bad as that with me. My action, rash as it was, had more the character of divorce—almost of desertion. For no reason on which a sensible person could put a finger I threw up my job—chucked my berth—left the ship of which the worst that could be said was that she was a steamship and therefore, perhaps, not entitled to that blind loyalty which . . . How-

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ever, it's no use trying to put a gloss on what even at the time I myself half suspected to be a caprice.

It was in an Eastern port. She was an Eastern ship, inasmuch as then she belonged to that port. She traded among dark islands on a blue reef-scarred sea, with the Red Ensign over the taffrail and at her masthead a house-flag, also red, but with a green border and with a white crescent in it. For an Arab owned her, and a Syed at that. Hence the green border on the flag. He was the head of a great House of Straits Arabs, but as loyal a subject of the complicated British Empire as you could find east of the Suez Canal. World politics did not trouble him at all, but he had a great occult power amongst his own people.

It was all one to us who owned the ship. He had to employ white men in the shipping part of his business, and many of those he so employed had never set eyes on him from the first to the last day. I myself saw him but once, quite accidentally on a wharf—an old, dark little man, blind in one eye, in a snowy robe and yellow slippers. He was having his hand severely kissed by a crowd of Malay pilgrims to whom he had done some favour, in the way of food and money. His alms-giving, I have heard, was most extensive, covering almost the whole Archipelago. For isn't it said that "The charitable man is the friend of Allah"?

Excellent (and picturesque) Arab owner, about whom one needed not to trouble one's head, a most excellent Scottish ship—for she was that from the keel up—excellent sea-boat, easy to keep clean, most handy in every way, and if it had not been for her internal propulsion, worthy of any man's love, I cherish to this day a profound respect for her memory. As to the kind of trade she was engaged in and the character of my shipmates, I could not have been happier if I had had the life and the men made to my order by a benevolent Enchanter.

And suddenly I left all this. I left it in that, to us, inconsequential manner in which a bird flies away from a comfortable branch. It was as though all unknowing I had heard a whisper or seen something. Well—perhaps! One day I was perfectly right and the next everything was gone—glamour, flavour, interest, contentment—everything. It was one of these moments, you know. The green sick-

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ness of late youth descended on me and carried me off. Carried me off that ship, I mean.

We were only four white men on board, with a large crew of Kalashes and two Malay petty officers. The Captain stared hard as if wondering what ailed me. But he was a sailor, and he, too, had been young at one time. Presently a smile came to lurk under his thick iron-grey moustache, and he observed that, of course, if I felt I must go he couldn't keep me by main force. And it was arranged that I should be paid off the next morning. As I was going out of his cabin he added suddenly, in a peculiar wistful tone, that he hoped I would find what I was so anxious to go and look for. A soft, cryptic utterance which seemed to reach deeper than any diamond-hard tool could have done. I do believe he understood my case.

But the second engineer attacked me differently. He was a sturdy young Scot, with a smooth face and light eyes. His honest red countenance emerged out of the engine-room companion and then the whole robust man, with shirt sleeves turned up, wiping slowly the massive fore-arms with a lump of cotton-waste. And his light eyes expressed bitter distaste, as though our friendship had turned to ashes. He said weightily: "Oh! Aye! I've been thinking it was about time for you to run away home and get married to some silly girl."

It was tacitly understood in the port that John Nieven was a sort of misogynist; and the wild absurdity of this sally convinced me that he meant to be nasty,—very nasty—had meant to say the most crushing thing he could think of. My laugh sounded deprecatory. Nobody but a friend could be so angry as that. I became a little crestfallen. Our chief engineer also took a characteristic view of my case, but in a kindlier spirit.

He was young, too, but very thin, and with a mist of fluffy brown beard all round his haggard face. All day long, at sea or in harbour, he could be seen walking hastily up and down the after-deck, wearing an intense, spiritually rapt expression, which was caused by a perpetual consciousness of unpleasant physical sensations in his internal economy. For he was a confirmed dyspeptic. His view of my case was very simple. He said it was nothing but deranged liver. Of course! He suggested I

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should stay for another trip and meantime dose myself with a certain patent medicine in which his own belief was unbounded. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy you two bottles, out of my own pocket. There. I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

I believe he would have perpetrated the atrocity (or generosity) at the merest sign of weakening on my part. By that time, however, I was more discontented, disgusted, and dogged than ever. The past eighteen months, so full of new and varied experience, appeared a dreary, prosaic waste of days. I felt—how shall I express it?—that there was no truth in them.

What truth? I should have been hard put to it to explain. Probably, if pressed, I would have burst into tears simply. I was young enough for that.

Next day the Captain and I transacted our business in the harbour office. It was a lofty, big, cool, white room, where the light of day glowed serenely. Everybody in it—the officials, the public—were in white. Only the heavy polished desks gleamed darkly in a sort of avenue, and some papers lying on them were blue. Enormous punkahs sent from on high a gentle draught through that immaculate interior and upon our perspiring heads.

The official behind the desk we approached grinned amiably and kept it up till, in answer to his perfunctory question, "Sign off and on again?" my Captain answered, "No! Signing off for good." And then his grin vanished in a sudden solemnity. He did not look at me again till he handed me my papers with a sorrowful expression, as if they had been my passports for Hades.

While I was putting them away he murmured some question to the Captain, and I heard the latter answer good-humouredly:

"No. He leaves us to go home."

"Oh!" the other exclaimed, nodding mournfully over my lost soul.

I didn't know him outside the official building, but he leaned forward over the desk to shake hands with me, compassionately, as one would with some poor devil going out to be hanged; and I am afraid I performed my part ungraciously, in the hardened manner of an impenitent criminal.

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No homeward-bound mail-boat was due for three or four days. Being now a man without a ship, and having for a time broken my connection with the sea—become, in fact, a mere potential passenger—it would have been more appropriate perhaps if I had gone to stay at an hotel. There it was, too, within a stone's throw of the harbour office, low, but somehow palatial, displaying its white pavilions surrounded by trim grass plots. I would have felt a passenger indeed in there! I gave it a hostile glance and directed my steps towards the Officers' Sailors' Home.

I walked in the sunshine, disregarding it, and in the shade of the big trees on the esplanade without enjoying it. The heat of the tropical East drowsed under the leafy boughs, enveloping my thinly-clad body, clinging to my discontented soul, as if to rob it of its freedom.

The Officers' Home was a large bungalow with a wide verandah and a curiously suburban-looking little garden of bushes and a few trees between it and the street. That institution partook somewhat of the character of a residential club, but with a slightly Governmental flavour about it, because it was administered by the Harbour Office. Its manager was officially styled Chief Steward. He was an unhappy, wizened little man, who if put into a jockey's rig would have looked the part to perfection. But it was obvious that at some time or other in his life, in some capacity or other, he had been connected with the sea. Perhaps in the comprehensive capacity of a failure.

I should have thought his employment a very easy one, but he used to affirm for some reason or other that his job would be the death of him some day. It was rather mysterious. Perhaps everything naturally was too much trouble for him. He certainly seemed to hate having people in the house.

On entering it I thought he must be feeling pleased. It was as still as a tomb. I could see no one in the living rooms; and the verandah, too, was empty, except for a man at the far end dozing prone in a long chair. At the noise of my footsteps he opened one horribly fish-like eye. He was a stranger to me. I retreated from there, and, crossing the dining-room—a very bare apartment with a motionless punkah hanging over the centre table—I knocked at a door labelled in black letters: "Chief Steward."

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The answer to my knock being a vexed and doleful plaint: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What is it now?" I went in at once.

It was a strange room to find in the tropics. Twilight and stuffiness reigned in there. The fellow had hung enormously ample, dusty, cheap lace curtains over his windows, which were shut. Piles of cardboard boxes, such as milliners and dressmakers use in Europe, cumbered the corners; and by some means he had procured for himself the sort of furniture that might have come out of a respectable parlour in the East End of London—a horsehair sofa, armchairs of the same. I glimpsed grimy antimacassars scattered over that horrid upholstery, which was awe-inspiring, insomuch that one could not guess what mysterious accident, need, or desire had collected it there. Its owner had taken off his tunic, and in white trousers and a thin short-sleeved singlet prowled behind the chair-backs nursing his meagre elbows.

A low exclamation of dismay escaped him when he heard that I had come for a stay; but he could not deny that there were plenty of vacant rooms.

"Very well. Can you give me the one I had before?"

He emitted a faint moan from behind a pile of cardboard boxes on the table, which might have contained gloves or handkerchiefs or neckties. I wonder what the fellow did keep in them? There was a smell of decaying coral, or Oriental dust, of zoological specimens in that den of his. I could only see the top of his head and his unhappy eyes levelled at me over the barrier.

"It's only for a couple of days," I said, intending to cheer him up.

"Perhaps you would like to pay in advance?" he suggested eagerly.

"Certainly not!" I burst out directly I could speak. "Never heard of such a thing! This is the most infernal cheek. . . ."

He had seized his head in both hands—a gesture of despair which checked my indignation.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Don't fly out like this. I am asking everybody."

"I don't believe it," I said bluntly

"Well, I am going to. And if you gentlemen all agreed

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to pay in advance I could make Hamilton pay up too. He's always turning up ashore dead broke, and even when he has some money he won't settle his bills. I don't know what to do with him. He swears at me and tells me I can't chuck a white man out into the street here. So if you only would. . . "

I was amazed. Incredulous too. I suspected the fellow of gratuitous impertinence. I told him with marked emphasis that I would see him and Hamilton hanged first, and requested him to conduct me to my room with no more of his nonsense. He produced then a key from somewhere and led the way out of his lair, giving me a vicious sidelong look in passing.

"Anyone I know staying here?" I asked him before he left my room.

He had recovered his usual pained impatient tone, and said that Captain Giles was there, back from a Solo Sea trip. Two other guests were staying also. He paused. And, of course, Hamilton, he added.

"Oh, yes! Hamilton," I said, and the miserable creature took himself off with a final groan.

His impudence still rankled within me when I came into the dining-room at tiffin time. He was there on duty overlooking the two Chinamen servants. The tiffin was laid on one end only of the long table, and the punkah was stirring the hot air lazily above the barren waste of polished wood.

We were four around the cloth. The dozing stranger from the chair was one. Both his eyes were partly opened now, but they did not seem to see anything. He was supine. The dignified person next him, with short side whiskers and a carefully scraped chin, was, of course, Hamilton. I have never seen anyone so full of dignity for the station in life Providence had been pleased to place him in. I had been told that he regarded me as a rank outsider. He raised not only his eyes, but his eyebrows as well, at the sound I made pulling back my chair.

Captain Giles was at the head of the table. I exchanged a few words of greeting with him and sat down on his left. Stout and pale, with a great shiny dome of a bald forehead and prominent brown eyes, he might have been anything but a seaman. You would not have been

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surprised to learn that he was an architect. To me (I know how absurd it is) to me he looked like a churchwarden. He was the sort of man from whom you would expect sound advice, moral sentiments, with perhaps a platitude or two thrown in on occasion, not from a desire to dazzle, but from honest conviction.

Though very well known and appreciated in the shipping world, he had no regular employment. He did not want it. He had his own peculiar position. He was an expert. An expert in—how shall I say it?—in intricate navigation. He was supposed to know more about remote and imperfectly charted parts of the Archipelago than any man living. His brain must have been a perfect warehouse of reefs, positions, bearings, images of headlands, shapes of obscure coasts, aspects of innumerable islands, desert and otherwise. Any ship, for instance, bound on a trip to Palawan or somewhere that way would have Captain Giles on board, either in temporary command or “to assist the master.” It was said that he had a small retaining fee from a wealthy firm of Chinese steamship owners, in view of such services. Besides, he was always ready to relieve any man who wished to take a spell ashore for a time. No owner was ever known to object to an arrangement of that sort. For it seemed to be the established opinion at the port that Captain Giles was as good as the best, if not a little better. But in Hamilton’s view he was an “outsider.” I believe that for Hamilton the generalisation “outsider” covered the whole lot of us; though I suppose that he made some distinctions in his mind.

I didn’t try to make conversation with Captain Giles, whom I had not seen more than twice in my life. But, of course, he knew who I was. After a while, inclining his big shiny head my way, he addressed me first in his friendly fashion. He presumed from seeing me there, he said, that I had come ashore for a couple of days’ leave.

He was a low-voiced man. I spoke a little louder, saying that, “No. I had left the ship for good.”

“A free man for a bit,” was his comment.

“I suppose I may call myself that—since eleven o’clock,” I said.

Hamilton had stopped eating at the sound of our voices. He laid down his knife and fork gently, got up, and

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muttering something about "this infernal heat cutting one's appetite," went out of the room. Almost immediately we heard him leave the house down the verandah steps.

On this Captain Giles remarked easily that the fellow had no doubt gone off to look after my old job. The Chief Steward, who had been leaning against the wall, brought his face of an unhappy goat nearer to the table and addressed us dolefully. His object was to unburden himself of his eternal grievance against Hamilton. The man kept him in hot water with the Harbour Office as to the state of his accounts. He wished to goodness he would get my job, though in truth what would it be? Temporary relief at best.

I said: "You needn't worry. He won't get my job. My successor is on board already."

He was surprised, and I believe his face fell a little at the news. Captain Giles gave a soft laugh. We got up and went out on the verandah, leaving the supine stranger to be dealt with by the Chinamen. The last thing I saw they had put a plate with a slice of pine-apple on it before him and stood back to watch what would happen. But the experiment seemed a failure. He sat insensible.

It was imparted to me in a low voice by Captain Giles that this was an officer of some Rajah's yacht which had come into our port to be dry-docked. Must have been "seeing life" last night, he added, wrinkling his nose in an intimate, confidential way which pleased me vastly. For Captain Giles had prestige. He was credited with wonderful adventures and with some mysterious tragedy in his life. And no man had a word to say against him. He continued:

"I remember him first coming ashore here some years ago. Seems only the other day. He was a nice boy. Oh! these nice boys!"

I could not help laughing aloud. He looked startled, then joined in the laugh. "No! No! I didn't mean that," he cried. "What I meant is that some of them do go soft mighty quick out here."

Jocularly I suggested the beastly heat as the first cause. But Captain Giles disclosed himself possessed of a deeper philosophy. Things out East were made easy for white men. That was all right. The difficulty was to go on

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keeping white, and some of these nice boys did not know it. He gave me a searching look, and in a benevolent, heavy-uncle manner asked point blank :

"Why did you throw up your berth?"

I became angry all of a sudden; for you can understand how exasperating such a question was to a man who didn't know. I said to myself that I ought to shut up that moralist; and to him aloud I said with a sort of challenging politeness :

"Why . . . ? Do you disapprove?"

He was too disconcerted to do more than mutter confusedly: "I! . . . In a general way . . ." and then gave me up. But he retired in good order, under the cover of a heavily humorous remark that he, too, was getting soft, and that this was his time for taking his little siesta—when he was on shore. "Very bad habit. Very bad habit."

There was a simplicity in the man which would have disarmed a touchiness even more youthful than mine. So when next day he bent his head towards me and said that he had met my late Captain last evening, adding in an undertone: "He's very sorry you left. He had never had a mate that suited him so well," I answered him earnestly, without any affectation, that I certainly hadn't been so comfortable in any ship or with any commander in all my sea-going days.

"Well—then," he murmured.

"Haven't you heard, Captain Giles, that I intend to go home?"

"Yes," he said benevolently. "I have heard that sort of thing so often before."

"What of that?" I cried. I thought he was the most dull, unimaginative man I had ever met. I don't know what more I would have said, but the much-belated Hamilton came in just then and took his usual seat. So I dropped into a mumble.

"Anyhow, you shall see it done this time."

Hamilton, beautifully shaved, gave Captain Giles a curt nod, but didn't even condescend to raise his eyebrows at me; and when he spoke it was only to tell the Chief Steward that the food on his plate wasn't fit to be set before a gentleman. The individual addressed seemed

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much too unhappy to groan. He only cast his eyes up to the punkah and that was all.

Captain Giles and I got up from the table, and the stranger next to Hamilton followed our example, manœuvring himself to his feet with difficulty. He, poor fellow, not because he was hungry but I verily believe only to recover his self-respect, had tried to put some of that unworthy food into his mouth. But after dropping his fork twice and generally making a failure of it, he had sat still with an air of intense mortification combined with a ghastly glazed stare. Both Giles and I had avoided looking his way at table.

On the verandah he stopped and addressed to us anxiously a long remark which I failed to understand completely. It sounded like some horrible unknown language. But when Captain Giles, after only an instant for reflection, answered him with homely friendliness, "Aye, to be sure. You are right there," he appeared very much gratified indeed, and went away (pretty straight too) to seek a distant long chair.

"What was he trying to say?" I asked with disgust.

"I don't know. Mustn't be down too much on a fellow. He's feeling pretty wretched, you may be sure; and tomorrow he'll feel worse yet."

Judging by the man's appearance it seemed impossible. I wondered what sort of complicated debauch had reduced him to that unspeakable condition. Captain Giles' benevolence was spoiled by a curious air of complacency which I disliked. I said with a little laugh:

"Well, he will have you to look after him."

He made a deprecatory gesture, sat down, and took up a paper. I did the same. The papers were old and uninteresting, filled up mostly with dreary stereotyped descriptions of Queen Victoria's first jubilee celebrations. Probably we should have quickly fallen into a tropical afternoon doze if it had not been for Hamilton's voice raised in the dining-room. He was finishing his tiffin there. The big double doors stood wide open permanently, and he could not have had any idea how near to it our chairs were placed. He was heard in a loud, supercilious tone answering some statement ventured by the Chief Steward.

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"What? That young ass who fancies himself for having been chief mate with Kent so long? . . . Never."

Giles and I looked at each other. Kent being the name of my late commander. Captain Giles' whisper, "He's talking of you," seemed to me sheer waste of breath. The Chief Steward must have said something more, because Hamilton was heard again, more supercilious than ever and also very emphatic:

"Rubbish, my good man! One doesn't *compete* with a rank outsider like that. There's plenty of time."

Then there was pushing of chairs, footsteps in the next room, and plaintive expostulations from the Steward, who was pursuing Hamilton, even out of doors through the main entrance.

"That's a very insulting sort of man," remarked Captain Giles—superfluously, I thought. "Very insulting. You haven't done anything to him, have you?"

"Never spoke to him in my life," I said grumpily. "Can't imagine what he means by competing. He has been trying for my job after I left—and didn't get it. But that isn't exactly competition."

Captain Giles balanced his big benevolent head thoughtfully. "He didn't get it," he repeated very slowly. "No, not likely either, with Kent. Kent told me he was sorry you left him. He gives you the name of a good seaman too."

I flung away the paper I was still holding. I sat up, I slapped the table with my open palm. I wanted to know why he would keep harping on that, my absolutely private affair. It was exasperating, really.

Captain Giles silenced me by the perfect equanimity of his gaze. "Nothing to be annoyed about," he murmured reasonably, with an evident intention to soothe the inexplicable irritation he had aroused. And he was really a man of an appearance so inoffensive that I tried to explain myself as much as I could. I told him that I did not want to hear any more about what was past and gone. It had been very nice while it lasted, but now it was done with I had no desire to talk about it or even think about it. I had made up my mind to go home.

He listened to the whole tirade in a particular, lending-the-ear attitude, as if trying to detect a false note in it

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somewhere; then straightened himself up and appeared to ponder sagaciously over the matter.

"Yes. You told me you meant to go home. Anything in view there?"

Instead of telling him that it was none of his business I said sullenly:

"Nothing that I know of."

I had indeed considered that rather blank side of the situation I had created for myself by leaving suddenly my very satisfactory employment. And I was not very pleased with it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say that common sense had nothing to do with my action, and that therefore it didn't deserve the interest Captain Giles seemed to be taking in it. But he was puffing at a short wooden pipe now, and looked so inoffensive, dense, and commonplace, that it seemed hardly worth while to puzzle him either with truth or sarcasm.

He blew a cloud of smoke, then surprised me by a very abrupt: "Paid your passage money yet?"

Overcome by the shameless pertinacity of a man to whom it was rather difficult to be rude, I replied with exaggerated meekness that I had not done so yet. I thought there would be plenty of time to do that to-morrow.

And I was about to turn away, withdrawing my privacy from his fatuous, objectless attempts to test what sort of stuff it was made of, when he laid down his pipe in an extremely, significant manner, you know, as if a critical moment had come, and leaned sideways over the table between us.

"Oh! You haven't yet!" He dropped his voice mysteriously. "Well, then I think you ought to know that there's something going on here."

I had never in my life felt more detached from all earthly goings on. Freed from the sea for a time, I preserved the sailor's consciousness of complete independence from all land affairs. How could they concern me? I gazed at Captain Giles' animation with scorn rather than with curiosity.

To his obviously preparatory question whether our steward had spoken to me that day I said he hadn't. And what's more he would have had precious little encourage-

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ment if he had tried to. I didn't want the fellow to speak to me at all.

Unrebuked by my petulance, Captain Giles, with an air of immense sagacity, began to tell me a sort of tale about a Harbour Office peon. It was absolutely pointless. A peon was seen walking that morning on the verandah with a letter in his hand. It was in an official envelope. As the habit of these fellows is, he had shown it to the first white man he came across. That man was our friend in the armchair. He, as I knew, was not in a state to interest himself in any sublunary matters. He could only wave the peon away. The man then wandered on along the verandah and came upon Captain Giles, who was there by an extraordinary chance

At this point he stopped with a profound look. The letter, he continued, was addressed to the Chief Steward. Now what could Captain Ellis, the Master Attendant, want to write to the Steward for? The fellow went every morning, anyhow, to the Harbour Office with his report, for orders or what not. He hadn't been back more than an hour before there was an office peon chasing him with a note. Now what was that for?

And he began to speculate. It was not for this—and it could not be for that. As to that other thing it was unthinkable.

The fatuousness of all this made me stare. If the man had not been somehow a sympathetic personality I would have resented it like an insult. As it was, I felt only sorry for him. Something remarkably earnest in his gaze prevented me from laughing in his face. Neither did I yawn at him. I just stared.

His tone became a shade more mysterious. Directly the fellow (meaning the Steward) got that note he rushed for his hat and bolted out of the house. But it wasn't because the note called him to the Harbour Office. He didn't go there. He was not absent long enough for that. He came darting back in no time, flung his hat away and raced about the dining-room moaning and slapping his forehead. All these exciting facts and manifestations had been observed by Captain Giles. He had, it seems, been meditating upon them ever since.

I began to pity him profoundly. And in a tone which

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I tried to make as little sarcastic as possible I said that I was glad he had found something to occupy his morning hours.

With his disarming simplicity he made me observe, as if it were a matter of some consequence, how strange it was that he should have spent the morning indoors at all. He generally was out before tiffin, visiting various offices, seeing his friends in the harbour, and so on. He had felt out of sorts somewhat on rising. Nothing much. Just enough to make him feel lazy.

All this with a sustained, holding stare which, in conjunction with the general inanity of the discourse, conveyed the impression of mild, dreary lunacy. And when he hitched his chair a little and dropped his voice to the low note of mystery, it flashed upon me that high professional reputation was not necessarily a guarantee of sound mind.

It never occurred to me then that I didn't know in what soundness of mind exactly consisted and what a delicate and, upon the whole, unimportant matter it was. With some idea of not hurting his feelings I blinked at him in an interested manner. But when he proceeded to ask me mysteriously whether I remembered what had passed just now between that Steward of ours and "that man Hamilton," I only grunted sourly assent and turned away my head.

"Aye. But do you remember every word?" he insisted tactfully.

"I don't know. It's none of my business," I snapped out, consigning, moreover, the Steward and Hamilton aloud to eternal perdition.

I meant to be very energetic and final, but Captain Giles continued to gaze at me thoughtfully. Nothing could stop him. He went on to point out that my personality was involved in that conversation. When I tried to preserve the semblance of unconcern he became positively cruel. I heard what the man had said? Yes? What did I think of it then?—he wanted to know.

Captain Giles' appearance excluding the suspicion of mere sly malice, I came to the conclusion that he was simply the most tactless idiot on earth. I almost despised myself for the weakness of attempting to enlighten his common understanding. I started to explain that I did

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not think anything whatever. Hamilton was not worth a thought. What such an offensive loafer . . . —“Aye! that he is,” interjected Captain Giles— . . . thought or said was below any decent man’s contempt, and I did not propose to take the slightest notice of it.

This attitude seemed to me so simple and obvious that I was really astonished at Giles giving no sign of assent. Such perfect stupidity was almost interesting.

“What would you like me to do?” I asked laughing. “I can’t start a row with him because of the opinion he has formed of me. Of course, I’ve heard of the contemptuous way he alludes to me. But he doesn’t intrude his contempt on my notice. He has never expressed it in my hearing. For even just now he didn’t know we could hear him. I should only make myself ridiculous.”

That hopeless Giles went on puffing at his pipe moodily. All at once his face cleared, and he spoke.

“You missed my point.”

“Have I? I am very glad to hear it,” I said.

With increasing animation he stated again that I had missed his point. Entirely. And in a tone of growing self-conscious complacency he told me that few things escaped his attention, and he was rather used to think them out, and generally from his experience of life and men arrived at the right conclusion.

This bit of self-praise, of course, fitted excellently the laborious inanity of the whole conversation. The whole thing strengthened in me that obscure feeling of life being but a waste of days which half-unconsciously had driven me out of a comfortable berth, away from men I liked, to flee from the menace of emptiness . . . and to find inanity at the first turn. Here was a man of recognised character and achievement disclosed as an absurd and dreary chatterer. And it was probably like this everywhere—from east to west, from the bottom to the top of the social scale.

A great discouragement fell on me like spiritual drowsiness. Giles’ voice was going on complacently; the very voice of the universal hollow conceit. And I was no longer angry with it. There was nothing original, nothing new, startling, informing to expect from the world: no opportunities to find out something about oneself, no wisdom to

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acquire, no fun to enjoy. Everything was stupid and over-rated, even as Captain Giles was. So be it.

The name of Hamilton suddenly caught my ear and roused me up.

"I thought we had done with him," I said, with the greatest possible distaste.

"Yes. But considering what we happened to hear just now I think you ought to do it."

"Ought to do it?" I sat up bewildered. "Do what?"

Captain Giles confronted me very much surprised.

"Why! Do what I have been advising you to try. You go and ask the Steward what was there in that letter from the Harbour Office. Ask him straight out."

I remained speechless for a time. Here was something unexpected and original enough to be altogether incomprehensible. I murmured, astounded.

"But I thought it was Hamilton that you"

"Exactly. Don't you let him. You do what I tell you. You tackle that Steward. You'll make him jump, I bet," insisted Captain Giles, waving his smouldering pipe impressively at me. Then he took three rapid puffs at it.

His air of triumphant acuteness was indescribable. Yet the man remained a strangely sympathetic creature. Benevolence radiated from him ridiculously—a sort of mysterious benevolence. It was irritating, too. But I pointed out coldly, as one who deals with the incomprehensible, that I didn't see any reason to expose myself to a snub from the fellow. He was a very unsatisfactory servant and a miserable wretch besides, but I would just as soon think of tweaking his nose.

"Tweaking his nose," said Captain Giles in a scandalised tone. "Much use it would be to you."

That remark was so irrelevant that one could make no answer to it. But the sense of the absurdity was beginning to grow upon me and exercise its well-known fascination. I felt I must not let the man talk to me any more. I got up, observing curtly that he was too much for me—that I couldn't make him out.

Before I had time to move away he spoke again in a changed tone of obstinacy and puffing nervously at his pipe.

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"Well—he's a—no account cuss—anyhow. You just—ask him. That's all."

That new manner impressed me—or rather made me pause. But sanity asserting its sway at once I left the verandah after giving him a mirthless smile. In a few strides I found myself in the dining-room, now cleared and empty. But during that short time various thoughts occurred to me, such as: that Giles had been making fun of me, expecting some amusement at my expense; that I probably looked silly and gullible; that I knew very little of life

The door facing me across the dining-room flew open to my extreme surprise. It was the door inscribed with the word "Steward" and the man himself ran out of his stuffy Philistinish lair in his absurd hunted animal manner, making for the garden door.

To this day I don't know what made me call after him. "I say! Wait a minute." Perhaps it was the side-long glance he gave me; or possibly I was yet under the influence of Captain Giles' mysterious earnestness. Well, it was an impulse of some sort; an effect of that force somewhere within our lives which shapes them this way or that. For if these words had not escaped from my lips (my will had nothing to do with that) my existence would, to be sure, have been still a seaman's existence, but directed on now to me utterly inconceivable lines.

No. My will had nothing to do with it. Indeed, no sooner had I made that fateful noise than I became extremely sorry for it. Had the man stopped and faced me I would have had to retire in disorder. For I had no notion to carry out Captain Giles' idiotic joke, either at my own expense or at the expense of the Steward.

But here the old human instinct of the chase came into play. He pretended to be deaf, and I, without thinking a second about it, dashed along my own side of the dining table and cut him off at the very door.

"Why can't you answer when you are spoken to?" I asked roughly.

He leaned against the lintel of the door. He looked extremely wretched. Human nature is, I fear, not very nice right through. There are ugly spots in it. I found

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myself growing angry, and that, I believe, only because my quarry looked so woe-begone. Miserable beggar!

I went for him without more ado. "I understand there was an official communication to the Home from the Harbour Office this morning. Is that so?"

Instead of telling me to mind my own business, as he might have done, he began to whine with an undertone of impudence. He couldn't see me anywhere this morning. He couldn't be expected to run all over the town after me.

"Who wants you to?" I cried. And then my eyes became opened to the inwardness of things and speeches the triviality of which had been so baffling and wearisome.

I told him I wanted to know what was in that letter. My sternness of tone and behaviour was only half assumed. Curiosity can be a very fierce sentiment—at times.

He took refuge in a silly, muttering sulkiness. It was nothing to me, he mumbled. I had told him I was going home. And since I was going home he didn't see why he should

That was the line of his argument, and it was irrelevant enough to be almost insulting. Insulting to one's intelligence, I mean.

In that twilight region between youth and maturity, in which I had my being then, one is peculiarly sensitive to that kind of insult. I am afraid my behaviour to him became very rough indeed. But it wasn't in him to face out anything or anybody. Drug habit or solitary tippling, perhaps. And when I forgot myself so far as to swear at him he broke down and began to shriek.

I don't mean to say that he made a great outcry. It was a cynical shrieking confession, only faint—piteously faint. It wasn't very coherent either, but sufficiently so to strike me dumb with righteous indignation. I turned my eyes from him in horror, and perceived Captain Giles in the verandah doorway surveying quietly the scene, his own handiwork, if I may express it in that way. His smouldering black pipe was very noticeable in his big, paternal fist. So, too, was the glitter of his heavy gold watch-chain across the breast of his white tunic. He exhaled an atmosphere of virtuous sagacity thick enough

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for any innocent soul to fly to confidently. I flew to him.

"You would never believe it," I cried. "It was a notification that a master is wanted for some ship. There's a command apparently going about and this fellow puts the thing in his pocket."

He screamed out in accents of loud despair. "You will be the death of me!"

The mighty slap he gave his wretched forehead was very loud, too. But when I turned to look at him he was no longer there. He had rushed away somewhere out of sight. This sudden disappearance made me laugh.

This was the end of the incident—for me. Captain Giles, however, staring at the place where the Steward had been, began to haul at his gorgeous gold chain till at last the watch came up from the deep pocket like solid truth from a well. Solemnly he lowered it down again and only then said:

"Just three o'clock. You will be in time—if you don't lose any, that is."

"In time for what?" I asked.

"Good Lord! For the Office. This must be looked into."

Strictly speaking, he was right. But I've never had much taste for investigation, for showing people up and all that, no doubt ethically meritorious, kind of work. And my view of the episode was purely ethical. If anyone had to be the death of the Steward I didn't see why it shouldn't be Captain Giles himself, a man of age and standing, and a permanent resident. Whereas I, in comparison, felt myself a mere bird of passage in that port. In fact, it might have been said that I had already broken off my connection. I muttered that I didn't think—it was nothing to me

"Nothing!" repeated Captain Giles, giving some signs of quiet, deliberate indignation. "Kent warned me you were a peculiar young fellow. You will tell me next that a command is nothing to you—and after all the trouble I've taken, too!"

"The trouble!" I murmured, uncomprehending. What trouble? All I could remember was being mystified

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and bored by his conversation for a solid hour after tiffin. And he called that taking a lot of trouble.

He was looking at me with a self-complacency which would have been odious in any other man. All at once, as if a page of a book had been turned over disclosing a word which made plain all that had gone before, I perceived that this matter had also another than an ethical aspect.

And still I did not move. Captain Giles lost his patience a little. With an angry puff at his pipe he turned his back on my hesitation.

But it was not hesitation on my part. I had been, if I may express myself so, put out of gear mentally. But as soon as I had convinced myself that this stale, unprofitable world of my discontent contained such a thing as a command to be seized, I recovered my powers of locomotion.

It's a good step from the Officers' Home to the Harbour Office; but with the magic word "Command" in my head I found myself suddenly on the quay as if transported there in the twinkling of an eye, before a portal of dressed white stone above a flight of shallow white steps.

All this seemed to glide at me swiftly. The whole great roadstead to the right was just a mere flicker of blue, and the dim cool hall swallowed me up out of the heat and glare of which I had not been aware till at the very moment I passed in from it.

The broad inner staircase insinuated itself under my feet somehow. Command is a strong magic. The first human beings I perceived distinctly since I had parted with the broad back of Captain Giles was the crew of the harbour steam-launch lounging on the broad landing about the curtained archway of the shipping office.

It was there that my buoyancy abandoned me. The atmosphere of officialdom would kill anything that breathes the air of human endeavour, would extinguish hope and fear alike in the supremacy of paper and ink. I passed heavily under the curtain which the Malay coxswain of the harbour launch raised for me. There was nobody in the office except the clerks, writing in two industrious rows. But the head shipping-master hopped down from his elevation and hurried along on the thick mats to meet me in the broad central passage.

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He had a Scottish name, but his complexion was of a rich olive hue, his short beard was jet black, and his eyes, also black, had a languishing expression. He asked confidentially :

"You want to see Him?"

All lightness of spirit and body having departed from me at the touch of officialdom, I looked at the scribe without animation and asked in my turn wearily :

"What do you think? Is it any good?"

"My goodness! He has asked for you twice to-day."

This emphatic He was the supreme authority, the Marine Superintendent, the Harbour-Master—a very great person in the eyes of every single quill-driver in the room. But that was nothing to the opinion he had of himself.

He looked upon himself as a sort of divine (pagan) emanation, the deputy-Neptune for the circumambient seas. If he did not actually rule the waves, he pretended to rule the fate of the mortals whose lives were cast upon the waters.

This uplifting illusion made him inquisitorial and peremptory. And as his temperament was choleric there were fellows who were actually afraid of him. He was redoubtable, not in virtue of his office, but in virtue of his unwarrantable assumptions. I had never had anything to do with him before.

I said : "Oh! He has asked for me twice. Then perhaps I had better go in."

"Decidedly! Decidedly!"

The shipping-master led the way with a mincing gait round the whole system of desks to a tall and important-looking door, which he opened with a deferential action of the arm.

He stepped right in (but without letting go of the handle) and, after gazing reverently down the room for a while, beckoned me in by a silent jerk of the head. Then he slipped out at once and shut the door after me most delicately.

Three lofty windows gave on the harbour. There was nothing in them but the dark-blue sparkling sea and the a little paler luminous blue of the sky. My eye caught in the depths and distances of these blue tones the white speck of some big ship just arrived and about to anchor

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in the outer roadstead. A ship from home—after perhaps ninety days at sea. There is something touching about a ship coming in from sea and folding her white wings for a rest.

The next thing I saw was the top-knot of silver hair surmounting Captain Ellis' smooth red face, which would have been apoplectic if it hadn't had such a fresh appearance.

Our deputy-Neptune had no beard on his chin, and there was no trident to be seen standing in a corner anywhere, like an umbrella. But his hand was holding a pen—the official pen, far mightier than the sword in making or marring the fortune of simple toiling men. He was looking over his shoulder at my advance.

When I had come well within range he saluted me by a nerve-shattering "Where have you been all this time?"

As it was none of his business I did not take the slightest notice of the shot. I said simply that I had heard there was a master needed for some vessel and being a sailing-ship man I thought I would apply. . .

He interrupted me "Why! Hang it! *You* are the right man for that job—if there had been twenty others after it. But no fear of that. They are all afraid to catch hold. That's what's the matter."

He was very irritated. I said innocently "Are they, sir. I wonder why?"

"Why!" he fumed. "Afraid of the sails. Afraid of a white crew. Too much trouble. Too much work. Too long out here. Easy life and deck-chairs more their mark. Here I sit with the Consul-General's cable before me, and the only man fit for the job not to be found anywhere. I began to think you were funking it too. . ."

"I haven't been long getting to the office," I remarked calmly.

"You have a good name out here, though," he growled savagely without looking at me.

"I am very glad to hear it from you, sir," I said.

"Yes. But you are not on the spot when you are wanted. You know you weren't. That steward of yours wouldn't dare to neglect a message from this office. Where the devil did you hide yourself for the best part of the day?"

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I only smiled kindly down at him, and he seemed to recollect himself, and asked me to take a seat. He explained that the master of a British ship having died in Bangkok the Consul-General had cabled to him a request for a competent man to be sent out to take command.

Apparently, in his mind, I was the man from the first, though for the looks of the thing the notification addressed to the Sailors' Home was general. An agreement had already been prepared. He gave it to me to read, and when I handed it back to him with the remark that I accepted its terms, the deputy-Neptune signed it, stamped it with his own exalted hand, folded it in four (it was a sheet of blue foolscap) and presented it to me—a gift of extraordinary potency, for, as I put it in my pocket, my head swam a little.

"This is your appointment to the command," he said with a certain gravity. "An official appointment binding the owners to conditions which you have accepted. Now—when will you be ready to go?"

I said I would be ready that very day if necessary. He caught me at my word with great alacrity. The steamer *Melita* was leaving for Bangkok that evening about seven. He would request her captain officially to give me a passage and wait for me till ten o'clock.

Then he rose from his office chair, and I got up too. My head swam, there was no doubt about it, and I felt a certain heaviness of limbs as if they had grown bigger since I had sat down on that chair. I made my bow.

A subtle change in Captain Ellis' manner became perceptible. He had laid aside the trident of deputy-Neptune. In reality, it was only his pen that he had dropped on getting up.

(To be continued.)

The Word

A Welsh Study

By Caradoc Evans

ACCORDING to the Word of the Davydd Bern-Davydd, the Respected of Capel Sion, which is in the parish of Troed-fawr, in the shire of Cardigan :

My text, congregation fach, is in Luke, the seventh chapter, and the second after the tenth verse : " Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow : and much people of the city was with her." The second after the tenth verse in the seventh chapter of Luke, people : " Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow : and much people of the city was with her."

Search deeply into the verse will I. Going about preaching was the little White Jesus. A student He was at this time, collecting for His college, like the students that come to Capel Sion from College Carmarthen and College Bala. Grand was the sermon He had worded at Capernaum. There's big the collection was. Then He said : " For sure me, go I will now to Capel Moriah in Nain."

Was not Nain, people bach, a big town? Things very pretty were in the town. There were Capels in every part, and the largest was Capal Moriah Dissenters. Moriah had two lofts, and in front of the lower loft there was a clock cuckoo; and nice the ornaments in the ceiling were now. And there's a splendid pulpit, higher than even the roof of the heathen old Church. Boys bach, never have you seen such a Book of Words. The cover was of leather; not hard leather, but soft like Mishtress Bern-Davydd's Sabbath shoes. And he had clasps of brass, and at the

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beginning of him was written the names of all the Rulers of Moriah.

Between the Capel and the road, as we have in Sion, was the burial-ground, which from end to end measured more than from Shop Rhys to the tree on which Dennis sinned. The place was so big that you could not see the other side. Larger than ten hayfields. And as full of graves as a wheatfield is of ears. Very careful you had to be not to walk on the graves. Fuller, indeed, five over twenty times than the burial-ground of Capel Morfa.

Natty were the stones over the graves. Come with me, little men, and peep at them we will. Here is one above a Ruler of the Pulpit. Photographs of angels at the end of the stone. And what a big angel bach on the head. What is he doing? Sounding, he is, indeed to goodness, the Harp of Gold. What is the name of the hymn the angel bach is toning? Hymn Williams :

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

What is the Ruler's name, say you? A surprise. Read you on the stone again. "Here sleeps Solomon, who reigned over Israel for twice twenty years."

Dear me, here is a nice stone, and costly. This is over the perished body surely of a nobleman, Who was he? Hap he had a shop draper of a walk milk. Great he was in the Big Seat. "He died in the Big Man's arms," is the writing. O persons, shall that much be said of you? When you hear the trumpet noising over your grave, will you say : "I am ready, little White Jesus"? You, Dai Lanlas, how will you fare after the report that Eynon Daviss made about you, man? Horrid is your sin. What for you want to laugh at Capel Sion?

Come, come, congregation, let us read the stones and heed the glass flowers on the mounds. There is Mishtress Simeon : "Be this her Memorial." Here is the grave of the religious little widow who gave her mite : "Let this be counted unto her for righteousness." A grand sampler was the widow. She gave her mite. Nanss Penfordd, one

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yellow sovereign and half-a-crown you gave last year to Sion, though you get a large pension. Isaac Brongest, man, increase your sacrifice, or tell about you to the Big Preacher I must.

What is this? An open grave. What are the names on the stone at the side? "Abram Shop Grocer, Nain." Was Abram religious? Great was the wealth he left his widow Esther. Ask askings we shall of the old gravedigger. There he is—a tallish man and hairless, and the hangings of his trousers are loosened because of the heat of the sun. Occupation very good is making graves. Digging the houses which shelter us between here and the Palace. There is no old rent to pay for a grave, people.

"Fair day, little man, how you was, then?"

"Good am I, strangers; and fair day to you. Where shall I say you hail from?"

"Boys bach from Capel Sion," we say. "Proud is the graveyard."

The gravedigger rests his chin on the end of the rod of his pickaxe and wipes the tobacco spittle from his chin. "Iss, man, when this coffin is covered, there will be no more room. Has not the Capel taken the spacious field of Eben, the son of Joseph? Elegant will be the to-do at the first opening."

"The hole is not very large," we say. "Be he for a maid now?"

"No-no, male. Though he is narrow, he is not for a maid."

"As you speak. Mouth who is perished."

"A young youth," the old gravedigger says. "The son of Esther the widow of Abram Shop Grocer."

"Don't say. When is the funeral, male bach?"

"This day, boys Capel Sion. An hour after the dinner."

The gravedigger takes out his old watch. "One o'clock. Saint Shames will be praying in the house now. Tearful are Shames's prayers. And Luke will speak also."

"Who is Shames and Luke?"

Astonished is the gravedigger. "Dullish you are. Is not Shames the Ruler of Capel Horeb in Jerusalem? And Luke bach the Ruler of Capel Antioch? Tuneful and short and sweet preacher is Luke bach the Singer. Do you

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tariy here to listen to his sermon over the coffin in the Capel. Treat you will have."

He goes down into the Hole and makes the walls straight. Listen, blockheads. Is he not singing one of Hawen's hymns? Hymner very religious is Hawen. Now he comes up and examines his watch. "Late is the funeral," he says. He stands on the edge, but he sees no men and women walking in procession in their Sabbath clothes. He cries to Daniel Lions, who is the Keeper of the House of the Capel: "Slow is the carcase in coming, Daniel." Daniel answers: "Iss, indeed. Sent Abed have I to make questions."

The afternoon grows and no funeral. The day dims. We will stay on, companions, for are we not to hear Luke bach the Singer saying a sermon. Iss, then, we will stop.

So we tarry, and ask more questions of the gravedigger. "Was this a promising young youth—the son of Esther the Widow of Abram Shop Grocer?"

"Indeed, iss. Home he was from College Jerusalem. Did he not drive out the Bad Man from the body of a servant woman who had spoken ill of a teacher in the College? Learned he was in the School of Sunday. What is the matter for the funeral not to come? Dear me, don't say that Esther the Widow of Abram has perished and will be put in the grave with her son! Maybe Shames has the spirit on him. Shames prays sometimes for a week without a stop."

Go we will to meet the funeral. But here is Abed bach coming on the tramping road. His belly shivers like the belly of Rhys Shop when he was found sinning with Anna in the storehouse, and his thick lips are gaped like the lips of the Schoolin' when he desires Ellen Felin.

"Boys, boys," he cries. "Are you waiting to see the funeral?"

"Iss—iss, man," we answer.

"Then there is no funeral to be," he says. "The son of Esther is not dead."

"Well—well?" we ask.

"He is risen."

"Don't murmur idly," says the gravedigger.

"Truth sure this is," replies Abed. "Esau and Jacob and Matthew and Job were carrying the coffin

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from the house into the hearse when the Big Jesus passed. He said to Esther: 'Why for you weep?' And Esther told Him how Abram was in the Palace of White Shirts, and now that her son was gone also there was none to care after Shop Grocer. The little White Jesus called up to Him Samuel Carpenter, and commanded him to unscrew the coffin. The young youth was alive."

"Goodness all," says the old boy of a gravedigger. "Will He stay long in the land?"

O males Capel Sion, much was the noise in Nain that day. Samuel took away the coffin and the screws. Shames did not pray. Luke bach the short and sweet Singer put his funeral sermon in the backhead pocket of his preacher's coat.

While the young youth was preparing to go into the Shop, Esther his mother said to him: "Boy bach, do you remember perishing?"

He answered: "No."

"Do you remember Sam Carpenter measuring you for a coffin?"

"No."

"Do you remember the White Shirt?"

"No."

"Did you hear Jesus speaking to you?"

"Iss—iss. I heard Him in Eternity."

Glad was Esther the widow woman. "Don't you hasten away, people," she said. "Stay you, and I will brew tea and make pancakes."

And do you know, O creatures, no night followed that day in Nain. Men and women went about and abroad, saying one to another of this miracle which had taken place in the house of Esther Shop Grocer. For the Big Man had raised His voice to the Chief Angel: "Put another wick in the sun."

Transport Reform

By Alfred Warwick Gattie

TRANSPORT reform and political reform are one and indivisible. They are not the same thing; they are two different parts of the same thing. The one is dependent upon the other. There can be no transport reform without political reform. If I were a re-incarnation of James Watt, George Stephenson, and Michael Faraday rolled into one, no scheme I could propound would be of any avail so long as it was opposed by the combined Front Benches of the House of Commons, a majority in the House of Lords, and the whole of the permanent officials of the Government Departments of Whitehall, backed by an army of railway sinecurists and contractors.

There is not one single member of any of the above groups who is in favour of transport reform in any shape, and who is not terrified at the prospect of investigation of railway affairs.

Your Past President, Mr. Collins, has pointed out that, notwithstanding our geographical and other great natural advantages, inland freight rates in this country are the highest in the world. What becomes of these surplus receipts? Whom do they benefit?

Mr. Basil Peto in the House of Commons has charged the railways with an annual shortage of millions of money unaccounted for, and not a single member of the Government dared to answer him.

The Government ignored what they could not disprove, and forced upon the obedient Legislature a further raising of railway rates to the further detriment of the trade of the country. If there is anyone here who supposes that the Government were unaware that their action was pre-

* A. paper read at the Annual General Meeting of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers at Blackpool, June 29th, 1916.

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judicial to the country, I can undeceive him. Two ex-Cabinet Ministers, then members of the Government, with whom I have discussed this question, have admitted that our high freight rates act as a protective tariff in favour of the foreign producer and against the home producer. High freight rates act as a bounty in favour of the foreigner. There is not a single member of the present Cabinet who has attempted to dispute so patent a fact. The fiscal policy this country has pursued for years is inconsistent with both Free Trade and Tariff Reform.

The fiscal system of this country has for years been one of protection in favour of the foreigner by means of extortionate inland freight rates. Then why is every Cabinet Minister and every permanent official so bitterly opposed to economic reform of railways?

There is only one conceivable interpretation to put upon the attitude and the words of the Government.

The shortage of millions of railway money is beyond dispute.

If investigation is "unnecessary," it must be because the Government know what becomes of the missing money.

If investigation is "undesirable," it is because the direction in which the missing money is spent is one of which the country would not approve and would put a stop to.

It is not necessary or possible to produce cheques and counterfoils in proof of a conclusion to which every fact clearly points.

I cannot produce cheques, but I can put forward the hypothesis in highest accord with the observed phenomena.

The facts are absolutely damning: the money is missing—Government will not allow investigation. The Government identify themselves with the defaulters, and resort to every conceivable subterfuge to hide the truth. Why are the Government so anxious to deny the country rational transport reform?

I will tell you why. Transport reform strikes at the very heart of political chicanery. It tears up by the roots the whole iniquitous system of secret party funds, upon which the political machine depends for its existence, and without which it could not live for an hour. Transport

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reform cuts off the supply at the main. Without secret party funds it would be impossible to allot constituencies to the nominees of the professional politicians. Constituencies might elect their own nominees—which would never do, from a Front Bench point of view.

How could the election expenses of Mr. Tribich Lincoln, the German spy, be paid?

Without secret party funds, how could the election expenses be paid of those who go into Parliament as the subsidised tools of the Front Benches? Can such men be representatives of the people?

No. They represent political chicanery, and nothing else. We don't want them.

Now let us consider who it is who provides these *secret* party funds, and *why* they provide them. Does anyone suppose that they are philanthropically provided to ensure the particular advantages of a Liberal or a Conservative Government? If so, why are their subscriptions kept so close a secret, and why do they subscribe so impartially to both parties?

These moneys are paid to the party funds as the price of blindness.

The main support of political chicanery is railway chicanery. Do away with the one and you will do away with the other.

The country does not want either, and can no longer afford such abominations.

What is the meaning of "wheels within wheels," words used by an ex-Cabinet Minister to explain the disinclination of the Government to examine railway expenditure?

Secret party funds are provided partly by the sale of titles, but mainly in consideration of the Government (Liberal or Conservative) fostering and protecting a colossal fraud on the public. That fraud is the railway fraud.

Reform would immediately expose and put an end to that fraud.

To give you some idea of the magnitude of the results of transport reform, I may mention that Mr. Roy Horniman, in his book *How to Make the Railways Pay for the War*, now being published by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, has estimated the loss to the United Kingdom per annum at £475,000,000; and Mr. Henry Murray, in his

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book *The Railway Swindle*, now being published by Messrs. Grant Richards, has estimated this loss at £500,000,000.

I believe both these estimates to fall far short of the mark.

The late Professor Ayrton, an economist to the fingertips, said: "I can see no end to the economies of this reform; they are too far reaching for me to grasp. No man can see the end of them."

The parties for and against economic reform of transport may be divided as under:—

For reform:

Scientists, traders, economists, literary men generally, and last, but not least, municipal and county engineers.

Against reform:

Professional politicians, Government permanent officials, railway directors, managers, and contractors and waggon-builders.

The scientists who are associated with the particular reform of transport we are met to discuss are as under:—

Mr. Marconi, who is a founder of the New Transport Co., Ltd.

The late Sir William Preece, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.

Mr. James Swinburne, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.

Dr. Hele Shaw, F.R.S., M.I.C.E.; and your own colleague and Past President, Mr. A. E. Collins, M.I.C.E.

That is a sample of the type of brain and the type of man in favour of the scheme with which I am chiefly associated.

Among our opponents may be mentioned:—

Col. Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., late Chief of the late London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade (now abolished as useless). Sir Herbert Jekyll is now a railway director.

Mr. W. F. Marwood, C.B., Chief of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, not yet abolished; and Mr. Marwood is not as yet a railway director, and perhaps he never will be!

Sir Guy Granet, General Manager of the Midland Railway.

Sir Charles Owens, late General Manager of the

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London and South-Western Railway, and now a director of that railway, and spokesman of the Railway Association of the United Kingdom.

The opponents of the reform would number probably a couple of thousand men. Such benefits as they derive—whatever they amount to—cost the nation £500,000,000 per annum (or more) in money; and how much in moral degradation it is impossible to say.

Sir Guy Granet declares that he will not state his objections to the proposed reform until asked to do so by the Government—which is about as safe a thing as he could have said.

Sir Charles Owens and many others content themselves by stating that the scheme is "impracticable." In forming this conclusion they have not found it necessary to visit the works of the New Transport Co. to inspect the machinery there. Plans, drawings, and models are presumably details beneath their notice.

The proposed reform consists in the introduction of Goods Clearing Houses in all large centres throughout the country. These clearing houses would be properly designed, adequately approached, and equipped with suitable modern machinery.

Terminal work, which now accounts for more than 90 per cent. of the total cost of railway transport, could be carried out in 1 per cent. of the time and on 1 per cent. of the space now occupied in doing this work, and these economies would lead to further gigantic economies in rolling stock, in labour, and in many other directions.

The net results of this reform would be two.

The first of these would be that the whole nation would have the advantage of quick, cheap, and safe goods transport; and the second would be that the railway companies would earn greater profits for their shareholders and be able to pay better wages to their workpeople.

These are the claims made on behalf of the scheme, and I will ask you to note that these claims have never been disputed. They have not only not been disputed, but they have been strongly supported by the Report of Mr. Edgar Harper, who was nominated to examine into the matter by a Cabinet Minister—Mr. John Burns.

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Mr. Edgar Harper was formerly Chief Statistical Officer of the London County Council, and is now Chief Valuer of Inland Revenue.

On the other hand, Sir Herbert Jekyll, formerly Chief of the late London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade, and now a railway director, while not specifically disputing any of the claims made, is opposed to the reform on the ground that "railway arrangements are excellent"; he has also stated that any inquiry into the alleged excellences "is unnecessary and undesirable." He does not believe in machinery. He informed me that if I made a free gift of the Clearing House machinery to the Crown, it would be unacceptable if any condition were made of giving any assistance.

No. 1.*

The diagram shows: That the laden mobility of a waggon is less than 1 per cent. of its lifetime; that the unladen mobility is about 2 per cent. of its lifetime, and that it is immobile for 97 per cent. of its lifetime; that there are 1,410,746 of these waggons representing a capital value of about £130,000,000.

That their maintenance during the 20-year term of their existence amounts to a further sum of £130,000,000.

That they occupy 15,000 miles of sidings, chiefly in or near to urban centres, having a land value of £300,000,000.

That the cost of maintenance and renewal of these sidings amounts to £190 per mile per annum, or a total cost over a period of 20 years of £57,000,000.

Here is a diagram showing the life of a railway goods waggon. It is exactly six years old to-day. It was first shown at my lecture at the London Chamber of Commerce on June 29th, 1910. On that occasion I said:

"In compiling the figures I am now going to show you I have taken the greatest care, but I make no pretence to infallibility, and if I have blundered I shall be grateful to any gentleman in the audience who will amend my figures. I am, at least, trying to tell the truth; if I succeed, I believe I shall do the railway companies the greatest possible service; if I fail to do so, under stress of circumstances, no one will regret it more than I shall. One thing I promise: I will at once acknowledge, and gladly correct, any error which may be pointed out to me."

* The Diagrams are omitted here.

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The red portion shows the period of laden mobility; the next division may be called debatable ground; and the next division is unladen mobility. The remaining 97 per cent. of its life the waggon is in detention. The figures are the closest approximation to the truth at which I am able to arrive. The Board of Trade officials, Sir Herbert Jekyll, and Mr. W. F. Marwood may choose to say that such results are "excellent," but no reasonable man can regard such a statement as anything else but a piece of unblushing official insolence.

This diagram proves that a greater number of waggons are bought by railways than can be actually required under any circumstances; but under the system of rapid loading and unloading which I am going to explain to you, not one-tenth of the present number of waggons would be needed.

Why do railway managers buy more waggons than are needed? Why do Board of Trade officials regard their doing so with such warm approval?

They are not likely to tell you, but possibly you may think the following fact throws light upon the subject:—

In America prices, as a rule, are higher than they are in this country; but over there railway waggons are much cheaper. When I was in America the sales manager of Messrs. Pullman and Co. quoted me \$1,100 for a 40-ft. waggon. I told him that I would have to pay more than twice that sum in England for a 40-ft. waggon. "Yes," he said, "but your waggons have to comply with the requirements of the Board of Trade, and they are very expensive people to deal with. Our waggons do very well for us."

I consider that such a chain of circumstances requires explanation, but Sir Herbert Jekyll has informed me that any investigation into railway matters is "unnecessary and undesirable."

I must here remind you that the Government allow Board of Trade officials to receive highly paid directorships on their retirement from Government service from the hands of the very men they are supposed to have supervised while they were in office. Why are they given these directorships?

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The cost price of these waggons is about £130,000,000; their upkeep is about £4 per annum per waggon on 1,410,746 waggons. They idly occupy about £300,000,000 worth of sidings for 97 per cent. of their time. The upkeep of a mile of sidings amounts to £190 per annum on a mileage of 15,000 miles. The land is mostly in and about large urban centres; some of the land so occupied in London has been valued at £4 per square foot.

I will now show you the result of this sort of extravagance.

No. 2.

This diagram shows that, between the years 1869 and 1912, the gross receipts of railway companies have increased 200 per cent., and that coincidentally their working expenditure has increased 290 per cent.

This is a diagram showing how the growth of expenditure outstrips the growth of revenue. The reverse should be the case. Every conceivable circumstance points to the conclusion that the rate of increase in expenditure should be much less than the rate of increase in revenue.

Railway expenditure, according to my calculations, is £45,000,000 per annum in excess of what it ought to be.

Sir Charles Owens, in dealing with this matter in his evidence, made no reference to the inefficiency of the railway goods waggon, which is the obvious clue to it. He ignored it altogether. He attributed the state of railway affairs to three non-existent causes. These were:—

1. The increase in cost of materials;
2. The increase in demands of labour;
3. The increase in taxation;

and he stated that the excellence of railway management has done much to counteract these three untoward influences.

We will examine Sir Charles Owens' first statement—the increase in cost of material.

This leads me to my next diagram. Steel is out and away the most important material used by railways.

No. 3.

This diagram shows that, between the years 1873 and 1912, there has been an almost sheer drop in the export price of manufactures of steel from £78 per ton to £12 per ton.

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This diagram shows the result of the Bessemer process. There is a drop in price of 80 per cent. from 1873 to 1912.

I may also mention that the steel rail is five times as durable as the old iron rail. I would like to say more about this subject of steel, but I must confine myself to showing you that Sir Charles Owens was mistaken in saying it had increased in price.

He was also mistaken about copper. He did not mention paper and mill-board, which has dropped 66 per cent. I mention it because it is a big item in railway work. Printing also is much cheaper.

I now come to the subject of coal.

No. 4.

This diagram shows the fluctuations in the price of coal between the years 1867 and 1912, the highest price reached being after the Franco-German war, when the average price is given at 21s.

You see the price of coal has fluctuated considerably, and there has been a rise in price from 10s. 4d. per ton in 1867 to 12s. 6d. in 1912. Sir Charles Owens was quite right on that point, but he forgot to mention that the locomotive had increased in efficiency from 15 to 25 per cent. and in tractive power from 83 to 97 per cent., and that the density of traffic—that is, the earnings per mile of rail—had more than doubled as from 1870 to 1913.

So much for Sir Charles Owens' contention that the cost of railway material has increased.

Now taking his second point—the increased demand of labour.

So far as labour is concerned, the alleged "increased demands of labour" had in 1907 realised a payment of less than 5d. per hour average over all grades. No general increase had taken place for twenty years. The pay is even now very bad.

With regard to rates, there has been an increase of a negligible amount.

The question I desire to put to you is: What could have induced Sir Charles Owens to give utterly false explanations at the Royal Commission when the true explanations were to hand? What could have induced the Railway Association of the United Kingdom to allow

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so utterly false a statement to be made on their behalf without making the least protest; and, further, how came it that a Royal Commission sat and listened to such a grotesque misrepresentation of facts, the truth being well known to them?

No. 5.

This diagram shows that, on the average, a steam locomotive is only actually engaged in hauling trains for 8.34 per cent. of its time, or fourteen hours per week, that its legitimate delays are seven hours per week, and that the remaining sixty-two hours of its active life are either occupied in sorting waggons or are unaccounted for.

The detention in the shed of a steam locomotive is, of course, necessary; the legitimate delays while actually engaged in haulage work are, of course, necessary. The absorption of 75 per cent. of its energies in shunting is not at all necessary. Shunting means sorting waggons, and as a locomotive is about the worst machine for the work you can imagine, it consequently does it very badly.

A locomotive is a machine designed to haul heavy loads, but, as you see, it is chiefly occupied in sorting railway waggons by pushing them backwards and forwards. Considered as a sorting machine, a locomotive is absurd.

How absurd it is no one can realise until he takes a pack of playing-cards and lays them out on a long table and sorts them by pushing them backwards and forwards as a locomotive would do in a shunting-yard. Let him count how many hundred times he needs to move his hand, and how many hundred times he moves the cards, and how long the job takes him. Then let him sort the cards, as he naturally would, by a three-dimensional process. He will see that he has only had to move each card once, and that he can use both hands at the same time, or a dozen hands if he had them. You can't use a dozen locomotives in a shunting-yard, and even two have to wait for each other to get out of each other's way. Then let him compare the speed of one operation with the other.

The advantages of shunting, as it is called, are not at once apparent, but if you ask a waggon-builder he will soon enlighten you.

This is a list of casualties in one yard in one month, all due to shunting.

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No. 6.

Shunting casualties to rolling stock in one yard in one month, all directly due to shunting :—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Broken buffer guide. | 11. Broken axle box. |
| 2. Broken drawbar, loose and broken bolts, shifted side spring, defective rubbers. | 12. Broken "V" iron. |
| 3. Bent locking bar and open end door. | 13. Broken drawbar. |
| 4. Broken drawbar pin, through rod, and bent headstock plate. | 14. Broken end plank. |
| 5. Broken end stanchion. | 15. Broken buffer spring buckle (very serious damage, involving the employment of special breakdown steam crane and gang of men). |
| 6. Broken head stock, end plank, and bent buffer rod. | 16. Two broken end planks. |
| 7. Broken buffer spring. | 17. Open end door. |
| 8. Broken coupling link. | 18. Broken end flap plank. |
| 9. Broken coupling link. | 19. Broken drawbar coil spring. |
| 10. Broken through rods. | 20. Broken drawbar. |
| | 21. Defective coupling. |

The manager of a very large firm of railway contractors told me my proposal to eliminate shunting would ruin their railway business. "Economically and scientifically, of course, you are right," he said, "but we are not philanthropists; we have to consider our shareholders."

The chairman of that firm was, and is, a director of the Midland Railway. His interests as a seller are greater than those as a buyer, consequently the Midland Railway Company approve of shunting.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

John Bull and His Irish Yoke

By Austin Harrison

ONLY cynics and politicians can have been surprised at the failure of the Irish negotiations. That the Prime Minister once more showed himself incapable of leading or making up his mind—this was to be expected: it is our daily medicine; but, in truth, neither Mr. Asquith's indetermination nor Lord Lansdowne's obstinacy brought about the rupture; the Irish "settlement" failed because in all its essentials it is a psychological problem, as Mr. Filson Young has pointed out, and a problem so elusive in its complexities and so stiff and patterned with prejudice is not (as Pat would say) "after being" solved by mere well-intentioned enterprise or by any punch-work of comity or compromise, even in the stress of war. And though the politicians fashioned a life-like effigy, they could not breathe life into it. The attempt to "rush" things by hasty surface philosophy broke down before the psychology of Ireland—Celtic, mystic, incalculable.

So the Irish problem remains with us in its dual inconvenience, the conflict of psychologies, which again may be divided into two categories: the one, the inherent Irish question of the Irish and of Irish interests—political, religious, and racial; the other, its military or strategic aspect in its relation to British and Imperial unity, and, coupled with that, its repercussion on England, on Parliament and British politics, and the very morphology of Cabinet government, and so the whole character of our public life. For with the march of time Ireland has become more an English than an Irish question, the incubus of which is even more disastrous in its manifestations and influences here than in Ireland, because whereas in Ireland

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it is at least the inspiration of a policy, in England it is the indirect negation of all policy.

The English side of the problem is simple. First and last, it is military, for Ireland is an island, and if the war has taught us little else, it has shown the impossibility of ever again neglecting the strategic defence of these shores, and the necessity of a national policy. There is no need to insist upon that point, which will in future be associated with the name of Casement. I do not regard that as a deterrent to Home Rule. That also is psychological, and should be capable of satisfactory adjustment, the solution of the part being the solution of the whole. None the less, it remains the grammar of the question imperially viewed, and until that quintessential condition of a Nationalist Ireland is settled, the Irish problem will be with us.

The secondary side of the Irish difficulty is its reflection upon our public life and politics. And here we are face to face with an intolerable situation, which cannot be allowed to continue. It may be summed up in the paradox that Ireland really governs England through trying to obtain the right to govern herself.

Few men conversant with politics will deny this. For years the Irish tyranny (I use the word in its classic sense) has permeated and vitiated our public life. It is the explanation of our two-Party rigidity, that organised quarrel which pivots on Ireland; it is the explanation of Mr. Asquith and his expurgated Coalition; it is the explanation of the Rump. Astride the centre of the political see-saw of Unionism *versus* Liberalism there stands Mr. Redmond with his ludicrous Irish over-representation, and always he is in a position to swing Mr. Asquith up or press Mr. Bonar Law down, according as he deems it politic, his action being determined by specifically local considerations. Parliament, as is admitted, is controlled by the Irish; in turn it defines and controls the Government. Imperial, national, purely English questions are literally at the mercy of this Government by check, as the workaday solution for which the Prime Minister has evolved the specious formula, "Wait and see." The total absence of responsibility is also the fruit of this tyranny, it being obvious that the more Ministerial responsibility is enforced the greater becomes

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the power of the controlling agency which, alone of all parties, is a permanent force and sufficiently large to be decisive. Thus the power of Liberalism rests on this Irish lever. As we know, in 1914 we were confronted with the imminence of civil war. It is the truth that the weakness, dilatoriness, flabbiness, failures and omissions of the Government in war are largely due to the Irish stranglehold on the independence and power of action of the Ministry, which exists absolutely by Irish tolerance.

To-day the very word "Government" provokes a smile. Mr. Asquith survives with the remnants of his strictly Irish Cabinet solely on account of the Irish representation, and so much is this recognised that his political opposition have nicknamed him "indispensable": the reason being that they fear the Irish opposition in the event of a proper war Government, or any alternative Government. Because the majority which sent Mr. Asquith into power is itself governed by a minority, or the Irish representation, at Westminster, which has insisted on placing itself outside the pale of citizenship in its duty of service to the State.

Let me repeat the words written in this REVIEW, June, 1916: "The Governor of England is the political Governor of the Prime Minister, and he stands outside both law and responsibility. The majority exists by *force majeure* of Mr. Redmond, who refuses to allow the Military Act to be applied to Ireland . . . and the whole is governed by an Irish faction which does not even know what is going on in Ireland and declines even the citizenship of British civilisation. This is the basis of Mr. Asquith's indispensability, because, owing to the Irish over-representation, the Unionist Coalition Ministers hesitate to upset the Government for fear of Irish opposition in the event of an alternative Government: no other. Mr. Asquith survives because Mr. Redmond might be able to knock down a proper War Government."

If it be objected that this is a distortionate picture of Irish power, let us, then, turn to the Irish themselves. The need for holding back having passed, the voluble Mr. Dillon gave away the Irish case, August 1st, with Celtic communicativeness. The Irish now are rather vexed with Mr. Asquith; they want to frighten him a bit, or pretend that they are annoyed, so Mr. Dillon spoke out.

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He bemoaned the docility and silence of the Irish during late years and rejoiced that a different spirit was rising in the House towards the Government. The Irish had maintained silence as regards the "*indescribable and incredible blundering* of the War Office over recruiting in Ireland. We could have made it pretty hot for the Government," he threw in, "but they had kept silence regarding the *outrageous conduct of the war*." The War Office had muddled the war abroad and at home. The Liberal Government had maintained office for several years through the steady and loyal support of the Nationalists. This plain blunt outburst was described in the Press as having caused a sensation, which almost reached the heights of delirium when, *incredibile dictu*, Mr. Asquith was seen to cross the floor to the Irish benches and have a crack of evident merriment with its author.

So m(h)urder will out. Now we know. The Irish consider the Government's conduct of the war "outrageous," yet they *said nothing*. Why? There is only one answer. Because they thought and acted as Irish politicians and not as national-thinking citizens in war. Because they wanted Mr. Asquith shielded and kept in power to serve their own border politics, and so ignored the national or military necessities of Britain. And so we learn that though they "could have made it pretty hot for the Government," they deliberately chose to support an incompetent Ministry in their own political interests.

Such is the English aspect of the Irish problem, illustrated. Political cynicism can go no further. The Irish knew their power. They knew that the Government was "outrageous" and that Britain's cause was suffering in consequence, and yet they acclaimed it, and by their attachment prevented this country from obtaining an efficient War Government, with what ultimate cost in life and wealth time alone can show. And Mr. Dillon spoke the truth. On this occasion he wanted to speak the truth, to rub it in. Ruling England, because holding Mr. Asquith and his majority, and so the country, in their pockets, the Irish did not think of England, they thought of Ireland and of what, through Mr. Asquith, they could obtain for Ireland. And, Irish affairs being always associated with comedy, as they placed Ireland and the local politics of Ireland before

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England and her truth and life in war, so in turn Irishmen, through the hot-gosPELLERS of Sinn Féin, placed Ireland before the tired casuistry of their politicians. If Mr. Redmond ill-served Britain during the war, he ill-served Ireland too—by neglecting her, by failing to keep himself in touch with Irish thought and conspiracy, by failing, in short, towards this country as its indirect ruler, and towards Ireland as her accredited leader.

There is no use disguising this ugly truth. We may make as many excuses for Mr. Redmond and the Irish as we please. The fact is that he, and they, have failed—towards the Irish and the British.

I do not say this in any hostile spirit. In many good ways Sinn Féin has cleared the air. But if we are to solve this question, it must be faced; above all, that hypocrisy which the Irish so justly accuse us of must be dropped. And what we find is a double deception: the Irish members retaining in office an "outrageous" Government, Sinn Féin regarding them likewise as outrageous. To this pass have Irish politics reduced us. Exposed by Sinn Féin, the Irish in their own despite expose Mr. Asquith. It is a vicious circle, utterly discreditable to all concerned. And the trouble is that its solution here seems almost as baffling as its solution there. We cannot get on in England because of it. It is the sore in our public life.

We can trace its incidence everywhere.

In all the Allied countries Ministries and Ministers have fallen during the war, and the changes have been for the good. But in this country we have to stuff our consciences with the deceit of Ministerial "indispensability," though we know there is no such thing, simply because the Irish are over-represented in Parliament, and by contract with the Prime Minister and his peace majority they conspire to govern England, not in our interests, which to-day are those of war, but in the interests of a part of Ireland. Such is the position. The Unionists are afraid to put out Mr. Asquith because they fear the Irish opposition; the Irish will not put out Mr. Asquith because they fear that under another Government they might not be able to enforce Home Rule. And so the stagnation continues—*under the palsy of Irish Parliamentary terrorism*. And we in Britain have to put up with "Wait and see" and all the futilities

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of Mr. Asquith and his servile Rump because of this *bloc*; because Mr. Redmond is in the position of being able to say to us: "You can have a proper War Government if you meet our demands (in themselves fantastically irrelevant in war), otherwise you will have to go on muddling as best you can with your Committees and your apostolic grease-pot."

Mr. Redmond holds us in the palm of his hand. Now he frightens the Cecils, now Mr. Asquith, while potential discord looms in the offing. Of statesmanship not a trace. Mr. Asquith's paralysis is complete. The fact is, he cannot govern except by Irish licence. For he knows that if the Irish turn on him he is done, counted out. His "indispensability" means his aptitude on the Irish leash to continue.

I ask, is it not time that John Bull made one honest attempt to rid himself of the yoke of his other island?

Now, the sort of men elected by popular vote are not likely to pay much attention to psychology. As vote-jobbers, it is not their business. In the absence—unavoidable, as we have seen—of strength and statesmanship of Government, it would appear almost idle to expect any solution through the politicians, themselves hidebound by party convention, which itself is determined by the caucus. As, indeed, we have discovered, when at the eleventh hour Mr. Lloyd George with his claims of expediency sought issue with the baffling psychology of Irish intellectual Nationalism.

For if we turn to the Irish side of the question, it is this intellectual aspect of Nationalism which immediately arrests attention. Brutally, yet, I believe, truthfully, stated, the English claim to govern Ireland is feudal, whereas the Nationalist ideal is characteristically intellectual. And bringing this premiss to bear on the Irish problem, we get at once to one of the essential truths of Ireland—the intellectual impatience of an imaginative people. In plain words, the Irish are far more intellectually alert and perceptive than the English. They resent control by a nation whom they regard as dull and obtuse. Their Nationalism is basically *intellectual*, only secondarily political.

Undoubtedly it is to this mental activity that the Irish owe their sway over affairs, whether in Parliament, in the Dominions, or in America. The Irish are always "on top,"

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except as money-makers. At Westminster, as every man knows, they dictate by intellectual superiority.

For a great many years Bernard Shaw has been dinning this into our ears. Mr. Dillon intimated as much when he told us they knew Mr. Asquith's Government in war was "outrageous." Of course they did. Free from our party subjectivity they are perfectly able to estimate the Prime Minister and his political friends at their true values, and they know that they are more capable, more intellectually alive, than the gentlemen they tolerate, and make us tolerate, for their own advantages. The Irish question is thus in its inspiration and logic intellectual, nationally and impersonally. And I cannot help thinking that in the realisation of this fact we may ultimately find the common basis of settlement.

We may say that the Home Rule feud represents the difference of intellect *versus* tradition; we, on our side, persisting in viewing Ireland from the angle of Cromwellian governance, which, besides being the last thing we possess to-day in England, either in spirit, form, or genius, is in its applied feudal anachronism peculiarly distasteful to Irishmen intellectually hostile to all shams and hypocrisies—the deposits of Puritanism.

Vaguely, no doubt, we do realise this. Always the intellectual honesty and impersonalism of the Irish enthrall us, nor can any man who objectively considers the question of Irish rule be surprised that a race so virile, so alive, so spiritually fermentative, should smart under the survival of Castle rule, whether conducted or not conducted by one estimable K.C. or by another. Intellectually the thing is absurd. The notion of the author of *Obiter Dicta* as Protector of Ireland is fantastic, judged by any intellectual canon which is, as it happens, the canon of Ireland; the whole system of Castle Government has not only admittedly broken down, but shrieks against the spirit of the age and the dignity of both peoples. Even its jewels have been stolen. In form it is childish; its quasi-restoration implies political bankruptcy.

Now, we do accept this intellectual honesty of the Irish. When the Irish players came to London most of us were astonished at the beauty of speech as spoken on the stage of the Irish theatre, the unsuspected rhythm of the English

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tongue, the subtlety of idiom, the purity of diction; and in the plays of Synge we recognised a great artist. It was a revelation. We have nothing like this hempen art in England, where the music-hall and musical comedy are the mental fare of the populace. Well, in Ireland there is no vulgarity; in its place we find humanity. In Ireland all men are "gentlemen." Wherever the Irish genius touches upon art, the work is intellectually honest—I know of no Irish commercial artist—and this truth of aspiration, which is the soul of all art, is imaged in the Irish intellectual sphere whether it takes the form of Gaelic linguistic revival or that hot-head idealism which found expression recently among the poets of Sinn Féin.

It is true we do not find the Irish among the philosophers, but as the leading philosophers of the world are Germans, perhaps that is not a disadvantage. What has Kant done for Germany? Nor are the Irish, it may be urged, constructive; my point is that, intellectually, they are splendidly and impersonally honest. In letters they lead, so far as form is concerned, and I should say our best journalists are Irishmen.

The Irish stand out in our British civilisation as the aristocracy of intellect. There may be Irish millionaires, no doubt there are, but in character the Irish are the exact counterpart of the Jews. They use the activities of the mind for *ideas*, not for gold. All over the world the Irish shine and strive for abstract principles and ideas, for the power of the mind, rarely for commercial gain, whereas we abominate ideas and fear nothing so much as intellectual liberty.* There is rhythm, a considerableness in every Irishman. What, indeed, should we be without him? We who despise the artist, the star-finder, the discoverer, and the man who places his own truth before success.

How different is the attitude of Ireland, where poets lurk in every bog and peat-hut, and men talk with the savour of Shakespeare! Almost every second Irishman can write

* Russia is the country of intellectual liberty, England of political liberty. You can talk political sedition all Sunday in Hyde Park, but books and plays here are at the mercy of the libraries, Grundy, and commercial convention, plus that insular pruriency which thinks that morality begins and ends with the flesh. We shun the divorced woman, but Viscount Grey is introduced to the Peers by Lord Haldane!!

JOHN BULL AND HIS IRISH YOKE

an essay, and who ever heard an Irishman drop his h's? Language with the Irish, as with the French, is a natural pride; it is never debased or vulgarised, and the reason is the absence of the commercial or vulgar spirit.

It is not therefore surprising that, intellectually, England and Ireland do not understand each other; we who under the collar of our national bugaboo—hypocrisy—think and act by fashion and convention, whereas in Ireland the husbandry is of the soul. True, there is the cantankerousness of the Irish character to contend with, the striving idealism, the warring waywardness, the inconsequence, Catholicism, bigotry, paradox, in which they resemble the Poles. We view with amusement or alarm the riddle of Bernard Shaw or the concern of George Moore with his martial disquisitions on the dog nuisance. The shillelagh attitude disquiets our unimaginativeness; on the other hand, we are very glad of it—at the front. It is, of course, a complex problem. None the less, the diagnosis of Nationalism is in the main this intellectualism of thought and purpose. You appeal to an Irishman through the mind, not through the purse. You will find him in all forms of conspiracy where ideas are formulating; in the Intelligence Departments of Governments; all over the Press; and always there where men fight; you will seek him in vain in the market-places and counting-houses where God's truth is the glint of gold. While we speak of the "crazy" Irishman, he speaks of the humbug Englishman. Indeed it is not singular that the Irish want to govern themselves. For they feel it to be their intellectual right, and really it is difficult with any honesty to dispute the justice of their claim.

And so our complementary psychologies clash. Yet once we bring ourselves to recognise in the Irish no longer a conquered race, but a very beautiful and essential part of our civilisation, whom we have every reason to be proud of, to encourage and to help maintain their idiosyncrasy, there should be no real obstacle to that fusion of interest which can only find its solution in the selfishness of a single commonwealth. Sir Edward Carson has extended his hand—and it is the most statesmanlike act since the war—there is surely no need for us to be more Orange than Ulster. Here again we find the quick intellectual honesty of the Irishman. Moreover, what succeeded with the

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Boers should succeed with far greater likelihood with the Irish.

In Sir E. Carson's bow to Mr. Redmond there lies the seed of hope and union. Let them but agree to agree, and Ireland will settle herself, and together they can "settle" the Coalition and help England beat the Boches and attain to a constructive Imperialism. I would only remind Nationalism that now that we know they regard the Government's conduct of the war as "outrageous," they will no longer have any excuse for not helping all patriots to get a better one: in their own interests also. In this sense Ireland can fulfil two destinies.*

If, then, Irish Nationalism is, as I believe, inherently intellectual in its separatist or political idealism, it is here on the intellectual field that we can mate. We are big enough to risk the experiment, even after Sinn Féin. I do not think for a moment that Ireland for Ireland would necessarily promote an anti-British tendency—rather would it lead to the contrary spirit—or need in a military sense constitute a danger to the whole. Any condition is preferable to the present sham, and it is most damnably worth trying for.

Since the Irish want to be Irish, we might at least see if we cannot be English, cannot free ourselves of this irresponsible Irish dictation which is rotting into the marrows of our life. In the interests of decent government in England and that reconstruction in the direction and control of policy that the war has forced us to recognise as our guiding national purpose, now and in the future, we shall fail in our duties towards the State if we do not make one brave attempt to find in Ireland not only the opportunity to rid the Irish of us, but very particularly England of that blight which saps our virility and shames the truth of our civilisation.

* Were the Irish to settle their really rather infantile differences, United Ireland would hold and run England, and any afternoon they could put out Mr. Asquith and restore to this country its liberty of action. Thus, while the Irish implore us to give them Ireland, patriots here implore the Irish to let England be England. If they won't, the Rump will go on, and the "Indispensables" will prolong their agony indefinitely.

The Pan-German Scheme. II*

By Custos

To turn to the Balkans. The consequences of the Treaty of Bucarest were not fatal to Pan-Germanic ambitions in the Balkan Peninsula only, but they brought into relief the inner political evolution of Austria-Hungary, a policy which for some years past had threatened all the Kaiser's plans. Previous to the war Austria-Hungary—*i.e.*, the greater part of the nationalities under her sway—leaned towards a *rapprochement* with France and England. Austria-Hungary numbers less than 24 million Germans and Magyars, and over 28 million Slavs and Latins, who have been oppressed for centuries by a feudal nobility, which plays the same part in the Monarchy as do the Junkers in Germany, and especially in Prussia. All these Slavs and Latins have for years past sought to obtain political rights proportionate to their numbers. This spirit has long since been a cause of anxiety to William II., well aware that if they realised their aspirations Austria-Hungary would not enter any Zollverein, the *sine quâ non* of the realisation of his plan of an exclusive German influence in the Balkans and in the East. And so it is that ever since 1890 William II. has unceasingly urged Francis Joseph not to yield to the demands of his non-German and non-Magyar subjects. His suggestions bore fruit for some time, but it was with difficulty that Francis Joseph could remain much longer deaf to the petitions of his non-German and non-Magyar subjects, owing to the increase in a considerable ratio of the prolificness of the other races. Berlin was already getting greatly alarmed at the situation, when the deep psychological influence resulting from the consequences of the Treaty of Bucarest

* The volume dealing with Pan-Germanism, by M. André Chéradame, will be published shortly by John Murray.

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upon the Slavs and Latins of Austria-Hungary suddenly aggravated matters from the Pan-Germanic point of view. For indeed these races saw in the Slav victories of 1912, and the success of Rumania in 1913, the triumph of the principle of nationalities—*i.e.*, of their own cause. Had peace lasted, Francis Joseph would have once more been face to face with the unsolved problem, a solution of which his subjects would have clamoured for more loudly than heretofore. As these subjects were opposed to German aims, William II. clearly saw that a barrier was about to be erected across his path. Austria-Hungary would not have followed his leadership, and so he saw no other issue but war, and an immediate war at that. The Pan-Germanic plan must be met by the Allies' resolution to exterminate Prussian militarism once and for all time. The Allies are not seeking military glory, but a certainty that "it will not begin again," and that their children shall not experience the horrors they have known. We shall emerge victorious from this war if we are guided by what we have learnt of the facts governing the war. These facts are the economic, strategic, geographical, and ethnological ones constituting the Pan-Germanic plan. The imperious necessity of escaping financial ruin compels the Allies to win an integral victory, for it can alone save the Allied countries from financial ruin; for, whatever certain people may say, Germany will be able to pay the cost of the war which she let loose. If it is argued that the credit of the German Empire will disappear on the day of its defeat, its material resources will still remain. Germany will certainly be able to pay an indemnity by instalments into the coffers of all the Allies; this indemnity may be estimated at £80,000,000 per annum as the share of each and every Ally.

It would prove fatal to allow Germany to call a "drawn game." The war must be waged to the bitter end. A "drawn game" peace would leave each one of the Allies to bear his expenses in the war and seriously affect their financial standing. Should Germany, after a victorious onslaught by the Allies, evacuate Poland, the French departments, Belgium, and Luxemburg, and restore Alsace-Lorraine to France—nay, more, cede by way of indemnity the whole of the left bank of the Rhine on the sole condition of being suffered to retain a direct or indirect pre-

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ponderating influence over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, and Turkey, it must be borne in mind that her restitution would only be temporary, for, after a brief period of respite, she would be in a position, with the support of her Austro-Hungarian and Balkanic friends, to inaugurate a fresh war with the object of bringing her plan to a successful issue. The tightening of the maritime blockade exercised by England will doubtless throw obstacles to the provisioning of the great German fortress, but as long as Germany enjoys the "open door" in the East, the blockade will not have sufficient power to starve Berlin. German agriculturists are already engaged in tapping the wealth of the Anatolian soil. Should Germany be given time enough, she will derive from the Ottoman Empire far more resources than is generally imagined.

Greece has to be considered when peace is discussed. Her interests cannot be on the German side, for were she to continue remaining neutral, and Germany get the upper hand in a "drawn game" peace, Greece would discover too late that Germany would promptly lay her hands on the railway line from Monastir to Salonika—a line which now extends to the Piræus, and which permits of a faster journey to Egypt and the Far East. Seventy hours are required to cross from Brindisi to Alexandria, while sixteen hours are sufficient when sailing from the Greek port, so Greece may still throw in her lot with that of the Allies. Prince Nicholas, King Constantine's brother, wrote a letter which appeared in the *Temps*, February 20th, 1916, in which he said: "Greece has remained neutral, *but she has never declared that she would not at any cost abandon her neutrality.*" And in March of this year General Danglis, a former Minister of War in the Venizelos Cabinet, declared that Greece should at once get her army in readiness and be prepared, "for Greece will, beyond doubt, be compelled to have recourse to her forces during the present war." In regard to Greece, the Allies committed the initial blunder of running counter to the psychological feeling of the Hellenes against the Bulgars. It was impossible to win them over to an operation against Constantinople, but it would have been feasible to have secured their assent to the march of the Allies *viâ* Salonika, with the object of attacking Austria and Germany by way

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of Hungary. Had the Allies suggested to Athens an expedition *viâ* Salonika early in 1915, Greece might have hailed the proposition enthusiastically, for, as the *Embros* said: "If Bulgarian territory is looked upon by the Austro-Germans as a passage to Constantinople, why should not Greek territory be considered a passage for the Anglo-French towards Serbia? And if the Bulgars, taking advantage of the Imperial armies before Nish, flocked to their side in order to attempt to share with them Greek and Macedonian Serbia, why should not Greece vigorously parry this threat by at once joining forces with the Triple Entente" (January, 1915). But the Dardanelles expedition, conceived erroneously in the eyes of the Greeks, caused the cooling off of Greek sympathy for the Allies, and all the more so because the Hellenes entertained serious doubts as to the Entente's final victory. Baron Schenck was thereupon sent by the Kaiser to influence Hellenic opinion, which was turned against the Allies. But consequent upon our establishing ourselves at Salonika, where we have erected powerful defensive works, from which the Greeks already derive and will derive advantages in the future, the feelings of Greece are once more veering towards us. Greece is beginning to recognise that this evolution of thought is in conformity with their interests—*i.e.*, the preservation of their independence. The French success at Verdun has likewise been a powerful factor in influencing Greek opinion. The Allies should further increase the strength of this influence by urging England to consent to the sending of 100,000 men by Portugal to Salonika, which would convince the Greeks that the Allies are in earnest as regards the Salonika plan.

With regard to Bulgaria, she has been driven to her course by the German argument that Southern Serbia is Bulgarian. This is far from being the case; Southern Serbia or Macedonia constitutes a country inhabited by mixed nationalities, and the Bulgars cannot claim legitimately that the Treaty of Bucarest, by awarding the south-west of Macedonia to Serbia, has violated to their detriment the principle of nationalities. Precisely because Macedonia contains a population of mixed nationalities, it is impossible to apply this principle in her case. The country must belong to Serbia, whose economic and defen-

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sive interests require that she should be in direct geographical communication with Greece, and possess, by means of Salonika, an access to the Ægean Sea—an access indispensable to her. Bulgaria's plan has the same object as the Pan-Germanic one—*i.e.*, the absorption, brushing aside all question of language or of race, of all territories the acquisition of which is considered necessary to Bulgaria, who wishes to dominate in the region of the Black and Ægean Seas and gain a mastery over Serbia.

There are in Austria-Hungary and Serbia 34 million inhabitants practically free from German elements, and composed of vigorous races more prolific than the Germans. This would allow of the creation in Central Europe of a United States which might in the future become the nucleus of the United States of Europe. Thus would be erected a very powerful barrier against a future attack on the part of Pan-Germanism. The erection of such a barrier would prove the solution of the problem set to the world by the ambition of the Hohenzollern. It would free numerous nationalities from the Prussian yoke once and for ever, and this would be to the interest not only of the Allies, but of the entire world.

Rumania becomes daily a subject for increased anxiety to the framers of the Pan-Germanic plan of 1911. For long years past Rumania's desire has been that her foreign policy should not be one dictated from Vienna or Berlin. Rumania drew away from the Triplice's orbit when, in 1913, she opposed Bulgaria. To-day her attitude is governed by her sole interests. The late King Carol, who, although he ruled forty-eight years over Rumania, was a German to the core, most unwillingly accepted Rumania's intervention against Bulgaria for the reason that he drew his inspirations from his Vienna and Berlin relations. "But in Rumania," wrote M. Michel C. Vladesco, a Rumanian artillery subaltern, in a letter addressed to the *Temps* in March last, "matters cannot go on as they do in Greece at the present time. The monarch must *se soumettre ou se démettre* to the delusion of his people and of his political leaders. *It was our own interests which drove us to action.*" And true it is indeed that, owing to Rumania's action, she was enabled, in 1915, to secure without a bloody battle the famous

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strategic Bulgarian quadrilateral, which represents 8,340 kilometres of the best lands of Bulgaria inhabited by 150,000 Turks, 125,000 Bulgars, 17,000 Greeks and Armenians, and 3,000 Rumans. It was necessary that Rumania should seize this territory in order to defeat Bulgarian aspirations, which aimed at the possession of the whole of the Rumanian Dobrudja up to the gates of Galatz and Sulina. Now, to defend this territory Rumania needed strategical positions, and these were in the quadrilateral which the Treaty of Bucarest ceded to her. As a result of this cession, not only is Rumania protected on the south-west against a Bulgarian attack, but *she now holds powerful means for an offensive action against Bulgaria.* This fact should not be overlooked, for this quadrilateral will perhaps be made use of ere long as a highway for the Rumans in their advance against Bulgaria, since the Rumans now command for a certain distance both banks of the Danube. Now this very advantage has inspired the Bulgars with a bitter hatred of the Rumans. The year 1913 has therefore had, as a psychological result, the creation of a disguised but irreducible hostility between Bulgars and Rumans. On the other hand; the Balkanic wars having had the effect of shaking to its deepest foundations the Germano-Magyar domination in Austria, the Rumanian nation, following upon its success of 1913, has not ceased dreaming of recovering in the near future the 3,700,000 Rumans dwelling in Transylvania and Bukovina, who live much against their will under the rule of Francis Joseph. It will now be readily grasped why Rumania's interest is to take the Allies' side. The Dardanelles Expedition, it must be pointed out, by bringing to the fore the Constantinople question, alarmed the Rumans just as it did the Greeks, and gave the Rumanian Germanophiles, small in numbers but very active, an opportunity of developing the thesis that the Russian peril was a greater one for the Rumans than the German one. Another fact to be noted is that the retreat of the Russians caused doubts in the Rumanian mind in regard to the ultimate success of the Entente's arms; and so it is that M. Bratiano has temporised, in spite of M. Take Ionescu, M. Filipescu, M. Xenopol, and others, who would have their country flock to the Allies' banner. M. Bratiano's

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hesitation has enabled Francis Joseph to mobilise the whole of his Rumanian subjects, and to have them massacred to the advantage of Germanism. The crushing defeat of Serbia has cut off Rumania's communications with Salonika, and so brought about the encircling of Rumania by the Austro-Boches-Bulgars from the Bukovina to the Black Sea. Nevertheless, and in spite of this disadvantage, Rumania, like Greece, finds herself face to face with *faits accomplis*, and is compelled to defend her interests if she wishes to ensure her future independence.

For some time past it has been argued that Germany's defeat will result to no small extent from her lack of food supplies. And yet for the first eighteen months of the war the Allies did not clearly discern the conditions indispensable to the realisation of this conception. In order to succeed promptly the blockade should have been peripheric, that is, both by land and by water. The maritime blockade, as stated even in English newspapers, has been illusory; as to the blockade by land, one has but to look at a map to realise that it could not be enforced excepting by the military encircling of Austro-Germany in the East—in other words, by the arrival at the right moment of Allied troops at Salonika. This logical plan for the economic exhaustion of Germany not having been followed by the Allies, Germany has been able to re-victual herself through her conquests, which have afforded her fresh fields of resources. Nevertheless, Germany is, even at the present day, unable to procure all the food-stuffs she so sorely stands in need of. Hence the land blockade would long since have brought about Germany's capitulation, even as early as 1915, had it been carried into effect between Belgrade, Budapest, and the Galician Carpathians, thus depriving Austro-Hungary of all the resources she can still draw freely from Turkey, the Balkans, Rumania, and the eastern portion of Hungary. It still remains possible to carry out an effective blockade of Germany by closing absolutely the Russian fronts, the Franco-Anglo-Belgian front, and the land and maritime front of Italy. Such are the major conditions of an effective blockade. There remain secondary conditions: the relative closing to Germany of the Baltic Sea, Denmark, North Sea, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Greece,

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which constitute "fissures" through which Austro-Germany is revictualled, but the supplies thus received could be reduced to next to nothing were the Allies to exercise a more systematic action in regard to these neutral countries. Three sectors remain completely open to the enemy: Rumania, the Balkans, and the Ottoman Empire. The importance of the success of the Salonika Expedition is now made perfectly clear, for a victory of the Allies would bring about an economic result of the utmost importance. A like victory which would imply the entry of Rumania into line would establish a solid bulkhead between the Central Empires and the East, and forcibly result in the economic blockade of Austro-Germany from Salonika to the Russian front at Czernovitz.

The whole of the Pan-Germanic military and political plan is based on three fundamental conceptions. The first embodies the Germans' monstrous ideal, which comprises the reduction to slavery of large non-German populations. Pan-Germanism is, from a certain point of view, a religion, a cult—atrocious, no doubt, like that of Moloch, but still a cult. The second conception is strictly realistic. The reign of universal Pan-Germanism requires to be based on a formidable military and economic organisation which can be realised only by a German domination extending from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. The third conception is bound up with the second, and the two last have, for the present, been realised almost completely. Now the greatest blow which the Allies can deal is a moral, a military, and an economic blow, for it will at one and the same time have a crushing effect on the three fundamental conceptions of the Pan-Germanic plan. The geographical point where this blow can be dealt is twofold: the Salonika-Belgrade line, some 520 kilometres, and the Belgrade-Czernovitz line, some 560 kilometres long. These two lines united, and principally the second, constitute the axis of the war. The moral consequences of this blow would be the breaking of the axis at its essential point, Belgrade—a breaking which would cause a terrible shock to the military and civil German mind, which would then grasp that they must renounce their dream of a universal domination, a dream in which they still believe with the frenzy of fanatics. The economic consequences would be a complete

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blockade of Austro-Germany in the East, the end of the Pan-Germanic plan of the extension of the Zollverein to Austria-Hungary, and of the economic monopoly which Germany seeks to secure in the Balkans and in Turkey. The political consequences would be the end of German influence over the Turks, Islam, the Bulgars, the Rumans, and the Greeks; the prestige of the Allies would influence all neutrals; the support of the Magyars of Budapest would be lost to Berlin, while the 23 million Slavs and Latins of Austria-Hungary would see in the Allies their liberators. As regards the military consequences, the Greeks and the Rumans would flock to the Allies' banners, in other words, bring a reinforcement of 850,000 men to bear in their favour; the certain failure of the Austro-German attempts to turn the Poles against the Russians—were these attempts to succeed the Central Powers would obtain another 800,000 men—the profoundly depressing effect on the Austro-German troops on the French, Russian, and Italian fronts.

Turning to the Salonika base, which is admirably suited for the purpose, we find that—according to figures already made public—the Allies dispose of 80,000 Italians at Valona, of 220,000 Franco-English at Salonika, and of 150,000 Serbs at Corfu—together, 450,000 men. Since Egypt is assuredly no longer threatened, at least 150,000 men could be detached from that place and sent to Salonika. To these might be added the Portuguese soldiers comprising four divisions, the organisation of which is being actively pushed forward by the Portuguese Government. Viscount Grey has stated that Great Britain would, in case of need, afford Portugal any assistance she might stand in need of. Now Portugal cannot *offer* to send her four divisions to Salonika. It becomes necessary that England, prompted thereto by France, should express the wish that Portugal should co-operate actively with them, and there is good cause to believe that Portugal would promptly respond to this request. A proclamation from the Portuguese Minister of War has just stated:—“We must wage war in any direction where our military action is in a position to deal an efficient blow to Germany's power.” Now Portugal could be nowhere more useful than at Salonika. This establishes the fact that the Allies

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can, without drawing on their Western units, dispose of 700,000 men along the line extending from Salonika to Valona. To oppose this host the enemy has about 770,000 men in the Balkan Peninsula. When it is considered that of the German troops a considerable fraction is compelled to keep watch on Rumania; that the Turks, of whom a large number must remain concentrated on the Black Sea, for the purpose of warding off the Russian menace, have already shown that they are chafing under German military tyranny, and that their soul would not be in a fight which would hand over the Balkans to the Bulgaro-Boches, whom they loathe, it will become manifest that the Allies can acquire an actual numerical superiority and even a strategical one, when it is taken into consideration that they would not, like the Austro-Germano-Bulgaro-Turks, have to face three fronts at one and the same time. The enemy is compelled to do this owing to the fact that there is the chance of a Greek intervention east of Serres, and a Rumanian one south of the Danube. Greeks and Rumans will no longer stand in awe of the Central Powers when the Allies have sufficient forces at their disposal at Salonika. Of her force of 400,000 mobilised men Greece can arm 250,000, while Rumania disposes of 600,000 men in arms. In conclusion, the action of the Allies *viâ* Salonika would bring to the Entente a reinforcement of at least 850,000 Greeks and Rumans. The Entente would thus control 1,550,000 men as against the 770,000 of the Central Powers. It thus becomes plain that the Allies can venture on an offensive on the Balkanic front without placing in jeopardy their elements of strength on the Western front.

(To be continued.)

The Truth About the Blockade

By "Outis"

WHAT is the plain man to believe about the blockade? If he takes his opinions, ready made, from the newspapers, then, indeed, there is no doubt as to the conclusions at which he must arrive. Germany, he will note with zest, is on the verge of starvation, owing to the "strangle grip" of the British Fleet, which, slowly but surely, is "bleeding" her people "white" and reducing the Central Empires to a condition of desperation. Food riots, bread-tickets, meatless days, and all-round shortages, these, with the gaunt spectre of famine hovering over the land, are the symptoms to which his attention is constantly directed. Naturally, he rejoices exceedingly at the impending collapse of the enemy, which, though long delayed, is bound to happen, now that at long last the Government have taken up the blockade in earnest and have cut Germany off from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world.

The fact is that, for the most part, the Press has proved as unreliable in this matter as the Government. At the very time when the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Daily Chronicle* delighted to flaunt "Our Implacable Blockade" in large type before their readers, some unkind person discovered a copy of the "Digest of Trade Conditions, issued by the National City Bank, Cleveland, Ohio," for March, 1916. It contained the following paragraph, which speaks for itself:—

"Our exports to Germany direct declined 146 million dollars, but to Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark our imports increased by 154 million dollars, from which it may be assumed that Germany is probably receiving the usual quantity of American goods, although indirectly."

In other words, so "implacable" was the blockade that as the imports into Germany declined, so those to her neigh-

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bouring neutrals increased. About the same time Sir Leo Chiozza Money—no captious critic he of the present Government—pointed out that thousands of tons of tobacco* were going through Germany for the use of her troops (tobacco is, let us remember, a most valuable stimulant for fighting men), while the figures that I set out later in this article show conclusively that the exports of eggs, fish, fruit, and meat from Holland to Germany were enormously on the increase. The “Implacable Blockade,” in fact, was little better than a ghastly joke.

It would be a mistake to blame the Press too much for this ironical condition of affairs. Primarily, the Government are responsible. From the very first the authors of the Declaration of London have been more than unwilling to use our sea-power against the enemy. In so far as the blockade is effective, they have been driven, by continuous protest and pressure, into taking steps to make it so. To commence with, they were extraordinarily ill-informed as to how the blockade was to be enforced. They were pitifully ignorant of the kind of goods that Germany needed to maintain her offensive and of her existing supplies. Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons during February, 1915, that: “The proportion of German cotton imports used in the manufacture of explosives is very small, and the requirements for that purpose could have been supplied from the stocks of cotton goods held in the country at the outbreak of the war. The advantage of treating cotton as contraband of war is therefore not apparent, whilst the disadvantage which would result from such a step is considerable.”

Considering that Germany was then using not less than 2,000 tons of raw cotton per day, the fatuity of this utterance is pretty apparent. and, as we all know, five months

* The sequel to this wholesale importation of tobacco into Germany (which we could, of course, have stopped at any moment) may be found in the following illuminative paragraph in the Press:—

GERMANY'S TOBACCO SUPPLY.

Amsterdam, *Monday*.

According to a Berlin telegram, the Imperial Chancellor has prohibited the import of raw tobacco, *in view of the great stocks in Germany.*—(Reuter.)

The italics are mine.

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later (Sir Edward Grey having been "instructed" in the meantime) cotton *was* made contraband.*

Again, the Government were not aware, until comparatively late in the day, that fats and fatty oils are absolutely necessary to the manufacture of munitions, and, therefore, absolutely necessary to the continuation of Germany's resistance. As I pointed out some months ago in the *Evening Standard*:—

If we turn to Krupp's Naval and Military Ordinance, as published in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," we find that guns from 12 in. down to 4 in. have in their propulsive charge 25 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and that for guns from 4 in. downwards a charge with at least 40 per cent. of nitro-glycerine is necessary. Germany, in fact, cannot maintain her vast output of ammunition unless she has almost limitless supplies of grease: of lard, of linseed oil, and of oleaginous nuts, seeds, and products. Stop these, and she cannot make the nitro-glycerine for her shells; stop these and you stop her arsenals, which, with their millions of drills, lathes, and engines require enormous quantities of grease for lubricating purposes. In a word, stop fat and you stop Germany's resistance.

Now, what has been done by the Government to prevent fat getting to Germany? Practically nothing. Take linseed oil. On March 11th, 1915, the Government expressly excepted this oil from "Goods whose exports were prohibited to all destinations other than British possessions." A little later (May 27th) they revised this absurd decision. Linseed oil was placed on the conditional list of contraband, and continued to pour into Germany through her neighbouring neutrals. It is deplorably easy to prove this statement. If we turn to the *London Grain and Seed Oil Reporter* for October 29th we find that "Holland imported during the first nine months of the year 29,511 tons of linseed oil, as compared with 299 tons during the same period of 1914," or nearly 100 times as much. In a word, Germany, who was paying through the nose for linseed oil, was taking it in through Holland just as quickly as she could get delivery, and the placing of linseed oil on the conditional list did, in reality, nothing to stop the traffic. Had the Government made the contraband absolute, then the Fleet could have stopped every cargo, even when bound for a neutral port. But they very carefully avoided that course, with the result, of course, that oils and fats are still reaching Germany in huge quantities.

* Cotton goods, however, are still reaching Germany. The following appeared in the Press a day or so ago:—

HUN COTTON VIA HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, Monday.

The *Telegraaf* says the Allies are *contemplating* (italics mine) measures to stop Dutch cotton goods from being exported to Switzerland and Rumania, as it has been proved that such goods are either intended for Germany or are stopped there.—(Exchange.)

The following are Board of Trade figures referring to cotton yarn exported from the United Kingdom to the following neutral countries:—

(In lb.)	Sweden.	Norway.	Denmark.	Holland.	Switzerland.
June, 1914 ...	108,900 ...	218,700 ..	106,400 ...	3,220,800 ...	722,600
" 1915 ...	260,800 ...	348,300 ...	204,700 ...	4,493,300	1,788,800
" 1916 ...	279,200 ...	508,200 ...	598,400 ...	7,539,800	1,304,100

Who is getting the surplus?

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Worse still, the oils are reaching the enemy, in many cases, straight from Great Britain, who, be it noted, supplied no less than 29,438 of the 29,511 tons that, as I have pointed out, were imported by Holland this year.

As with cotton and fatty oils, so with the other "raw materials" of war. The Government, as I made clear in the same organ, allowed certain British traders over here to dispatch enormous quantities of lead, of wire, and of "old and defective rails" (see the Board of Trade returns), all very useful things in war time, to nations in close touch with Germany. More, the very moment when we were writing of "starving Germany out" we were sending thousands of tons of preserved herrings—a most valuable food—through to the "besieged" people (*viâ* those alert Scandinavian neutrals), in addition to a large quantity of other foodstuffs very acceptable to a nation who were expecting us to make good our words to "bleed them white." And all the time that these leakages were occurring the Ministerial Committee for the better instruction of editors were assuring them that the blockade was getting more and more stringent, and that, at last, it was to be made so effective that Germany's resistance could not continue—an assurance that, as we have seen, our editors speedily passed on to their publics.

"Ah, but," it will be said, "all this belongs to a bygone epoch. Since then the blockade *has* been made effective. Since then the Government have freed the Fleet and redeemed their promise. Is not the Declaration of London dead, and do we not read of bread riots in Germany daily?"

To which I answer, first, that the Declaration of London has, in fact, only been partially annulled; secondly, that we read of similar riots eighteen months ago. A house cannot be for ever burning. A people cannot for ever go short of food. Were the German people starving in 1914-15? If so, what is their present position? Are they still undergoing the rigours of emaciation? * The idea is

* It is very interesting to note what Mr. Theobald Butler, B.A., an English professor of modern languages, who, says the *Daily Mail*, has lived continuously in Germany since 1905, has to tell us on this head. According to our contemporary, at the outbreak of war he conducted a coaching establishment for military officers and Government officials in a Prussian university town, specialising in the teaching of English and French. Being considerably over military age, he was not interned. For practically the entire duration of the war Mr. Butler resided in Berlin, which he did not leave until July 6th. He is thus in a position to give us testimony of

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ludicrous. The famine which is supposed to lock the German people fast in its grip is a newspaper fiction, invented in Berlin, and intended to make the Englishman believe that his boasted blockade is a reality; and the riots—we may be sure of this—would never be reported in the censored columns of the docile German Press if they were really serious.

The fact is that these stories of German starvation are equally convenient, both for the German Government, who desire to influence neutrals and to assuage our own people, and to the Coalition Ministry, who want us to believe that Germany's position is a great deal more serious than it really is. The Coalition encourages the fiction that Germany is starving because it helps to cover up their own sins of omission; sins which they are for ever promising to make good by extraordinary efforts in the future. They, and their apologists in the Press, are always ready to admit that there has been a "certain failure" to blockade Germany in the past, but, they tell us, things are different now, and they are going to put the screw on in earnest! "Please, teacher," said the boy in the Phil May picture, "this is a bad boy—he smokes." To which the delinquent (aged six) replies: "No, teacher, I don't now; *I used to.*" So with the Coalition and the blockade; it is quite true, as their supporters agree, that the Government have been somewhat lax in the matter of enforcing it, but now all that is changed. The "strangle grip" of the British Fleet is remorselessly pressing on the enemy, who are suffering the rigours of starvation, etc., etc.

Let us see how far this contention agrees with the latest figures available. Take, first, the innocuous item of rice. To a "besieged people," as the Germans are supposed to be, it is of considerable importance. So that the following extract from the daily Press is of special interest:—

"The figures in the Weekly Circular of the London Rice Brokers'

unique value. Here it is:—"The Germans are not starving. They are not getting nearly so much to eat as they used to and would like, but as they mostly over-ate in peace times they are now on a more *normal* living standard than they ever were before. Conditions are unmistakably inconvenient and unpleasant—imagine Germans not even being able to get potatoes!—but anybody in England who thinks that the Germans are being defeated by hunger, is dwelling in a paradise of idle dreams."

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Association," says a London Daily, "show the following striking contrasts in exports from London :—

Exports of Rice from London.

January 1st to May 27th, 1915.		Same period this year.
		cwt.
To Holland	... 247,869	905,078 (say, 45,000 tons).
To France	22,607	430
To Russia	217	400

"Thus the export to Holland has greatly increased, and the supply to France has dwindled almost out of existence. During the single week ended May 27th, 1916, 224,252 cwt. (say, 11,212 tons) was shipped to Holland from London. A rise in price to English consumers may follow a continuance of such great exports from our home supply."

In other words, the price of necessities to our own people and to those of our Allies rise, while they fall, roughly in the same proportion to the enemy!

So much for rice. That food does not stand alone. It is merely symptomatic of the laxity with which we are "enforcing the blockade."

According to the Dutch paper, *In-en-Uitvoer* (Import and Export), the following are the figures for other edibles :—

Exports from Holland in tons.	Jan./May, 1914.	Jan./May, 1916.
Butter (total)	14,513	15,762
To England	2,495	63
To Germany	5,860	14,805
Eggs (total)	9,401	17,908
To England	3,708	572
To Germany	4,736	17,136
Cheese (total)	23,831	38,063
To England	7,178	528
To France	1,810	423
To Germany	5,708	34,520
Potato Flour (total)	41,174	60,141
To England	6,005	747
To Germany	13,491	50,115
Beef (total)	7,869	15,011
To England	5,043	236
To Germany	2,574	13,643
Mutton (total)	1,223	1,253
To England	1,281	—
To Germany	33	1,112
Pork (Total)	22,829	10,679
To England	20,484	32
To Germany	1,647	10,281

"Though Holland," says our contemporary, "is selling to Germany now, instead of to Great Britain, her old customer, thousands of tons of feeding stuffs for Holland's cattle and pigs pass from America and elsewhere through

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the British blockade to fatten the beasts which pass on to Germany Between January and April Holland received by ships, which were let through the British blockade, 432,702 tons of cereals *More than one hundred thousand tons of maize, used mainly for fattening pigs, was included in this total.*"

We are faced, therefore, with the dreadful fact that we have actually allowed prices to be raised against our own people by making it possible for the goods in question to be supplied to the enemy Could we indulge in a more melancholy reflection on the efficacy of the blockade? Small wonder that Mr Hughes, the Australian Premier, should have demanded its real enforcement as the most urgent need of the Allies.

"We have now the power to enforce the blockade," said Mr. Hughes, before he left these shores, "and of making it most effective Sweep away whatever circumstances, political or other, are in the way of preventing that blockade from being made effective We have to choose between offending neutrals and inviting defeat We must erect a hoop of steel through which nothing shall pass under any pretext (Cheers) The blockade is our most effective method for shortening the war."*

Lord Robert Cecil, it is true, still defends the blockade, which, he declares, has been a "great success." Unfortunately, the day upon which this utterance was delivered the newspapers published the following :—

Official computations by the Danish banks, Reuter states, show that on June 1st the world abroad owed Denmark £6,300,000 Naturally Denmark is commenting on the fact that instead of being in debt, as most little countries were before the war, to the world outside, Denmark is now a creditor No doubt this is due to the enormous amount of money she has made in selling her produce to belligerents and in acting, for a time at least, as a channel for outside materials passing to Germany

But, alas! though the most effective means of enforcing victory would be to stop these supplies, this it seems is the last thing upon which the Government will enter with whole-

* Not only do the Colonies cry out for the enforcement of the blockade, but our Allies also have demanded that it should be made a reality. M. Georges Clemenceau recently declared that "It is time that Great Britain made the weight of her will felt, especially as regards the strict application of the blockade, which has too often been relaxed out of a desire not to arouse an unpleasant quarrel with Washington It is time to end these half-measures. We must make up our minds as to what to do, and do it —(Reuter)

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hearted determination. This is easily proved by the official figures, published by the Netherlands Statistical Department on May 20th last :

FOODSTUFFS SENT FROM HOLLAND IN TONS.

			April, 1914.	April, 1916.	Jan. (1914).	to April (1916).
EGGS—						
To Germany	1,207	5,909	3,101	11,825
To Britain	935	30	2,733	557
FISH—						
To Germany	3,441	5,830	21,337	29,378
To Belgium	—	3,500	—	—
To Britain	—	1,032	—	—
FRUIT—						
To Germany	6,627	559	35,520	32,779
To Britain	624	905	3,614	4,399
MEAT—						
To Germany	958	1,378	4,156	30,621
To Britain	5,608	55	25,450	555
POTATO FLOUR—						
To Germany	4,152	3,763	13,991	43,861
To Britain	3,341	2,068	9,831	5,520
COCOA POWDER—						
To Germany	280	280	698	3,302
To Britain	444	164	2,155	1,437
BUTTER—						
To Germany	1,602	3,798	4,010	10,213
To Britain	487	18	1,387	33
CHEESE—						
To Germany	855	2,121	4,120	25,437
To Britain	1,357	71	5,624	407

Apparently these figures do not cover all the foodstuffs with which the Dutch are, thanks to our obliging Foreign Office, supplying the enemy. The Dutch Government's meat export prohibition is rendered futile, according to the Socialist *Het Volk*, by the fact that no prohibition has been declared of the export of sausage. The result is that factories in Holland are now turning out enormous quantities of sausages and sending them across the frontier.

The paper says that thousands of pounds of fresh boneless meat are being delivered daily to a certain sausage factory for ultimate export. Again, according to the Vienna *Reichspost*, Queen Wilhelmina has sent several wagonloads of condensed milk as a present to the women and children in Vienna in response to an imploring telegram from the wife of the Viennese burgomaster, Weisskirchner.

Actually, Holland is supplying the enemy with more foodstuffs than ourselves, though we have but to hold up

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our hands and stop her and to starve Germany, or, at all events, very seriously to inconvenience her.

It may be urged that this is a course that we ought not to adopt. To starve non-combatants, women and children, is against the British tradition of fair play. Well, let us adopt this strangely magnanimous view—for the moment. There still remains the "raw materials" for the war, which we are allowing Germany to receive in abundance. Let us, for instance, take the question of fats and fatty oils. They are essential to Germany; without them she cannot turn the myriad lathes, drills, and engines engaged in manufacturing the shot and shell that add to our casualties day by day. Without them she cannot manufacture the glycerine that she needs for her explosives. "No lubricating oil" means, in short, that the wheels of German machinery will not go round. "No fat" means, in brief, no glycerine, so that the shells which blow our men to pieces cannot be projected. And yet what do we find? According to the *Liverpool Courier* of Friday, June 23rd, the shipments of margarine from Holland to Germany during the year 1915 increased thirteen times!

For the sake of comparison the actual figures may be tabulated as follows:—

DUTCH IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

	1912. Tons.	1913. Tons.	1914. Tons.	1915. Tons.
VEGETABLE OIL.				
Total imports	61,950	53,191	39,667	80,520
From U.S.A.	40,449	36,453	15,799	45,689
From U.K.	6,249	9,631	20,781	33,596
Other countries	15,252	7,107	3,087	1,235
Total exports	32,863	25,683	14,386	18,400
Excess of imports	29,087	27,505	25,299	62,040
COPRA (or dried Cocoanut, of which two-thirds is oil).				
Total imports	102,230	100,635	110,311	210,288
Total exports	78,350	82,356	77,130	106,845
To Germany	60,942	72,371	70,287	106,613
To Belgium	12,365	5,430	3,347	85
Other countries	5,043	4,555	3,496	147
Excess of imports	23,880	18,279	33,181	103,443
MARGARINE.				
Total exports	60,513	71,747	80,221	139,094
To Germany	3,054	1,103	1,659	21,269
To U.K.	56,179	65,618	72,395	103,980
Other countries	1,280	4,926	6,167	13,845

From the above it will be observed that during 1915 Holland was not only able to considerably increase her export of margarine to Germany and Great Britain, but also to sell to the enemy half her supply of copra, for which, no doubt, some good use will have been found, either for food or explosives.

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So much for the value of the British Fleet *when it is paralysed by the action of the Foreign Office*. Had we used our sea power remorselessly, had we used it against Germany and her obsequient neutrals, as President Lincoln and his Cabinet used it against us and the Southern States when he stopped cotton reaching Lancashire and food reaching the Confederacy, why, then, the enemy would even now be submissive.

The enemy would, in fact, be without the means of carrying on the war in which he is now engaged and would be faced with the necessity of surrender. There is no getting away from that fact, because, as I have made quite clear, vegetable oils and copra are essential to the making of munitions, and we could have stopped those oils reaching Germany through Holland. More, we could have insisted on Holland sending her own fats here and not to Germany, or we could have cut off her own supplies. But the "Wait and See" Government were utterly unequal to such a decision, and so our sea-power has remained an unused asset. True, Mr. Asquith announced that they intended not to be bound by "juridical niceties," and that he would stop goods entering or leaving Germany. But what was the sequel? Merely this: that foodstuffs and war-stuffs continued to pour into Germany, and that, while our Press described the enemy as being desperately pressed for food, representatives of the Government themselves referred perpetually to the exigencies of international law and stressed the very "niceties" that Mr. Asquith so valorously defied. The blockade, in fact, became a farce: so hollow a farce that, if we take the figures for last February of exports from Holland to Germany, we find that, in nine cases out of ten, German imports have increased rather than diminished, compared with last year, while, when contrasted with those of 1914, the following is the result:—

In tons of 1,000 kilogrammes.					February, February,	
					1914.	1915.
Potato flour and goods made from it	3,366	12,689
Cheese	1,010	6,299
Coffee	4,357	23,073
Sugar (raw beet)	347	11,277
Tea	123	786
Fish	5,923	9,502
Meat	925	9,710

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So much for the efficacy of the "blockade." It is, in fact, as full of holes as a colander; but whereas that article retains only what is good in food, and lets the refuse strain off, our blockade reverses the process. Let me give a case in point. About a month ago the Foreign Office issued a statement to the Press in the following terms:—

"The extent to which the Dutch fishing fleet has been engaged in furnishing supplies to Germany has for some time past been engaging the serious attention of the British Government. It is well known that about 90 per cent. of the herrings and a considerable part of other fish caught by Dutch fishing vessels have been sold direct to German buyers."

The statement goes on to threaten the Dutch skippers with the right of capture, Prize Courts, and the rest of it—after nearly two years of war and an "implacable blockade"! Comment is unnecessary.*

Yet even these facts and figures leave the Government with apologists. Now that the Declaration of London has been repudiated, they say, the Government are free to act; free to carry out their *real* intentions and to begin the blockade thoroughly without let or hindrance. But has the Declaration been entirely repudiated?? I doubt it. For be it noted that, although the Declaration and various Orders in Council are abandoned, the following rules under the Order in Council are to be retained:—

"The hostile destination required for the condemnation of contraband articles shall be presumed to exist until the contrary is shown, if the goods are consigned to or for an enemy authority, or an agent of the enemy State, or to or for a person in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy,

* One of the most amusing features of this ludicrous failure is that the same officials, who are for ever declaring the "success" of the blockade, are themselves perpetually proving its failure. Witness the following official statement:—

"Cases have been brought to the attention of the Board of Trade in which United States importers have, on receiving certain materials from this country, refused to sign guarantees that they will take precautions to prevent them from reaching the enemy.

"Exporters of such materials are now advised to include in their contracts with United States importers a condition that the necessary guarantees will not be withheld."

The very fact that this notice has been rendered necessary is an admission that goods are reaching the enemy, which a real blockade would stop.

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or to or for a person, who during the present hostilities has forwarded contraband goods to an enemy authority, or an agent of the enemy State, or to or for a person in territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy, or if the goods are consigned 'to order,' or if the ship's papers do not show who is the real consignee of the goods."

So that the benevolent and disinterested neutral consignee is still free to receive the goods and to pass them on to Germany. It is true, of course, that in the case of Holland, he is circumscribed by the operations of the Netherlands Oversea Trust, who have given guarantees to our Government. But, as most of the directors of the said Trust are interested in German undertakings and are directors of German companies, I, for my part, do not attach overmuch importance to their pledges. I prefer the guarantee that we can enforce at any time by means of the British Fleet, her Admirals and sailors. We have but to free them from the trammels of the Foreign Office, from the red tape of officialdom, and from the pressure of the "unseen hand," and we can rest assured that not so much as a pinch of snuff will get through to the Teuton. Let us leave it to the Navy; the men who man our Fleet will soon settle the business for us, and with it they will end Germany's power of resistance. Cotton, iron ores, fats for glycerine, food and munitions, these need reach Germany no more by the seas. Thousands of lives will be spared. Untold treasure will be saved. To win the war we must free the Fleet—free it from the shackles of the lawyers and the bureaucrats. That way victory lies. If the nation will but unite in urging this demand upon the Government, then, depend upon it, they will respond to the call: they will give way—and so will Germany.

The Tragedy of Survival

By E. S. P. Haynes

It is safe to say that before the war death was regarded as the principal tragedy of life rather to the exclusion of pain and disease. The autobiography of Herbert Spencer represents a continuous effort to live as long as possible, and this is specially conspicuous in his closing pages. This ideal is even more uncompromisingly expressed in the works of Metchnikoff. Metchnikoff's ideal is essentially that of the quiet life, free from accident and disturbance. This ideal of the individual life to some extent affected our idea of the community, and to some it seemed that just as according to Metchnikoff the human body in old age was ultimately destroyed by phagocytes, so the community in its old age might ultimately be destroyed by bureaucrats. There was certainly a feeling that it was rather disreputable to die young; for early death was largely associated either with ill-health or with the results of a too adventurous disposition.

It was, therefore, all the more startling when, in spite of having grown up in this climate of opinion, the young men of our time—many of whom seemed little interested in public movements—suddenly faced the situation and cheerfully risked their lives for the cause of their country. Many of them were notoriously opposed to militarism in any form, and only went to the Front partly from a vague feeling of self-preserving solidarity and partly through revolt against the treatment of Belgium by the Germans. Many of them, again, had no conviction of personal immortality. They vindicated the philosophy of Omar Khayyám against the philosophy of St. Paul when he wrote that to eat, drink, and be merry showed nothing but a feeling of desperation at the thought that there was no resurrection. It did not occur to some believers that to eat, drink, and be merry is not the same thing as gluttony, drunkenness, and buffoonery.

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Pomponazzi, in preaching the doctrine that virtue is its own reward, especially mentions the case of the brutes, among whom there exists in the parent an infallible instinct to die while preserving the life of the offspring, and therefore the species, in spite of having no belief in a future state. The whole problem has been very well stated by an American writer, now dead, in a book entitled "*L'Ame Païenne*":—

"Au fond, ils ne s'en émeuvent pas. Ils n'ont pas plus peur que les feuilles des arbres jaunissant dans les brouillards de l'automne. Un instinct impérissable les avertit que s'ils sont la feuille qui va tomber, ils sont aussi l'arbre sur lequel elle repoussera, et la terre qui les porte l'un et l'autre. . . .

"Nos sensations ne meurent pas, car elles ne sont pas en nous; c'est nous qui sommes en elles. Nous sommes les colonnes de poussière qui s'élèvent et tournoyent au carrefour des vents, et peu nous importe où la colonne s'abat, car les grains de sable sont incorruptibles et déjà le vent a repris sa course."

The war, however, has changed for the moment the whole atmosphere. The tragedy is now not so much to die as to survive. There are those who survive their children, grand-children, friends, and husbands, and there are those who survive the war in a state of permanent mutilation or disablement. In Paris there was recently an entertainment given at the Trocadero to 20,000 blind soldiers, and it is in itself a tragic fact that 14,000 of these men were married to women who had come forward to marry them by reason of their calamity.

Another aspect of the new tragedy is the question whether the survivors will not see a world vastly inferior to that from which the most vital and energetic men have been taken? The question now before us is whether we shall allow the world that will exist after the war to be worse than the world as it was before the war?

Probably we shall not throw overboard our ideas about the desirability of prolonging human life, for this is, after all, nothing more than an effort to reduce the element of waste in human life. On the other hand, more stress will undoubtedly be laid on the desirability of abolishing human pain and misery, and making life, such as it is, better worth living. From this point of view there will probably be an altered standard of values. It is difficult to suppose that the men who come back from the Front will think as rigidly as most English people do, or did, of what passes under

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the name of euthanasia. They have seen the torment that is caused by certain wounds when no morphia is at hand. There was a particular case of a man who passed eight hours in the tortured convulsions of tetanus in the trenches. During all that time he implored those round him to shoot him and put an end to his misery, and most of them would certainly have done so but for being restrained by a pious officer who refused to allow this man any release from torture except on the assurance of a doctor, who could not be found, that the man could not possibly recover. It is difficult for an optimist to believe that such ideas as those in which the officer was educated will permanently survive this war.

Generally speaking, the new feeling that life is short and uncertain, which brings us so much nearer to the outlook of our ancestors than anything else could do, will probably prove a stimulant. If life is short and uncertain, then there is all the more reason to compress all we can into it. This quickened impulse of improving the world as we find it within the compass of the individual life will certainly accelerate the intolerance of taboos, which, although only half accepted by the community, enormously interfere with human progress and happiness. It is, for instance, difficult to suppose that after this war the problems of marriage and divorce and of certain diseases which have not been adequately dealt with for fear of pious prejudices will not be tackled in quite a different spirit by the surviving generation.

It is, perhaps, also not too optimistic to suppose that a tremendous collective effort will be made to minimise the chances of future wars. In so far as this war has been caused by the mere existence of a despotic monarchy, the mere existence of despotic monarchies is or ought to be jeopardised. In so far as this war has been caused by militarist propaganda in Germany, the propagandists must in future be treated as enemies of the human race. Those who preach universal tolerance have always rightly maintained that truth is great and will prevail, but the process by which it is made to prevail may be unduly expensive, and if ever force can be justly invoked, it is to suppress the doctrines of Bernhardt.

Another Seven Months !

By the Editor

THE Rump was in a hilarious mood when the questions of the Register and of the life of Parliament came up for discussion, so that the Prime Minister had no difficulty in foisting a "makeshift" register upon that tired assembly, and reconsolidating his position for another seven months. Only Sir Edward Carson protested. The lawyers, led by Sir John Simon, debated the matter over the heads of the majority as a purely technical issue; and when Mr Bonar Law came out with the thrust that, unless they wanted to turn out the Government, extension was the only way, opposition subsided into languid acceptance, relieved only by a jocular allusion to Rehoboam, though what that primordial Jew has to do with British governance in the present war it would be perhaps unintelligent to inquire.

Anyhow, Mr Asquith has dismissed his collegiate. It is holiday time. Unpleasant responsibilities can be packed up in M P.'s kit-bags. Only the Rump can dissolve itself. Never mind the Register. We now enjoy Government on the short bill principle. And so with a grandiloquent statement from the Prime Minister as a sort of "bull's-eye" to those who hoped some manly declaration might be forthcoming in answer to the murder of Captain Fryatt—a threat, by the way, which no man knows better than Mr. Asquith is the merest verbiage—the most unrepresentative Parliament and Government in history rose for the recess, after a little turn of musical chairs at the last moment by way of "bettering" the positions of the Lords Crewe and Norton and Mr. Henderson, the former to serve as stop-gap to the demand for education, the latter to stay the restiveness of Labour in regard to the scandalous inadequacy of the administration of pensions. Any business done? Yes. The Cabinet took a decision and decided to get itself "filmed." By George! And then it changed its mind again.

ANOTHER SEVEN MONTHS!

But I had forgotten. St. Stephen's also distinguished itself. With touching comradeship Lord Haldane introduced Viscount Grey to the Peers. It must have been a moving scene. I would merely implore Mr. Asquith to remember that now that posterity is not to have an electric record of the indispensable twenty-three, that incident, at least, should be filmed to the appropriate music of (is it Schubert's song?) "*Kamaraden*," or perhaps to a Biblical threnody, "In death we are not divided."

If Mr. Asquith cannot make up his mind to commission the film, perhaps the "Follies" will submit a tender. I am sure it would "go" in America. Another highly profitable picture would be—the Committees. The Committee which has sat so long on food, for instance, obviously an unusually efficient and energetic collection, for the more it deliberates, the higher food prices rise. Then there is the Committee "Mesopotamia," "spliced" in advance, seeing that if it reports adversely it will thereby stigmatise the Prime Minister's eulogies of that ill-equipped expedition as the words of an amateur, and historically this likewise may be interesting. Again, there is the Committee which is to see how to present the work of the Paris Conference to the subsequent Committee which has to "dress" it for the Cabinet. All these Committee pictures might be staged to the banjo-esque melodies of that clever musician who splashes whitewash over his left eye, popularly known as the "White-eyed Kaffir." Or the War Minister teaching the Eisteddfod to sing, "We Welsh are not too late." And perhaps, if the "electric" is smart enough, it may induce Lord Haldane to reconstruct the historic luncheon with the German Emperor at Queen Anne's Gate, which, even minus the War Lord and the *Kaiser-sekt* or champagne conversation, would draw full houses; as music to which I would suggest: "Keep the Home Fires Burning"—for the absentee.

As party servility stands, as men think, quite obviously the Coalition will endure as long as the war endures, unless, as the Prime Minister slyly insinuates, "you want to turn us out": a conjuncture which the Indispensables have taught the people to believe would be unpatriotic. In this deduction, Mr. Asquith is logical enough. If there is no

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alternative, why protest; why pretend to be vexed at a makeshift register when it is the best a static Government intend to provide? Why object to the prolongation of the Rump when the only way to prevent its perpetuation is to destroy it? Why simulate discontent where acquiescence is the only policy—so long as men fool themselves with the belief that Mr. Asquith is the “only man”? I confess to no little sympathy with the Premier in his impatience at this hiccup insubordination on the part of the Rump, seeing that it is mere waste of time to provoke discussion in a Parliament which, having no mind to get rid of itself, has no use for anyone who does want to mend it. Moreover, Mr. Bonar Law, who has become an adept in kibbling the technical formulæ of indispensability, has recently explained to us the procedure of Government in a manner too refreshingly unconstitutional to be neglected. He analysed the position thus:—

“The talk of the size of the Cabinet would be all true if the Cabinet decided these questions about the war. They don’t. There is a small War Council to which the Cabinet has given from the first a free hand. . . . What the Cabinet and the War Council are now doing is trying to give them what they want, to follow their advice, and to trust them to see carried out the plans they adopt.”

So Mr. Bonar Law. As Mr. Swift MacNeill remarks (the *Times*, August 19th): the arrangement is a “contravention of the cardinal principle of Ministerial responsibility.” The Cabinet are invested with a trust which, as trustees, they cannot delegate. In delegating their responsibilities to an Inner Council, which is irresponsible, they thereby surrender their understandings to the discretion of others. Thus not only is the manner of Government unconstitutional, but the plea of indispensability is *ipso facto* invalidated, the constitution of the Cabinet having neither reason nor purpose, except to give form to the “Inner Circle,” which is responsible to nobody. No country in Europe has an oligarchy so absolute as this. I don’t suppose many people know who are the members of the Inner Circle who have the “free hand.” Yet it is precisely because of this, irresponsible inner ring that we in England will do well to “look out.”

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Why? Let us again turn to Mr. Bonar Law. He said, "In a business company the main use of the chairman or board of directors is to get a good manager, and, having got him, to trust him"; and this phrase he used in explanation of the sleeping partner section of the Cabinet in its relation to the "good manager," or Inner Circle. Now, in addition to the Premier, Mr. McKenna and Viscount Grey compose what may be called the triumvirate of the ring; all of them proved utterly wrong about the Germans, and so the trusteeship of England before the war, all of them having shown again and again since 1914 their constitutional inability to understand war and its necessities, unless, and until, the goad of public pressure forces them to take issue on this or that question. No man will deny this. Yet this is the good manager Mr. Bonar Law asks us to trust absolutely, to obey unreasoningly according to Prussian military principle, whereas we know that not only are their talents for waging war conspicuous by their absence, but that they were elected to power for specifically pacifist purposes, and even with the idea of cutting down and abolishing the very machinery with which war is made.

Mr. Bonar Law admits that the object of the board is to find and appoint a good manager. Agreed. But not even the Cabinet appointed our war management. The board had nothing to do with its selection. Neither had the people. The ring appointed themselves, or, rather, Mr. Asquith nominated his own management, so that when Mr. Bonar Law tells us to trust the "good manager" on business principles, he convicts himself as a bad business man out of his own mouth.

But for popular clamour Lord Haldane would have been at the War Office, and so in the Inner Circle. We know what Mr. Asquith feels about him from his valedictory championship of the man who "felt uneasy about the Germans," and yet told us just before the war that never were our relations better. Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, Viscount Grey are still the warm friends of Lord Haldane, who, out of office, seems to wield as much power as in office, nor need we look further for proof of this disconcerting symptom than in the astonishing circumstance of

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Lord Grey's presentation to the Peers by the "thinker of battles" himself.

Viscount Grey, Head of British Foreign Affairs, thus deliberately chooses to show to the world his attachment to, and admiration for, the only Minister who knows German, in defiance of national opinion, as if by act of protest at that nobleman's exclusion from the "good management" of the war, which Mr. Bonar Law would have us trust implicitly. This dualism of Grey-Haldane, this trinity of Asquith-Grey-Haldane, is no freak of accident. For sure, Viscount Grey knows other Peers who might have introduced him equally well. But, no; as Lord Haldane inspired the Grey-Asquith Government before the war, so in the third year of war he inspires them still! The good management can find no man so admirable as Lord Haldane to present an ennobled member to the Upper House. "See," they say, "what we think! What does it matter what you think?" And so we have this position, that if Mr. Asquith is indispensable, behind him, Lord Haldane is even more indispensable. He is still the *spiritus rector* of our statecraft. He is still the "man behind the guns."

Do we realise this? Do we understand what this means, what this may mean when peace comes to be discussed? Do we know that Mr. Bonar Law's condition of good business management is the exact contrary to what actually exists; that instead of a management specially selected for war we still have the management deliberately chosen for peace: a management which, according to all its spoken words, was not only spiritually the friend of our enemy, but politically the believer in his association? There are men who speak of the "mystic hand," but in reality there is no mystery. At most we can speak of a "dark horse." Mr. Asquith would probably not even deny that he considers Lord Haldane's absence from the Government to be "deeply regrettable." Nay, he cannot deny it, otherwise his close friend, Viscount Grey, would not have asked Lord Haldane to lead him by the hand into St. Stephen's to the stupefaction of all Europe. The act was not only a policy, it signifies a philosophy. It shows that the Trinity regards itself as indispensable, that it intends to persist and

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come back in its entirety; that, if we are not very careful, it will come back under the metaphysical presidentship of the *famulus* of the German Emperor.

The other day I received a letter from a man who wrote: "After all, why shouldn't Mr. Asquith and his Coalition remain in office to conclude peace?" To those who think like my correspondent I would say this: First, because up to the time of war they proved their incapacity to understand European politics; to see clearly; to estimate correctly; to know who was our foe and who was not. They are thus a bad management, the worst men to entrust with real conditions and affairs, as apart from the unreal ideas and aspirations of our pre-war idealism, for which to-day wholly irrelevant purpose they were elected. As a fact, they only have power from the mandate of an electorate which they no longer represent, which assuredly would by no chance of principle or pendulum re-elect them, which finally is itself anomalous and non-existent as the expression either of democracy or of national expediency. Their survival is thus the technical misfit of politics; in no sense is it national. Their continuance in office to-day may be compared with a management formed to run a butterfly-net company which unexpectedly finds itself compelled to make pianos instead, and continues to let down the business of turning out bad instruments by virtue of some clause in the articles of association whereby they cannot be dismissed. They persist because they hold all the shares, drew up their own contract, and are their own lawyers. They are because of what they were in the days when the butterfly-net business was a paying concern.*

So much for the selection of the management. What is its record since 1914? There is no need to rehearse the long list of failures and omissions; they are chronicled daily in the Press, and are almost the subject of standing ridicule. "Wait and see" needs no epitaph. Whatever has been done is the result of public pressure, out-

* But Mr. Asquith evidently felt a little uneasy about the "register," so he started a flirtation with the women, apparently with the object of frightening the men. It is interesting to find that Mrs. Pankhurst, in *Britannia*, August 18th, repudiates this political attempt to exploit the situation. Here, thus, is a woman giving the country a brave and noble example of civic honesty and impersonal patriotism.

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cry, and criticism, from the days when Mr. Asquith condoned with Sir E. Speyer for the country's riddance of him to the latest feats of procrastination such as that which jockeyed Mr. Henderson into a Minister of Education, to "screw back" upon the Marquess of Crewe. Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Serbia, Ireland, contraband, Simonism, Aliens—these are things the stains of which no committee can remove. Lord Haldane, who knew Germany and the nature of German armaments so well, ignored *our machine guns* when he was Minister of War; what wonder that later his disciples were short of shells! But to continue would be tiresome. It would necessitate an article to enumerate the failures of the Coalition. There is no responsibility and no control. Food rises in price, yet the "good management" does nothing, for the simple reason that, having started to run the war on the profligate principle instead of that of privation, it cannot, and dare not, to-day assume authority for fear of forfeiting the pleasure of that interest which battens on the rest, and which, so long as it is left unfettered, leans on the source of its progress. Thus coal goes up and up, and we pay. And freights rise to utterly scandalous proportions, and we pay, and will have to go on paying higher and higher in the absence of control, under that comfortable Ministerial system which permits "free trade" in war at the expense of the people for the benefit of those able to profit by it.*

That is the Asquith system—business as usual, to keep the country quiet. I fancy few men will deny that the Coalition have shown an almost incredible weakness, dilatoriness, and a temperamental incapacity to make up their minds, to lead, or take decisions. Thus both before the war and during the war the Asquith system—for that is what it comes to—has failed, failed in all the essentials of government in war, and at this hour its chief characteristic is indetermination. Instead of a good management, we have therefore a bad management. And not only that, but we find we have a management which has learnt nothing, which, in lieu of admitting its mistakes and seeking to remedy them, has the effrontery to accredit itself before the public under the ægis of Lord Haldane, who stands con-

* See, for instance, the report of the Committee of Public Accounts *re* Huts.

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demned by all the facts of the war as a simpleton or an idiot. This is its apotheosis in the third year of the war. It is here that the Haldane-Grey-Asquith association gives rise to the gravest anxieties.*

Men so fantastically wrong in their judgments before 1914 are not likely suddenly to acquire sound judgment, not to mention statesmanlike prescience, which was never so important a quality in our direction as at this hour. I suppose never in our history has there been more urgent need of firmness and broadness of outlook, in a word, of government than at this juncture in the war, when we are faced with the certainty of a third winter campaign, and there is no military ground to anticipate that early peace † which is the quarterly prophecy of the war-novelists. Quite the contrary. Now, weak men naturally act weakly, just as men of poor judgment must be expected to draw wrong conclusions. Yet such is our position, and already the inevitable results of our weakness have become ominously apparent.

It was of the utmost importance that Britain, as the disinterested Power, should be the moral stay of the Alliance, should be the chairman, as it were, of the concord, should exercise that prominence of direction which, as the first sea Power, is her due. This natural moral right she is not asserting. The Asquith Government is not the spirit and inspiration of the Entente. Just as here "Wait and see" has to be prodded on, so in the councils of the Allies we are accessories rather than leaders. The Salonika delay is one example. Coal for Italy is another. Poland is a third. The economic question is a fourth. The Blockade is a fifth. As we are absolutely the decisive factor of victory, so we ought to assume that responsibility. Yet there is nothing surprising in this back-seat condition of ours. Mr. Asquith does not govern here; by what reason do we expect him to lead there? A Government which cannot make up its mind at home cannot be

* The attempt to appoint Mr. Holzapfel as Consul is an example of how much the Government have learnt.

† See Mr. Lloyd George's speech, August 22nd. Also that of Mr. Winston Churchill who, now that he is unemployed, has begun to speak like a statesman. May he so continue.

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supposed to show firmness and initiative without. We have but to recall Mr. Asquith's Newcastle speech, denying that there was any shortage of shells, and his indictably feckless and irresponsible eulogy of the ill-equipped Mesopotamian expedition to form an opinion as to his capacity to lead a nation in war, or his assumption of indispensability to arrive at a true estimate of the man.

There are many who think that the war is virtually won, that this time the autumn will see the end, and so much is this the general view that we seem resigned to a sloppiness of attitude neither healthy nor wise, which has even infected the Press.* We avoid facing the facts. The war news is distorted day by day, raising premature hopes out of all proportion to the truth, whereas, so far as it is humanly possible to judge, the war, if we are to obtain our terms, demands every ounce of energy, forethought, and organisation that we can put into it. And what we have to bear in mind is that if the Asquith-Grey-Haldane management fails, both before war and in war, it will almost inevitably fail over peace, when only men of strength and vision and constructive resourcefulness can hope to succeed. This winter the assertion of Britain's lead will be more than ever necessary. Can we expect it under the present management? Can we expect Viscount Grey, the *alter ego* of Lord Haldane, to display that judgment and firmness in the direction of affairs that is so necessary with all the complex intricacies of nationality, interest, and statesmanship involved in the settlement and reconstruction before us? Can we imagine weak men securing a strong peace? If not, are we not singularly foolish in delegating such vast responsibility to these men? Consider: should they fail over peace, the fault will not be theirs, it will be *ours*, and we shall only have ourselves to blame for it, if at that hour of destiny we also think and act "too late."

* We are regaled with stories of Germans chained to their guns, &c. Ask any man at the Somme what he thinks of this tosh! We seem to get most of our war news to order. Why?

Memorial

urging the return of the

Rt. Hon. W. M. HUGHES

that he may take his due part in the management of the War, as a member of the Inner War Council of the Empire.

WE, the undersigned, call upon His Majesty's Government immediately to invite the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes to return to this country and accept a seat in the Inner War Council of the Empire.

We are inspired to this appeal for three reasons :—

FIRST, it seems to us that Mr. Hughes has shown in Australia that bold statesmanlike driving-force which is essential to government in war, and we are constrained to give expression to our deliberate opinion that this quality is still conspicuously lacking in the over-large and unwieldy Government which we have to-day, and which still contrives to govern on peace principles and methods to the serious disadvantage of this Nation and of the Allied Cause.

SECONDLY, we are convinced that more than any Public Man whom we can see at this juncture, the Australian Prime Minister possesses that insight into the necessities of the times, that broadness of outlook freed from inner political traditions and perplexities, that quickness of thought and adaptability to change, and the consequent readiness of action; above all, that freshness and strength of will which fit him in a quite pre-eminent degree to take a leading part in the solution of the grave economic problems arising out of the war, and very particularly and immediately as the result of the Economic Conference of the Allies, the principles of which have merely been outlined on paper and, as we know, have been referred to a purely Academic Committee on which the Dominions are not even represented.

THIRDLY, we call for Mr. Hughes' recall because, in our opinion, it is his natural right, by virtue of his Imperial position, to take an active part in the Inner War Council. And this we urge because it seems to us that the inspiration of Mr. Hughes, his sage counsel, his very presence in London are of vital importance to that stern and constructive governance which is so greatly

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needed, especially in that reconstruction—social, economic, and Imperial—which must come as the result of the present European upheaval if the unprecedented efforts that Great Britain has made are not to be in vain.

Mr. Hughes has proved his statesmanship. By common consent, from the speeches of Ministers and Public Men here, his value—one may say, the necessity of the man—has received unstinted testimony; we are also sure that he would gladly respond to the call.

The crisis of the war has been reached. Never at any time in our history has there been more urgent need of men of imagination and constructive statesmanship; never has the Empire more sorely needed the concentration of its brain and courage than at the present hour. Every day is of importance now. Every hour is full of possibilities of good or evil to the Imperial cause. As every decision may be fraught with fate, so every omission may be fatal.

In Mr. Hughes we see the spirit of the hour—a man of action. And we therefore press upon the public to demand his immediate return to these shores that we may have the benefit of his help, the wisdom of his counsel, and the fulness of his Imperial sense and responsibility. We call upon all men who think with us on this question to sign this Memorial and so to bring about the return of a force who, at this supreme moment in our Imperial life, should by all reason of Imperial unity and military necessity be an active leader in the nation's direction and in our common inspiration.

SIGNATURES—

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ALFRED BIGLAND, M.P.
LORD EBURY.
BEN TILLET.
BARON DUNLEATH.
GEORGE MOORE.
MAJOR REDWAY.
WILLIAM BOOSEY.
MARQUIS OF AILSA.
DOUGLAS AINSLIE.
HARRINGTON MANN.
SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS.
J. P. NICHOL.
ROWLAND HUNT, M.P.
PEMBERTON-BILLING, M.P.
L. GRAHAM H. HORTON-SMITH (*Joint
Founder of the Imperial Maritime
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ARNOLD WHITE.
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*Signatures should be sent to "The English Review," 17, Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden.*

Finance Magnificent

By Raymond Radclyffe

IN the February issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW I pointed out how cleverly the Government keep the nation quiet by means of astounding bribes. Bribery is a nasty word. But how else can we describe the action of a Cabinet which, having involved the nation in one of the most stupendous wars the world has ever seen, lulls that nation to sleep by recklessly distributing five millions a day? Did I say five millions? Perhaps I have made a mistake. The figure may be six millions, for there seems to be some doubt in the minds of the Ministers as to whether the war is costing us five or six millions a day. Subservient critics who employ their time in declaring that we are governed in the best possible manner are careful to point out that we are not spending five millions a day, and that the figure of six millions includes advances to our Allies. This may be quite true; but it does not get away from the fact that six millions of securities of one sort and another are being printed. Soon after the war began there was a huge outcry against the large profits made out of the country by those who supply munitions of war—boots, shoes, coal, iron, steel, guns and shells, and it was decided that such profits should be taxed. But this tax is simply added on to the cost of the goods, and if we then spent 2,000 millions a day in munitions of war, we now spend more than 3,000 millions; another proof that the consumer always pays the tax. All the reports issued by limited companies show increased profits, and all of them state that, before striking their balance-sheets, due allowance has been made for the excess profits tax. The manufacturers laugh at the increase in taxation. It would make no difference to them whether the tax were 60 per cent. or 100 per cent.

Bankers have also done well out of the war, and in the two years of war the deposits of twenty-eight banks have risen 24 per cent. The cash at these banks at June 30th, 1914, was just over 132½ millions. In two years it had

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risen to over $205\frac{1}{4}$ millions. Their investments had risen from $150\frac{1}{2}$ millions to nearly $328\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and the balance-sheet totals of the twenty-eight banks had jumped from $990\frac{1}{4}$ millions to over $1,208\frac{1}{4}$ millions. Thus we see that war has proved a profitable business for the banking community. Nevertheless, bankers and others who lock up their reserves in investments are grumbling at the fall in the prices of securities, and this has disturbed our unfortunate Chancellor. Consequently, he has evolved a most ingenious scheme. He has taken about 600 millions of gilt-edged stocks, of which a list has been published in all the papers, and he has asked holders of these stocks, who are mostly bankers, finance institutions, and very wealthy people, to loan them to him for a period of five years. In consideration for this loan the lender is to get $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in addition to the interest which he obtains on the stock itself. Also, in the event of the Government desiring to sell the security, he is to receive a bonus of 5 per cent. on the market value of the stock on August 16th. As in all human probability at the end of five years the bulk of these securities will have considerably depreciated, it is a case for the lender of "Heads I win, tails you lose." He cannot possibly go wrong in loaning his securities to the Government, for his income is increased without any risk to himself, and if he is forced to sell, he is at any rate forced to sell at a higher price than that now ruling—a position which we should all of us like to occupy.

But this is not all. When the lender hands his securities over to the Government he will be given a deposit receipt stating in exact terms what securities the Government holds on his behalf. These deposit securities are practically as good as scrip, for they are to be negotiable on the Stock Exchange, and they are available for loans. This is a really beautiful method of making money. John Jones has £1,000 invested at 5 per cent. with the Japanese Government. Presumably, he is quite satisfied with his security, and thinks 5 per cent. a reasonable interest. But the Government say: "No, why should you be satisfied with 5 per cent.? We will give you $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. And not only that, but, although we are going to take over your security, we will still give you the right to borrow on it." So that John Jones' investment is promptly doubled. He has

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loaned the Government £1,000 of securities, but he can borrow on the deposit from his bank, whilst the Government is also borrowing on John Jones' original scrip. Such is modern finance! We are assured by the Chancellor that he has no intention of selling the securities. But that must depend upon circumstances. At the present moment the war looks to be going well. But wars are uncertain things. We may have set-backs. Probably we shall. Then our credit, which is good to-day, may suffer. It seems difficult to believe that a nation can spend 2,000 millions a year without suffering in credit. Exchanges may go against us to such an extent that it will be necessary to sell the securities outright.

I submit that this latest method of watering our National Capital—which goes under the name of “B” scheme—is but another piece of gross extravagance on the part of the Government. Apparently, it will cost the rate-payer about eighteen millions of money. It is hardly likely to cost less.

But we are not at the end of our spending of money. It is not sufficient that we are distributing six millions a day in paper, whether in the form of advances to Allies, Treasury Bills, Exchequer Bonds, War Saving Certificates, or Currency Notes. The faithful newspaper scribes who herald all Government schemes are now coming forward with more money-spending contrivances. Sir Chiozza Money, who must certainly be in the confidence of the Ministry, and who has been honoured by them with a title, believes that the best cure for delirium tremens is a bottle of brandy. So he suggests that we should establish a great housing scheme and abolish all slums. On this we are to spend the paltry sum of 200 millions. The houses are to be fitted with cheap electricity, which will cost a mere 500 millions. That is to keep those who dwell in the towns quiet. But the country people want something, so they are to be given beautiful woods and forests at a cost of 120 millions, and in order that those who live in the towns shall be able to get quickly into the heart of the forests, 100 millions is to be spent on remodelling and improving our railway system, and as there are still a few people who like canals, a paltry 80 millions is to be spent upon improving them. The total of this little bill is only 1,000

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millions, and, as Sir Chiozza Money expresses it, "It is not suggested as a complete list, but it will do to go on with." Another financial expert, also with great influence in the Government, Mr. Sidney Webb, publishes a book entitled "How to Pay for the War." His idea of how the war shall be paid for is to develop the Post Office by abolishing the bankers. The Post Office is to deliver goods for all shopkeepers and collect the money for them. It is to distribute newspapers, control foreign exchanges, and practically do all the financial work now so ably done by the City of London. In addition to carrying our letters, the Post Office will abolish the merchant banker and the Joint Stock Bank, at a cost which is not clearly defined. We are also, according to Mr. Webb, to buy up the whole of the railways and canals of Great Britain at an expense of about 1,200 millions. As railways need coal, we are to purchase all the collieries in the kingdom for the trifling figure of 330 millions. Our insurance companies, now managed with meticulous care, have accumulated an enormous hoard of investments; these investments, amounting to about 550 millions, are to be taken over, and the policies are in future to be guaranteed by the Government. All these little schemes may cost anything between 3,000 and 5,000 millions.

I ask with some seriousness, are we quite mad? There is, of course, method in the madness of the Government. It has seen how, by a lavish distribution of paper, it can keep a nation quiet, and it thinks that if it goes on distributing wealth in this manner it will be able to keep in office for the rest of its natural life. Indeed, who would turn out a Government that proposed, when peace comes, to go on spending even more money than it did whilst carrying on the greatest war the world has ever seen! The 600 million securities which are to be taken over from the rich are a fleabite compared with the magnificent dreams of Sir Chiozza Money and Mr. Sidney Webb.

The wealth of Great Britain may be fifteen to twenty thousand millions. It is to be mobilised and distributed. The wastrel, the idler, the incompetent are to be given each their share of the fruits of a century of savings. The millennium is to follow the war.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE DECLINE OF LIBERTY IN ENGLAND. By E. S. P. HAYNES. Grant Richards, Ltd. 6s. net.

This is a stimulating book, at once discursive and controversial, the work of an Individualist, half-Pagan, half-Catholic, half-Positivist; nor would it have been written but for the "Servile State" by Mr. Belloc and his co-religionist, Cecil Chesterton. Perhaps its charm lies in its ambiguity, its apparent contradictoriness, for at times the author seems to be tending towards Catholicism, and then he appears as a Positivist, though probably himself unaware of it. However, here is the real John Bull with his passion for Liberty, his religion of freedom, his inability to see life except through the Law, while all the time chafing at its rigidities. And withal he recognises the State as above the Individual. He stands for the intellectual view of life. He roars at the servile state of proletarian Capitalism, and he has even a brief for homosexuality. Mr. Haynes is a rational anarchist, or shall we say an anarchistic rationalist? It is not a bad configuration, and when he lets fly he is good reading, pleasingly fermentative, ardently cynical, almost religiously personal. He dislikes virginity, he disdains fidelity. Altogether a stimulant, for Mr. Haynes is a palpable man.

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

In this, the latest addition to the publisher's admirable series of critical studies, the author gives us a book of great and permanent worth. Howsoever devoted he is to Dostoevsky—the "most Russian of Russians"—he never allows his devotion to mar his estimate of the man and his work. Dostoevsky differs vitally from his predecessors and his successors, both in mind and matter. As Mr. Murry truly says: "Our old methods and standards are useless to elucidate and to measure Dostoevsky, not because he is greater than the heroes of art who went before him, but because he is profoundly different." Probably that is the reason why it has taken the author of "The Idiot" some

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thirty years to obtain an English-speaking public. How little concerned he was with form and construction and style is given in his own words: "I have my own idea about art, and it is this: What most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality, I hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observation and everyday trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse. In any newspaper one takes up, one comes across reports of wholly authentic facts which strike one as extraordinary. Our writers regard them as fantastic, and take no account of them; and yet they are the truth, for they are facts. . . ." It is not a matter for surprise that Tolstoi, while admiring "Injured and Insulted"—one of the only two books of Dostoevsky's he read—as a work of the heart, wrote: "I have no need to envy him. He had no style, no artistic accomplishment, no intellect. . . ." From first to last "Fyodor Dostoevsky" is a noble performance, and one of enduring value.

FICTION

THE LUCK OF THE STRONG. By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON.
Eveleigh Nash. 6s.

Here is a volume of sea tales of sorts, many of which have appeared in the pages of popular magazines. That fact, doubtless, accounts for their lurid thrills and faked situations, also for much of their pseudo-mysticism. In their first home we do not question that they served their purpose well, and were read at the hour before bedtime in tame suburban homes. But it must not be supposed that this collection of stories—each of which could be reduced to half its length—is entirely without merit; Mr. Hodgson possesses inventive qualities and a glib pen—so glib that he leaves nothing unsaid. Moreover, he has to remember that the next best thing to creating a dramatic situation is to find a logical way out of it. No doubt Mr. Hodgson has a large following among such book-buyers as do not reason the printed psychology and sensation.

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NOVEMBER, 1916

Bluebell Night

By Muriel Stuart

WHEN Earth stands trembling on the brink of June,
Spring reads the writing on the sunset's wall,
And "Farewell" on the bright page of the moon,
While one by one in heaven's Cimmerian pall
Vague stars are lit for rites funereal.
She hears Night toll the hour of her farewell,
And seeks once more a breast whereon to die,—
In the last wood to yield to Summer's spell,
That still dreams on with wide and tranquil eye
When the great huntress June doth rake the sky
And sow the world with heat, still sees its cool
Green image mirrored in the enchanted pool.

Past the low track where many a groaning cart
Has lurched above the beating of Spring's heart
She fleets, June's arrows falling swift and bright;
The creening curlew-wind wails, following,
The old wheel-wounds are filled with flowers to-night.
Her reels of gold, blue skein and yellow bead
Fall from her hand as wild and white she goes,
The poppy lacking still a golden thread,
Her needle pricking still the unfinished rose.

The lean, swift bramble hastens o'er the stones,—
A gipsy Autumn makes an emperor
Splendoured in purple, glorious in gold;
He heeds not April's tale so swiftly told,

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And the young trees whom she may tend no more
Forget their cradle-songs in April's house,
And on Earth's shoulders take colossal hold,
Against the sun spread vast pavilions,
And stun the great storms with huge thunderous brows.
Only the playthings of the year that fade
Forgotten in June's savage, fresh desire,—
The weaving-ends of April—shall be laid,—
Sweet slaves—upon her pyre.

To-night the bluebells die, already wan
With prescience of her whose death is theirs;
A sheathing wing the solemn thicket bears,
Though heedless birds sing on,
Though in the listening moonlight wanders still
The wide-lipped water talking in her sleep,
And far beyond the hill,
Across the heaven's golden vast divide
The twilight rose nods to the lily moon;
Too old, too wise to weep,
They watch where Spring has fall'n, and see her swoon
With the long spear of Summer in her side.

From April's dying hand the jewels fall,
The hawthorn folds her frail embroidery,
The drowsy hyacinth puts out her light;
Gold-throated flowers that lured the pirate bee
Fade like old dreams across the face of night,
Of whom stern Day forbids memorial.

* * * * *

Something of Spring must die in us to-night—
Something the full-lipped Summer may not know,—
The sharp, sad rapture, the impetuous flight
That finds all heavens too near, all heights too low;
When Dawn seems but a glittering rose to throw
To a mad world, and from Youth's beakers flow
The keen, the sparkling Daysprings of Delight!

But not for ever! All that died to-night
Has heard one same sweet word, and knows that Change
Though seeming wild and strange,
Seeming to stamp its heel on all delight,

BLUEBELL NIGHT

And giving Beauty only grace to die,
Shall bring a rich to-morrow; though Spring lie
Dead, as the first faith in Youth's sepulchre,

She shall return, and glide,—

A white swan moving on the green Spring-tide—
Soon shall a snowdrop quicken in her side,
And round her lips a little sigh shall stir. . . .
While loud December stamps the frozen ways
Leave her to dreamless nights and deedless days.
And strew the paling bluebells over her.

“The Everlasting Terror”

To Bobby

By J. R. Ackerley

FOR fourteen years since I began
I learnt to be a gentleman,
I learnt that two and two made four
And all the other college lore,
That all that's good and right and fit
Was copied in the Holy Writ,
That rape was wrong and murder worse
Than stealing money from a purse,
That if your neighbour caused you pain
You turned the other cheek again,
And vaguely did I learn the rhyme
“Oh give us peace, Lord, in our time,
And grant us Peace in Heaven as well,
And save our souls from fire in Hell”;
So since the day that I began
I learnt to be a gentleman.

But when I'd turned nineteen and more
I took my righteousness to War.
The one thing that I can't recall
Is why I went to war at all;
I wasn't brave, nor coward quite,
But still I went, and I was right.

But now I'm nearly twenty-two
And hale as any one of you;
I've killed more men than I can tell
And been through many forms of Hell,
And now I come to think of it
They tell you in the Holy Writ
That Hell's a place of misery
Where Laughter stands in pillory

"THE EVERLASTING TERROR"

And Vice and Hunger walk abroad
And breed contagion 'gainst the Lord.
Well, p'r'aps it is, but all the same,
It heals the halt, the blind, the lame,
It takes and tramples down your pride
And sin and vainness fall beside,
It turns you out a better fool
Than you were taught to be at school,
And, what the Bible does not tell,
It gives you gentleness as well.

Oh, God! I've heard the screams of men
In suffering beyond our ken,
And shuddered at the thought that I
Might scream as well if I should die.
I've seen them crushed or torn to bits,—
Oh, iron tears you where it hits!
And when the flag of Dawn unfurls
They cry—not God's name, but their girls',
Whose shades, perhaps, like Night's cool breath,
Are present on that field of death,
And sit and weep and tend them there,
God's halo blazing round their hair.
"Thou shalt not kill." But in the grime
Of smoke and blood and smell of lime
Which creeping men have scattered round
A blood-disfigured piece of ground,
When Time weighs on you like a ton,
And Terror makes your water run,
And earth and sky are red with flame,
And Death is standing there to claim
His toll among you, when the hour
Arrives when you must show your power
And take your little fighting chance,
Get up, and out and so advance,
When crimson swims before your eyes
And in your mouth strange oaths arise,
Then something in you seems to break
And thoughts you never dreamt of wake
Upon your brain and drive you on,
So that you stab till life is gone,

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So that you throttle, shoot or stick,
A shrinking man and don't feel sick
Nor feel one little jot of shame;
My God, but it's a bloody game!

Oh yes, I've seen it all and more,
And felt the knocker on Death's door;
I've been wherever Satan takes you,
And Hell is good, because it makes you.
As long as you're a man, I say,
The "gentle" part will find its way
And catch you up like all the rest—
For love I give the Tommy best!
No need to learn of Christ's Temptation.
There's gentleness in all creation,
It's born in you like seeds in pears,
It ups and takes you unawares,
It's Christ again, the real Lover
And not the corpse we languish over.
It makes us see, our vision clearer;
When Christ is in us He is dearer,
We love Him when we understand
That each of us may hold His hand,
May walk with Him by day or night
In meditation towards the light;
It's better far than paying shillings
For paper books with rusty fillings
Which say eternal punishment
Is due to those poor men who've spent
Their lives in gambling, drinking, whoring,
As though there were some angel scoring
Black marks against you for your sins
And he who gets the least marks wins.
This was a word Christ never sent,
This talk of awful punishment;
You're born into a world of sin
Which Jesus' touch will guide you in,
And when you die your soul returns
To Christ again, with all its burns,
In all its little nakedness,
In tears, in sorrow, to confess

“THE EVERLASTING TERROR”

That it has failed as those before
To walk quite straight from door to door :
And Christ will sigh instead of kiss,
And Hell and punishment are this.

And so through all my life and days,
In all my walks, through all my ways,
The lasting terror of the war
Will live with me for evermore.
Of all the pals whom I have missed
There's one, I know, whom Christ has kissed,
And in his memory I'll find
The sweetness of the bitter rind —
Of lonely life in front of me
And terror's sleepless memory.

June 30th, 1916.

The Shadow-line (iii)

By Joseph Conrad

THE first thing I saw down there was the body and head of a man projecting backwards, as it were, from one of the doors at the foot of the stairs. His eyes looked at me very wide and still. In one hand he held a dinner plate, in the other a cloth.

"I am your new Captain," I said quietly.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he had got rid of the plate and the cloth and jumped to open the cabin door. As soon as I passed into the saloon he vanished, but only to reappear instantly, buttoning up a jacket he had put on with the swiftness of a "quick-change" artist.

"Where's the chief mate?" I asked.

"In the hold, I think, sir. I saw him go down the after-hatch ten minutes ago."

"Tell him I am on board."

The mahogany table under the skylight shone in the twilight like a dark pool of water. The sideboard, surmounted by a wide looking-glass in an ormolu frame, had a marble top. It bore a pair of silver-plated lamps and some other pieces—obviously a harbour display. The saloon itself was panelled in two kinds of wood in the excellent, simple taste prevailing when the ship was built.

I sat down in the armchair at the head of the table—the captain's chair, with a small tell-tale compass swung above it—a mute reminder of unremitting vigilance.

A succession of men had sat in that chair. I became aware of that thought suddenly, vividly, as though each had left a little of himself between the four walls of these ornate bulkheads; a sort of composite soul, the soul of the command which had whispered suddenly to mine of long days at sea and of anxious moments.

"You, too!" it seemed to say, "you, too, shall taste of that peace and that unrest in a searching intimacy with

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your own self—obscure as we were and as supreme in the face of all the winds and all the seas, in an immensity that receives no impress, preserves no memories, and keeps no reckoning of lives.”

Deep within the tarnished ormolu frame, in the hot half-light sifted through the awning, I saw my own face propped between my hands and staring at myself with the perfect detachment of distance, rather with curiosity than with any other feeling, except of some sympathy for this latest representative of what for all intents and purposes was a dynasty, continuous not in blood, indeed, but in its experience, in its training, in its conception of duty, and in the blessed simplicity of its traditional point of view on life.

It struck me that this quietly staring man whom I was watching, both as if he were myself and somebody else, was not exactly a lonely figure. He had his place in a line of men whom he did not know, of whom he had never heard; but who were fashioned by the same influences, whose souls in relation to their humble life's work had no secrets for him.

Suddenly I perceived that there was another man in the saloon, standing a little on one side and looking intently at me. The chief mate. His long, red moustache determined the character of his physiognomy, which struck me as pugnacious in (strange to say) a ghastly sort of way.

How long had he been there looking at me, appraising me in my unguarded day-dreaming state? I would have been more disconcerted if, having the cabin clock right in front of me, I had not noticed that its long hand had hardly moved at all.

I could not have been in that cabin more than two minutes altogether. Say three. . . . So he could not have been watching me more than a mere fraction of a minute, luckily. Still, I regretted the occurrence.

But I showed nothing of it as I rose leisurely (it had to be leisurely) and greeted him with perfect friendliness.

There was something reluctant and at the same time attentive in his bearing. His name was Burns. We left the cabin and went round the ship together. His face in the full light of day appeared very pale, meagre, even haggard. Somehow I had a delicacy as to looking too

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often at him; his eyes, on the contrary, seemed fairly glued on my face. They were greenish and had an expectant expression.

He answered all my questions readily enough, but my ear seemed to catch a tone of unwillingness. The second officer, with three or four hands, was busy forward. The mate mentioned his name and I nodded to him in passing. He was very young. He struck me as rather a cub.

When we returned below I sat down on one end of a deep, semi-circular, or, rather, semi-oval settee, upholstered in red plush. It extended right across the whole after-end of the cabin. Mr. Burns, motioned to sit down, dropped into one of the swivel-chairs round the table, and kept his eyes on me as persistently as ever, and with that strange air as if all this were make-believe and he expected me to get up, burst into a laugh, slap him on the back, and vanish from the cabin.

There was a sort of earnestness in the situation which began to make me uncomfortable. I tried to react against this vague feeling.

"It's only my inexperience," I thought.

In the face of that man, several years, I judged, older than myself, I became aware of what I had left already behind me—my youth. And that was indeed poor comfort. Youth is a fine thing, a mighty power—as long as one does not think of it. I felt I was becoming self-conscious. Almost against my will I assumed a moody gravity. I said: "I see you have kept her in very good order, Mr. Burns."

Directly I had uttered these words I asked myself angrily why the deuce did I want to say that? Mr. Burns in answer had only blinked at me. What on earth did he mean?

I fell back on a question which had been in my thoughts for a long time—the most natural question on the lips of any seaman whatever joining a ship. I voiced it (confound this self-consciousness) in a *déçagè* cheerful tone: "I suppose she can travel—what?"

Now a question like this might have been answered normally, either in accents of apologetic sorrow or with a visibly suppressed pride, in a "I don't want to boast, but you shall see" sort of tone. There are sailors, too, who

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would have been brutally frank: "Slow brute," or frankly delighted: "She's a flyer." Two ways, if four manners.

But Mr. Burns found another way, a way of his own which had, anyhow, the merit of saving his breath, if no other.

He did not say anything. He only smiled. And it was an angry smile. I waited. Nothing more came.

"What's the matter? . . . Can't you tell me after being nearly two years in the ship?" I addressed him sharply.

He looked as startled for a moment as though he had discovered my presence only that very moment. But this passed off almost at once. He put on an air of indifference. But I suppose he thought it better to say something. He said that a ship needed, just like a man, the chance to show the best she could do, and that this ship had never had a chance since he had been on board of her. Not that he could remember. The last captain . . . He paused.

"Has he been so very unlucky?" I asked with unconcealed incredulity. Mr. Burns turned his eyes away from me. No, the late captain was not an unlucky man. One couldn't say that. But he had not seemed to want to make use of his luck.

Mr. Burns—man of enigmatic moods—made this statement with an inanimate face and staring wilfully at the rudder casing. The statement itself was obscurely suggestive. I asked quietly:

"Where did he die?"

"In this saloon. Just where you are sitting now," answered Mr. Burns.

I repressed an absurd impulse to jump up; but upon the whole I was relieved to hear that he had not died in the bed which was now mine. I pointed out to the chief mate that what I really wanted to know was where he had buried his late captain.

Mr. Burns said that it was at the entrance to the gulf. A roomy grave; a sufficient answer. But the mate, overcoming visibly something within him—something like a curious reluctance to believe in my advent (as something serious, at any rate), did not stop at that—though, indeed, he may have wished to do so.

As a compromise with his feelings, I believe, he addressed himself persistently to the rudder-casing, so that

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to me he had the appearance of a man talking in solitude, a little unconsciously, however.

His tale was that at seven bells in the forenoon watch he had all hands mustered on the quarter-deck and told them that they had better go down to say good-bye to the captain.

Those words, as if grudged to an intruding personage, were enough for me to evoke vividly that strange ceremony : The bare-footed, bare-headed seamen ranging themselves in a row against that sideboard, uncomfortable rather than moved, shirts open on sunburnt chests, weather-beaten faces, and all staring at the dying man with the same grave and expectant expression.

"Was he conscious?" I asked.

"He didn't speak, but he moved his eyes to look at them," said the mate.

After waiting a moment Mr. Burns motioned the crew to leave the cabin, but he detained the two oldest men to stay with the captain while he went on deck with his sextant to "take the sun." It was getting towards noon and he was anxious to get a good observation for latitude. When he returned below to put his sextant away he found that the two men had retreated out into the lobby. Through the open door he saw the captain lying easy against the pillows. He had "passed away" while Mr. Burns was taking this observation. As near noon as possible. He had hardly changed his position.

Mr. Burns sighed, glanced at me inquisitively, as much as to say, "Aren't you going yet?" and then turned away from his new captain back to the old, who, being dead, had no authority, was not in anybody's way, and was much easier to deal with.

Mr. Burns dealt with him at some length. He was a strange man—of sixty-five about—iron grey, hard-faced, obstinate, and uncommunicative. He used to keep the ship loafing at sea for inscrutable reasons. Would come on deck at night sometimes, take some sail off her, God only knows why or wherefore, then go below, shut himself up in his cabin and play on the violin for hours—till daybreak perhaps. In fact, he spent most of his time day or night playing the violin. That was when the fit took him. Very loud, too.

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It came to this, that Mr. Burns mustered his courage one day and remonstrated earnestly with the captain. Neither he nor the second mate could get a wink of sleep in their watches below for the noise. . . . And how could they be expected to keep awake while on duty? he pleaded. The answer of that stern man was that if he and the second mate didn't like the noise, they were welcome to take their traps and walk over the side. When this episode took place the ship was 800 miles from the nearest land.

Mr. Burns at this point looked at me with an air of curiosity. I began to think that my predecessor was really a strange old man.

But I had to hear stranger things yet. It came out that this stern, grim, wind-tanned, rough, sea-salted, taciturn man of sixty-five was not only an artist, but a lover as well. In Haiphong, when they got there after a course of most unprofitable peregrinations (during which the ship was nearly lost twice), he got himself, in Mr. Burns' own words, "mixed up" with some woman. Mr. Burns had had no personal knowledge of that affair, but positive evidence of it existed in the shape of a photograph taken in Haiphong. Mr. Burns found it in one of the drawers in the captain's room.

In due course I, too, saw that amazing human document (I even threw it overboard later). There he sat, with his hands reposing on his knees, bald, squat, grey, bristly, recalling a wild boar somehow; and by his side towered an awful, mature, white female with rapacious nostrils and a cheaply ill-omened stare in her enormous eyes. She was disguised in some semi-oriental, vulgar, fancy costume. She resembled a low-class medium or one of those women who tell fortunes by cards for half-a-crown. And yet she was striking. A professional sorceress from the slums. It was incomprehensible. There was something awful in the thought that she was the last reflection of the world of passion for the fierce soul which seemed to look at one out of the sardonically savage face of that old seaman. However, I noted that she was holding some musical instrument—guitar or mandoline—in her hand. Perhaps that was the secret of her sortilege.

For Mr. Burns that photograph explained why the unloaded ship was kept sweltering at anchor for three weeks

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in a pestilential hot harbour without air. They lay there and gasped. The captain, appearing now and then on short visits, mumbled to Mr. Burns unlikely tales about some letters he was waiting for.

Suddenly, after vanishing for a week, he came on board in the middle of the night and took the ship out to sea with the first break of dawn. Daylight showed him looking wild and ill. The mere getting clear of the land took two days, and somehow or other they bumped slightly on a reef. However, no leak developed, and the captain, growling "no matter," informed Mr. Burns that he had made up his mind to take the ship to Hong Kong and dry-dock her there.

At this Mr. Burns was plunged into despair. For, indeed, to beat up to Hong Kong against a fierce monsoon, with a ship not sufficiently ballasted and with her supply of water not completed, was an insane project.

But the captain growled peremptorily, "Stick her at it," and Mr. Burns, dismayed and enraged, stuck her at it, and kept her at it, blowing away sails, straining the spars, exhausting the crew—nearly maddened by the absolute conviction that the attempt was impossible and was bound to end in some catastrophe.

Meantime the captain, shut up in his cabin and wedged in a corner of his settee against the crazy bounding of the ship, played the violin—or, at any rate, made continuous noise on it.

When he appeared on deck he would not speak, and not always answer when spoken to. It was obvious that he was ill in some mysterious manner, and beginning to break up.

As the days went by the sounds of the violin became less and less loud, till at last only a feeble scratching would meet Mr. Burns' ear as he stood in the saloon listening outside the door of the captain's state-room.

One afternoon in perfect desperation he burst into that room and made such a scene, tearing his hair and shouting such horrid imprecations that he cowed the contemptuous spirit of the sick man. The water-tanks were low, they had not gained 50 miles in a fortnight. She would never reach Hong Kong.

It was like fighting desperately towards destruction for

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the ship and the men. This was evident without argument. Mr. Burns, losing all restraint, put his face close to his Captain's and fairly yelled: "You, sir, are going out of the world. But I can't wait till you are dead before I put the helm up. You must do it yourself. You must do it now!"

The man on the couch snarled in contempt. "So I am going out of the world—am I?"

"Yes, sir—you haven't many days left in it," said Mr. Burns calming down. "One can see it by your face."

"My face, eh? . . . Well, put the helm up and be damned to you."

Burns flew on deck, got the ship before the wind, then came down again composed, but resolute.

"I've shaped a course for Pulo Condor, sir," he said. "After we sight it, if you are still with us, you'll tell me into what port you wish me to take the ship and I'll do it."

The old man gave him a look of savage spite, and said those atrocious words in deadly, slow tones.

"If I had my wish, neither the ship nor any of you would ever reach a port. And I hope you won't."

Mr. Burns was profoundly shocked. I believe he was positively frightened at the time. It seems, however, that he managed to produce such an effective laugh that it was the old man's turn to be frightened. He shrank within himself and turned his back on him.

"And his head was not gone then," Mr. Burns assured me excitedly. "He meant every word of it."

Such was practically the late captain's last speech. No connected sentence passed his lips afterwards. That night he threw his fiddle overboard. No one had actually seen him do it, but after his death Mr. Burns couldn't find it anywhere. The empty case was very much in evidence, but the fiddle was nowhere in the ship. And where else could it have gone to but overboard?

"Threw his violin overboard!" I exclaimed.

"He did," cried Mr. Burns excitedly. "And it's my belief he would have tried to take the ship down with him if it had been in human power. He never meant to take her home again. He wouldn't write to his owners, he never wrote to his old wife either—he wasn't going to. He meant to cut adrift from everything. That's what it was. He didn't care for business, or freights, or for making a passage

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—nor nothing. He meant to have gone wandering about the world till he lost her with all hands."

Mr. Burns looked like a man who had escaped a great danger. For a little he would have exclaimed: "If it hadn't been for me!" And the transparent innocence of his indignant eyes was underlined quaintly by the arrogant pair of moustaches which he proceeded to twist, and as if extend, horizontally.

I might have smiled if I had not been busy with my own sensations, which were not those of Mr. Burns. I was already the man in command. My sensations could not be like those of any other man on board. In that community I stood, like a king in his country, in a class all by myself. I mean an hereditary king, not a mere elected head of a state. I was brought there to rule by an agency as remote from the people and as inscrutable almost to them as the Grace of God.

And like a member of a dynasty, feeling a semi-mystical bond with the dead, I was a little shocked by my immediate predecessor.

That man had been in all essentials but his age just such another man as myself. Yet the end of his life was a complete act of treason, the betrayal of a tradition which seemed to me as imperative as any guide on earth could be. It seemed as if even at sea a man could become the prey of evil spirits. I felt on my face the breath of unknown powers that shape our destinies.

Not to let the silence last too long I asked Mr. Burns if he had written to his captain's wife. He shook his head. He had written to nobody.

In a moment he became sombre. He never thought of writing. It took him all his time to watch incessantly the loading of the ship by a Chinese stevedore. In this Mr. Burns gave me the first glimpse of the real chief mate's soul which inhabited his body.

He mused, then exploded gloomily.

"Yes! The captain died as near noon as possible. I looked through his papers in the afternoon. I read the service over him at sunset and then I stuck the ship's head north and brought her in here. I—brought—her—in."

He struck the table with his fist.

"She would hardly have come in by herself," I

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observed. But why didn't you make for Singapore rather?"

His eyes wavered. The nearest port," he muttered sullenly.

I had framed the question in perfect innocence, but this answer (the difference in distance was insignificant) and his manner offered me a clue to the simple truth. He took the ship to a port where he expected to be confirmed in his charge from lack of a qualified master to put over his head. Whereas Singapore, he surmised justly, would be full of qualified men. But his naïve reasoning forgot to take into account the telegraph cable reposing on the bottom of the very Gulf up which he had turned that ship which he imagined himself to have saved from destruction. Hence the bitter flavour of our interview. I tasted it more and more distinctly—and it was less and less to my taste.

"Look here, Mr. Burns," I began, very firmly. "You may as well understand that I did not run after this command. It was pushed in my way. I've accepted it. I am here to take the ship home first of all, and you may be sure that I shall see to it that every one of you, on board here does his duty to that end. This is all I have to say—for the present."

He was on his feet by this time, but instead of taking his dismissal he remained with trembling, indignant lips, and looking at me hard as though, really, after this, there was nothing for me to do in common decency but to vanish from his outraged sight. Like all very simple emotional states this was moving. I felt sorry for him—almost sympathetic, till (seeing that I did not vanish) he spoke in a tone of forced restraint.

"If I hadn't a wife and a child at home you may be sure, sir, I would have asked you to let me go the very minute you came on board."

I answered him with a matter-of-course calmness as though some remote third person were in question.

"And I, Mr. Burns, would not have let you go. You have signed the ship's articles as chief-officer, and till they are terminated at the final port of discharge I shall expect you to do your duty and give me the benefit of your experience to the best of your ability."

Stony incredulity lingered in his eyes; but it broke down

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before my friendly smile. With a slight upward toss of his arms (I got to know that gesture well afterwards) he bolted out of the cabin.

We might have saved ourselves that little passage of harmless sparring. Before many days had elapsed it was Mr. Burns who was pleading with me anxiously not to leave him behind; while I could only return him but doubtful answers. The whole thing took on a somewhat tragic complexion.

And this horrible problem was only an extraneous episode, a mere complication in the general problem of how to get that ship—which was mine with her appurtenances and her men, with her body and her spirit now slumbering in that pestilential river—how to get her out to sea.

Mr. Burns, while still acting captain, had hastened to sign a charter-party which in an ideal world without guile would have been an excellent document. Directly I ran my eye over it I foresaw trouble ahead unless the people of the other part were quite exceptionally fair-minded and open to argument.

Mr. Burns, to whom I imparted my fears, chose to take great umbrage at them. He looked at me with that usual incredulous stare, and said bitterly:

"I suppose, sir, you want to make out I've acted like a fool?"

I told him, with my systematic kindly smile which always seemed to augment his surprise, that I did not want to make out anything. I would leave that to the future.

And, sure enough, the future brought in a lot of trouble. There were days when I used to remember Captain Giles with nothing short of abhorrence. His confounded acuteness had let me in for this job; while his prophecy that I "would have my hands full" coming true, made it appear as if done on purpose to play an evil joke on my young innocence.

Yes. I had my hands full of complications which were most valuable as "experience." People have a great opinion of the advantages of experience. But in this connection experience means always something disagreeable as opposed to the charm and innocence of illusions.

I must say I was losing mine rapidly. But on these instructive complications I must not enlarge more than to

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say that they could all be resumed in the one word : Delay.

A mankind which has invented the proverb, "Time is money," will understand my vexation. The word "Delay" entered the secret chamber of my brain, resounded there like a tolling bell which maddens the ear, affected all my senses, took on a black colouring, a bitter taste, a deadly meaning.

"I am really sorry to see you worried like this. Indeed, I am . . ."

It was the only humane speech I used to hear at that time. And it came from a doctor, appropriately enough.

A doctor is humane by definition. But that man was so in reality. His speech was not professional. I was not ill. But other people were, and that was the reason of his visiting the ship.

He was the doctor of our Legation and, of course, of the Consulate too. He looked after the ship's health, which generally was poor, and trembling, as it were, on the verge of a break-up. Yes. The men ailed. And thus time was not only money, but life as well.

I had never seen such a steady ship's company. As the doctor remarked to me : "You seem to have a most respectable lot of seamen." Not only were they consistently sober, but they did not even want to go ashore. Care was taken to expose them as little as possible to the sun. They were employed on light work under the awnings. And the humane doctor commended me.

"Your arrangements appear to be very judicious, my dear Captain."

It is difficult to express how much that pronouncement comforted me. His round full face framed in a light-coloured whisker was the perfection of a dignified amenity. He was the only human being in the world who seemed to take the slightest interest in me. He would generally sit in the cabin for half-an-hour or so at every visit.

I said to him one day :

"I suppose the only thing now is to keep the men going as you are doing till I can get the ship to sea?"

He inclined his head, shutting his eyes under the large spectacles, and murmured :

"The sea . . . undoubtedly."

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The first member of the crew fairly knocked over was the steward—the first man to whom I had spoken on board. He was taken ashore (with choleraic symptoms) and died there at the end of a week. Then, while I was still under the startling impression of this first home-thrust of the climate, Mr. Burns gave up and went to bed in a raging fever without saying a word to anybody.

I believe he had partly fretted himself into that illness; the climate did the rest with the alacrity of an invisible monster ambushed in the air, in the water, in the mud of the river-bank. Mr. Burns was a predestined victim.

I discovered him lying on his back, glaring sullenly and radiating heat on one like a small furnace. He would hardly answer my questions, and only grumbled: "Can't a man take an afternoon off duty with a bad headache—for once?"

That evening, as I sat in the saloon after dinner, I could hear him muttering continuously in his room. Ransome, who was clearing the table, said to me:

"I am afraid, sir, I won't be able to give the mate all the attention he's likely to need. I will have to be forward in the galley a great part of my time."

Ransome was the cook. The mate had pointed him out to me the first day, standing on the deck, his arms crossed on his broad chest, gazing on the river.

Even at a distance his well-proportioned figure, something thoroughly sailor-like in his poise, made him noticeable. On nearer view the intelligent, quiet eyes, a well-bred face, the disciplined independence of his manner made up an attractive personality. When, in addition, Mr. Burns told me that he was the best seaman in the ship, I expressed my surprise that in his earliest prime and of such appearance he should sign on as cook on board a ship.

"It's his heart," Mr. Burns had said. "There's something wrong with it. He mustn't exert himself too much or he may drop dead suddenly."

And he was the only one the climate had not touched—perhaps because, carrying a deadly enemy in his breast, he had schooled himself into a systematic control of feelings and movements. When one was in the secret this was apparent in his manner. After the poor steward died, and

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as he could not be replaced by a white man in this Oriental port, Ransome had volunteered to do the double work.

"I can do it all right, sir, as long as I go about it quietly," he had assured me.

But obviously he couldn't be expected to take up sick-nursing in addition. Moreover, the doctor peremptorily ordered Mr. Burns ashore.

With a seaman on each side holding him up under the arms, the mate went ashore more sullen than ever. We built him up with pillows in the gharry, and he made an effort to say brokenly:

"Now—you've got—what you wanted—got me out of—the ship."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Mr. Burns," I said quietly, duly smiling at him; and the trap drove off to a sort of sanatorium, a pavilion of bricks which the doctor had in the grounds of his residence.

I went to see Mr. Burns regularly. After the early days, when he didn't know anybody, he received me as if I had come either to gloat over an enemy or else to curry favour with a deeply-wronged person. It was either one or the other, just as it happened according to his fantastic sick-room moods. Whichever it was, he managed to convey it to me even during the period when he appeared almost too weak to talk. I treated him to my invariable smile.

Then one day, suddenly, a surge of downright panic burst through all this craziness.

If I left him behind in this deadly place he would die. He felt it, he was certain of it. But I wouldn't have the heart to leave him ashore. He had a wife and child in Sydney.

He produced his wasted forearms from under the sheet which covered him and clasped his fleshless claws. He would die! He would die here. . . .

He absolutely managed to sit up, but only for a moment, and when he fell back I really thought that he would die there and then. I called to the Bengali dispenser, and hastened away from the room.

Next day he upset me thoroughly by renewing his entreaties. I returned an evasive answer, and left him the picture of ghastly despair. The day after I went in with

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reluctance, and he attacked me at once in a much stronger voice and with an abundance of argument which was quite startling. He presented his case with a sort of crazy vigour, and asked me finally how would I like to have a man's death on my conscience? He wanted me to promise that I would not sail without him.

I said that I really must consult the doctor first. He cried out at that. The doctor! Never! That would be a death sentence.

The effort had exhausted him. He closed his eyes, but went on rambling in a low voice. I had hated him from the start. The late captain had hated him too. Had wished him dead. Had wished all hands dead. . . .

"What do you want to stand in with that wicked corpse for, sir? He'll have you too," he ended, blinking his glazed eyes vacantly.

"Mr. Burns," I cried, very much discomposed, "what on earth are you talking about?"

He seemed to come to himself, though he was too weak to start.

"I don't know," he said languidly. "But don't ask that doctor, sir. You and I are sailors. Don't ask him, sir. Some day perhaps you will have a wife and child yourself."

And again he pleaded for the promise that I would not leave him behind. I had the firmness of mind not to give it to him. Afterwards this sternness seemed criminal; for my mind was made up. That prostrated man, with hardly strength enough to breathe and ravaged by a passionate desire, was irresistible. And, besides, he had happened to hit on the right words. He and I were sailors. That was a claim, for I had no other family. As to the wife and child (some day) argument it had no force. It sounded merely bizarre.

I could imagine no claim that would be stronger and more absorbing than the claim of that ship, of these men snared in the river by silly commercial complications, as if in some poisonous trap.

However, I had nearly fought my way out. Out to sea. The sea—which was pure, safe, and friendly. Three days more.

That thought sustained and carried me on my way back to the ship. In the saloon the doctor's voice greeted me,

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and his large form followed his voice, issuing out of the starboard spare cabin where the ship's medicine chest was kept securely lashed in the bed-place.

Finding that I was not on board he had gone in there, he said, to inspect the supply of drugs, bandages, and so on. Everything was completed and in order.

I thanked him; I had just been thinking of asking him to do that very thing, as in a couple of days, as he knew, we were going to sea, where all our troubles of every sort would be over at last.

He listened gravely and made no answer. But when I opened to him my mind as to Mr. Burns he sat down by my side, and, laying his hand on my knee amicably, begged me to think what it was I was exposing myself to.

The man was just strong enough to bear being moved and no more. But he couldn't stand a return of the fever. I had before me a passage of sixty days perhaps, beginning with intricate navigation and ending probably with a lot of bad weather. Could I run the risk of having to go through it single-handed, with no chief officer and with a second quite a youth? . . .

He might have added that it was my first command too. He did probably think of that fact, for he checked himself. It was very present to my mind.

He advised me earnestly to cable to Singapore for a chief officer, even if I had to delay my sailing for a week.

"Never," I said. The very thought gave me the shivers. The hands seemed fairly fit, all of them, and this was the time to get them away. Once at sea I was not afraid of facing anything. The sea was now the only remedy for all my troubles.

The doctor's glasses were directed at me like two lamps searching the genuineness of my resolution. He opened his lips as if to argue further, but shut them again without saying anything. I had a vision of poor Burns so vivid in his exhaustion, helplessness, and anguish, that it moved me more than the reality I had come away from only an hour before. It was purged from the drawbacks of his personality, and I could not resist it.

"Look here," I said. "Unless you tell me officially that the man must not be moved I'll make arrangements to have him brought on board to-morrow, and shall take

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the ship out of the river next morning, even if I have to anchor outside the bar for a couple of days to get her ready for sea."

"Oh! I'll make all the arrangements myself," said the doctor at once. "I spoke as I did only as a friend—as a well-wisher, and that sort of thing."

He rose in his dignified simplicity and gave me a warm handshake, rather solemnly, I thought. But he was as good as his word. When Mr. Burns appeared at the gangway carried on a stretcher, the doctor himself walked by its side. The programme had been altered in so far that this transportation had been left to the last moment, on the very morning of our departure.

It was barely an hour after sunrise. The doctor waved his big arm to me from the shore and walked back at once to his trap, which had followed him empty to the river-side. Mr. Burns, carried across the quarter-deck, had the appearance of being absolutely lifeless. Ransome went down to settle him in his cabin. I had to remain on deck to look after the ship, for the tug had got hold of our tow-rope already.

The splash of our shore-fasts falling in the water produced a complete change of feeling in me. It was like the imperfect relief of awakening from a nightmare. But when the ship's head swung down the river away from that town, Oriental and squalid, I missed the expected elation of that striven-for moment. What there was, undoubtedly, was a relaxation of tension which translated itself into a sense of weariness after an inglorious fight.

About mid-day we anchored a mile outside the bar. The afternoon was busy for all hands. Watching the work from the poop, where I remained all the time, I detected in it some of the languor of the six weeks spent in the steaming heat of the river. The first breeze would blow that away. Now the calm was complete. I judged that the second officer—a callow youth with an underbred face—was not, to put it mildly, of that invaluable stuff from which a commander's right hand is made. But I was glad to catch along the main deck a few smiles on those seamen's faces at which I had hardly had time to have a good look as yet. Having thrown off the mortal coil of shore affairs, I felt

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myself familiar with them and yet a little strange, like a long-lost wanderer among his kin.

Ransome flitted continually to and fro between the galley and the cabin. It was a pleasure to look at him. The man positively had grace. He alone of all the crew had not had a day's illness in port. But with the knowledge of that uneasy heart within his breast I could detect the restraint he put on the natural sailor-like agility of his movements. It was as though he had something very fragile or very explosive to carry about his person and was all the time aware of it.

I had occasion to address him once or twice. He answered me in his pleasant quiet voice and with a faint, slightly wistful smile. Mr. Burns appeared to be resting. He seemed fairly comfortable.

After sunset I came out on deck again to meet only a still void. The thin, featureless crust of the coast could not be distinguished. The darkness had risen around the ship like a mysterious emanation from the dumb and lonely waters. I leaned on the rail and turned my ear to the shadows of the night. Not a sound. My command might have been a planet flying vertiginously on its appointed path in a space of infinite silence. I clung to the rail as if my sense of balance were leaving me for good. How absurd. I hailed nervously.

"On deck there!"

The immediate answer, "Yes, sir," broke the spell. The anchor-watch man ran smartly up the poop ladder. I told him to report at once the slightest sign of a breeze coming.

Going below I looked in on Mr. Burns. In fact, I could not avoid seeing him, for his door stood open. The man was so wasted that, in this white cabin, under a white sheet, and with his diminished head sunk in the white pillow, his red moustaches asserted themselves alone like something artificial—a pair of moustaches from a shop exhibited there in the crude light of the bulkhead-lamp without a shade.

While I stared with a sort of wonder he asserted himself by opening his eyes and even moving them in my direction. A minute stir.

"Dead calm, Mr. Burns," I said resignedly.

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In an unexpectedly distinct voice Mr. Burns began a rambling speech. Its tone was very strange, not as if affected by his illness, but as if of a different nature. It sounded unearthly. As to the matter, I seemed to make out that it was the fault of the "old man"—the late captain—ambushed down there under the sea with some evil intention. It was a weird story.

I listened to the end; then stepping into the cabin I laid my hand on the mate's forehead. It was cool. He was light-headed only from extreme weakness. Suddenly he seemed to become aware of me, and in his own voice—of course, very feeble—he said regretfully:

"No chance at all to get under way, sir?"

"What's the good of letting go our hold of the ground only to drift, Mr. Burns?" I answered.

He sighed, and I left him to his immobility. His hold on life was as slender as his hold on sanity. I was oppressed by my lonely responsibility. I went into my cabin to seek relief in a few hours' sleep, but almost before I closed my eyes the man on deck came down reporting a breeze. Enough to get under way with, he said.

And it was no more than just enough. I ordered the windlass manned, the sails loosed, and the topsails set. But by the time I had cast the ship I could hardly feel any breath of wind. Nevertheless, I trimmed her yards and put everything on her. I was not going to give up the attempt.

(To be continued.)

Lilium Giganteum

By Dan Boyes

SOAMES leaned back in his garden chair and closed his eyes. Ten feet above his head the crowded spikes of long white tubular flowers poured out their heavy fragrance. As the sun sank lower and lower it seemed as though the thick, rather coarse, perfume literally dripped from those foot-long, purple-stained trumpets.

Soames inhaled it in great draughts. There was something sensual in his enjoyment which I found decidedly unpleasant. He looked like a man under the influence of a drug.

It struck me that he had altered a great deal during the years that had elapsed since I last saw him. He had always been a clever gardener, but at no time—so far as I could remember—a garden maniac. Now he had certainly got gardening on the brain. Our conversation that afternoon had consisted, on his part, of long and—to me—tedious dissertations on plants; and, on mine, of a series of vain attempts to head him off this subject. However, I bore it as well as I could, for my train did not leave until half-past nine, and there was not a soul in the place whom I knew, except Soames.

He went on talking in a curious voice that gradually attained a sort of remoteness: as though he were half asleep or talking to himself.

"It is a significant fact," he said, "that poets, who represent the sensual and sensuous side of our nature in its highest development, are never tired of comparing the beauty of women to that of flowers—and particularly to that of lilies. But they never compare a flower to a woman. To do so would be to rouse laughter. For everyone deep within himself knows that a flower—with, of course, the possible exception of certain crucifers, or the humbler ranunculaceæ—far surpasses in sheer appeal to the senses

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the cruder lines and colouring of the human body. . . . Of course, in mere molecular complexity—which goes, as is well known, with the higher developments of conscious matter—man is superior to a lily. But what is the penalty of this complexity? A grossness which is insufferable to anyone with the least pretence to refinement. On the one hand, we see a plant, the product of whose respiration is for the most part pure oxygen or pure water; on the other, we have man, to the by-products of whose organism—let alone the waste products—one shrinks even from referring. . . . And there is another aspect of the question: not only are plants exquisite in themselves, but they are constantly transforming ugliness, often loathsome ugliness, into beauty. All over the world plants in their myriads are engaged in turning the sordid products of human and animal life into form, colour, or scent beautiful beyond expression. A shovelful of manure laid at the foot of a rose-bush, or applied during the winter to one of these lily-beds, is changed in a few months, or even weeks, into beauty that defies the skill of the greatest poet. . . . Heavens, what a pity it is that we cannot do this with all the ugliness in the world! Think of the criminals, the drunkards, the insane, the cripples, and all the rest of the deformities, mental and physical, which make our social system hideous. What a pity we cannot turn them all into lilies, into roses; or even into humbler botanical families, such as, say, the primulaceæ or some of the smaller monocotyledons. For it is the duty of every man to extirpate ugliness wherever he finds it, and, if possible, to add to the world's stock of beauty." He paused. I thought he had gone to sleep and was glad of it, for his maunderings bored me inexpressibly.

It was growing dusk and the heavy silence of a summer evening was settling down gradually upon the garden. A long way off one could hear the grinding of a country cart upon the road that led to the town, or the whistle of a railway engine; but that was all. And stronger and stronger grew the drug-like scent of those enormous lilies.

"There was Ginnis," mumbled that dreamy voice in the dusk, "he was a lawyer down there in the town. Head of an old-established firm of solicitors, who in a quiet unostentatious way have ruled this district for a couple of

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generations. I had no grudge against him : I did not hate him, or anything of that sort. And he liked me, I believe, extremely. But he was an offence. Fat, gross, horrible—an eyesore. Gradually he got on my nerves. He grew insupportable to me. I could not bear to sit in the same room as that abominable travesty of the human form. And so, one October evening, I buried him. . . . He came up here to see me about something or other when I was re-making the bed for my giganteums—this very lot—and the temptation was irresistible. I gave him to them. . . . His hat, coat, and umbrella were found near a bridge over our local river. Nobody knew why he should have committed suicide. His affairs were in order—flourishing, in fact, as the affairs of solicitors do. . . . They never found his body. . . .” Soames chuckled softly to himself.

“Then there was Thwaites. His offence against good taste was a matter of ethics rather than æsthetics. Personally I detested the man, but for all that he was very popular. He was, in fact, what is known as a Good Sort. However, like many another, he had a shady side to his character : a side which, in my opinion, rendered him unfit to be a member of society ; his deformity, though mental, being no less gross than Ginnis’ physical deformity. . . . And so I buried him, too. . . . They found his hat and coat where they found Ginnis’. . . . I gave him to my bed of Szovitzianum—they are coarse feeders and send down strong roots from the base of the bulb. They did well this year ; one stem had twenty-four flowers and was nearly six feet high. Dozens of people came to see them. . . . Fine, they were. Really very fine. . . .” His voice died away.

I looked at him. He was asleep. Very, very carefully I rose from my chair.

But it was a basket-chair, and being relieved of my weight at once commenced to give out a series of small squeaks and crackling sounds, after the manner of its kind.

Soames awoke.

“Hello, what are you doing?” he asked sharply. “Have I been asleep?”

No doubt my face gave me away. He leapt from his chair. There was a spade stuck in the border near him. He seized it. I ran for my life.

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He was almost within reach of me when I arrived at the garden wall. I turned to the right and heard the spade go smash against the brickwork. Then I dodged round a clump of rhododendrons and stood listening.

It was still as death in the garden. On the far side spire after spire of those loathsome lilies shone bright white in the gloom, and the air was poisonous with their beastly perfume. I shuddered as I looked at them.

Soames was evidently waiting for me to move. But where was he? I could see nothing distinctly—nothing save the silvery whiteness of those ghastly flowers.

Suddenly there was a faint rustle on my left. I turned, like lightning; and like lightning he was upon me from the other side. The cunning devil had pitched a stone to distract my attention.

The next instant his hands were at my throat. And the instant after that I caught him fair in the wind with my knee.

He went down like a log.

God knows how I got home. I spent nearly the whole night and the greater part of the next day in trying to come to some decision as to what I ought to do. But I could decide nothing: my nerves had given out, absolutely.

However, it was not necessary for me to decide anything. Within twenty-four hours of my adventure there were thick headlines in the evening papers. "Fatal Bridge. Third Mysterious Suicide!" they shrieked.

The Plain Blunt Man (i

By Filson Young

I.

It is not in the hour of triumph or of victory after mighty conflicts that we learn salutary lessons. All true learning is a difficult, and often a painful, thing; in the Book of Life there is no reading without tears. Our learning, if we do it at all, must be in the time of effort and struggle. When we have actually won this war there will be such an overwhelming sense of relief and of satisfaction with ourselves that we shall be in no mood to make a study of the weaknesses it has revealed in us and the wisdom to be acquired from them. That is why some of us, instead of shouting now that the war is won and hailing every success as a proof that Germany is "finished," of allowing all sense of proportion to go by the board and of reading every occurrence either at home or in the enemy's country as a proof of that which we desire to be proved, prefer to leave the great facts that are being transacted on the Somme to speak for themselves; and to direct attention to some other facts, as inexorable but less patent than they, and to which, ostrich-like, we try to make ourselves blind.

Do not let us be in any doubt as to what is going to save us as a nation in this upheaval. It is not military genius or statesmanship, or brain power or organisation; it is our wealth and the inherent soundness and the individual superiority of the men who are doing for us, with spade and bayonet, with shell and bullet, the actual dirty work of the war. Not all our ease nor years of fatness have been able quite to destroy the individual excellence that abides in the Anglo-Saxon man and woman. It is an inheritance, a patrimony which we have done little in

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recent years to increase; which, unless we do increase it, may not last indefinitely, or serve us as a nation against renewed assaults of the devil, whatever form he may take. Excellence of the individual Anglo-Saxon man: and how has he had to demonstrate and employ it? In dying by thousands and thousands; in showing his patriotism by the cruel and wasteful method of sacrificing his manhood instead of using it; in dying for his country instead of in living for it.

We have had—and are having—a narrow escape; and from the padded depths of armchairs the cry goes up: “Never again!” That fine sentiment mostly comes from the boy who has been whipped and who, whilst still tingling, not only says, but believes that he will never again commit any offences whatever and run the risk of such dire discomfort. But fine sentiment will not of itself avert trouble; and there is no fact more certain than this: that what brought us so near to disaster will bring us there again, unless we mend it. So “Never again!” by all means; only let us be quite sure what we mean by that heroic cry of the smarting. We have such muddled habits of thought that even our slogans and watchwords, our “Wake up, England!” and “Never again!” mean nothing very definite, but are merely a kind of agreeable noise which we regard as in some way having virtue in itself to achieve what would be otherwise impossible. What is it that is to happen never again? If we mean never again shall we be caught napping by a powerful adversary, that is so far so good; but I am sure the average man regards it as merely meaning a kind of stick-shaking at Germany. “Bad, mad dog; you would bite, would you? We will see about that. You shall have such a thrashing as never was administered to mad dog in this world before. And then, for the rest of your life, you shall be put on a great chain of tariffs, ostracisms, commercial wars, fines and economic punishments that will prevent you from ever biting anyone again while the world lasts.” Yes, but just as saying that will not do it, so even doing it will not produce perpetual immunity from mad dog attacks. Germany was not always mad; was once as sane as the sanest nation in the world to-day; and the sanest nation in the world to-day may go mad as completely as Germany has, and

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be as great a menace to the safety of its neighbours. You cannot put every nation on the chain for fear it should go mad, nor will you be wise to trust for your own protection to finding the necessary chain and muzzle when it does go mad. The only sane precaution is so to arrange your own house that it offers no easy ingress to dementia in any form, and so to order your own existence as to be able to discern facts as they appear, and to be able to deal with them wisely and firmly. A wiser way would surely be to employ "Never again!" not to Germany, but to ourselves; find out what it is within ourselves that has made the dealing with this emergency such an infinitely more costly and dangerous matter to us than it need have been; and to say in all soberness: "Never again shall we be found in that condition."

The supreme influence in this world, the supreme human power, resides in the brain of man and not in his muscles. All the armies in the world, all the navies, all the high explosives, all the stupendous batteries of physical force that man has contrived are only forms of expression in which his thought clothes itself. Control the thought, and all the action is controlled. An army of a million marches on its million stomachs; but it does so in obedience to the functions of one cell in the brain of one man. Let me control the thought of five hundred picked men in Germany for two days, and the war would cease. Such a power as this of intellect is so much the most formidable in existence that one would think it would be cultivated above all things, respected above all things; and so, theoretically, it is.

But in England, at any rate, intellect in the form of thought has actually been allowed to fall more and more into neglect. It is worse than that; we have in this country an actual contempt for intellect. There is no other word for it; and this contempt is manifested in every department of life, public and private. We are very muddle-headed even about what we mean by intellect and thought. The average man speaks of people of high mental attainment as "clever." Cleverness is an attribute of apes and dogs, which do not, as far as we know, attain to any heights or depths of constructive or creative thought; and brain, with us, unless it be applied to some form of cleverness, such as

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extracting money or votes from mankind, contriving clever entertainments or making clever speeches, is apt to be regarded as of no importance. Our politician-statesmen of the moment are most of them extremely clever men, in some ways very able men; but hardly one of them is a person of really high intellectual attainment. I know what you are going to say: that there are four men of fine intellect associated with the Government of this country—the Prime Minister, Arthur Balfour, Lord Haldane, and Winston Churchill; and that none of them is universally regarded as an angel of light and leading; that, in fact, the very mention of two of them is enough to invite a howl of execration from the mob. Very well, granting for the moment that these intellectuals have failed to “give satisfaction” or to conduct the governing operations entrusted to them entirely to everyone’s satisfaction, what does that prove? That intellect is contemptible? I think not. It shows that in our governing arrangements high mental power is often dangerously placed or misplaced; that we understand it so little that we do not know what to do with it. The men whose names I have mentioned need in this connection only be considered in so far as they represent intellectual power. They are all of exceptional mental ability, but only one of them I should describe as being clever as well as intellectual; they have all at one time or another rendered signal service to their country; they have all suffered the alternations of popularity and execration which are the lot of governing statesmen. But of the four only Mr. Balfour (and he by virtue of long-continued habitation of somewhat abstruse fields, in which people prefer to leave him to reign alone rather than follow him) has ever been valued by the public for what he intellectually is rather than for what he has politically done or not done. What a man is depends upon himself, represents his unique value; what he does may depend upon all kinds of other influences and represent something far different from his true value.

If the reader should object to the use of such terms as “intellect” and “intellectual” as being too vague, I would suggest that we substitute for them “criticism” and “critical.” It is a loose but sufficiently accurate way of expressing the kind of intellectual manifestation which we most

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neglect. Without criticism, conscious or unconscious, there must be chaos. Rightly understood, criticism is the analysis, arrangement, and reducing to order of the thought and product of thought in the world. The extent to which it has fallen into disrepute may be estimated by the fact that with us the word criticism is generally used to signify disparagement. It is easier to destroy than to create; it is easier to see the faults in a performance than to recognise its merits. The laziest form of criticism does this, and stops short. To do more requires a constructive, and, above all, sympathetic effort; requires the putting of oneself in the place of the person criticised, with due estimation of what was possible, and what impossible, to him in his particular situation.

We have in England no school of literary criticism which is constructive; no school of art criticism; and the contempt in which these functions are held is revealed by the kind of persons to whom they are usually allotted. Yet these, which should be the highest form of criticism, are not its only form. It is a quality which should run through life; it is merely right discernment, true appreciation of facts and values. The man who should eat plover's eggs and beef steaks without discriminating between the two, and merely recognise them both as food, would be neglecting his faculty of taste, and failing in that degree to make the best of his life; and people who do not see facts for what they are, who confuse black with white, truth with untruth, hatchets with razors, life with stagnation, are simply failing to get their share of life, and to enjoy and hand on that increase to which the full reaction of life on their own character entitles them.

If you look for instances of this failure of the critical attitude with us, you have not to look very far. Take the case of the stage. For twenty years every serious judge of the theatre in Europe has condemned our stage and denounced its puerilities—without the slightest effect. Really fine intellectual powers, critically at work on this great branch of our intellectual activity, have worn themselves out without producing any result whatever on the commercial spirit that rules our theatre. But when General Smith-Dorrien, a distinguished soldier and not at all distinguished as an intellectual, nor apparently very well

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qualified to take a critical survey of the theatrical field, tells us that our plays are naughty, then the required sensation is established, and we at once begin to wonder whether our stage is as good as it ought to be. There you have the snobbery and Philistinism of Great Britain exhibited in one flash; I would add, the hypocrisy also. For obviously the theatre public did not dislike naughty plays (assuming that this childish description is justified) until an indiscreet general publishes abroad to the world that they are naughty—when, of course, there is nothing in it but to join the general outcry. Want of criticism leads inevitably to what can only be described as blurred thought and the sloppy use of words; at all times undesirable, and in time of war a very serious thing. Our inexact reporting, our muddled and bewildered comprehension of what is happening at any given time in the war; our sloppiness of preparation, our fuddled satisfaction with the heroic advance on the Somme without any comprehension of what effect the miles gained there may have on ultimate military and economic victory—these are all reflected and are found in official despatches, in which so little sense of proportion has been shown that the terms in which a victory might be announced have long ago been exhausted in describing advances of a few yards in districts where, at the time, we were on the whole retreating. Want of criticism has led to an appalling waste of brain power in every department of our public life. Our national ideal is the “blunt” Englishman; “blunt” in this case implying a negative quality. Intellectually blunt, not intellectually sharp; in short, stupid. We mistrust brains, and therefore do not employ them if we can help it. The best brains in the country were put freely at its service at the beginning of the war—with what result we know. There are able, brilliant men by the hundred, with fine brains, trained and specialised, for whom the country can find no other use than to set them digging trenches or stamping round a drill-sergeant, while stupid men, who could do the stamping and digging very well, blunder them into death and disaster. In some ways the English have the best brains in the world—far better than the Germans, for example; yet look what use, by education and cultivation, arrangement and organisation—in a word, by the right use of *criticism*—they

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have made of their infinitely coarser material. And among intellectuals of all nations the Englishman stands nowhere.

What is the life-history of the average English mind to-day, what its intellectual environment, in what directions that environment can be made more stimulating to its development, are matters that must be left for discussion in another article.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Letter of an Italian Soldier

FATHER, I know that thou hast wept, dost weep,
I see thee, ever since I went, in sleep;
Thou look'st so downcast, seem'st so weak and faint:
Thou'rt like the image of some dolorous saint.
And chiefly when thou heard'st that I was gone,
For not to thee and not to anyone
I bade farewell, 'twas not unkindness—no!
I only wished with better cheer to go.
Had I turned back to see thy tearful eyes,
The worst it would have been of all goodbyes.

But now I'm at the front, I'm with the guns,
For Italy has need of all her sons,
And I'll be true to my Italian blood
And fight with all my strength to stem the flood
Let loose to deluge Europe in this Hell!

Father, 'tis many a time I've heard thee tell
How, in the old days, some among thy line
Poured out their pure and wholesome blood like wine
In warring 'gainst those barbarous Empires, then
As now, unfit to join with honest men;
And now *we* go to meet the Teuton rage
And add to history a new fair page.

So Father, why shouldst *thou* stand weeping there,
When I, though far away, have not a care
And wait with tranquil heart and even breath
The bugle note which may call on to Death?
Italy, my Italy, I for thee will fight,
With all my faith and love, with all my might;
I cross the forests dense, the mountains high,
The wide, long tracks where foes in ambush lie;
All, all is nought, so I my dream behold:
Trento and Trieste in Italia's fold.

LETTER OF AN ITALIAN SOLDIER

Dearest Papa! * I'm sure thou liest awake
Still thinking of thy Guido. (For thy sake
I'll say the little prayer thou mad'st me say
Kneeling upon my bed at close of day.)
If, after wakeful hours, thou fall'st asleep
What dreams will come! Down, down a dreadful steep,
A dark ravine all packed with dead and dying,
Perhaps thou seem'st to see thy Guido lying
And crying: "Father! Mother!" in his need.
But, Father, to such dreams give thou no heed.
For I, I am not in that living grave,
I'm on a lovely height with comrades brave,
Each with an eye that's sure, an arm that's stout,
To guard the flag and blot the frontier out.

Poor Mother's face! From this I'll never part,
I'll place it nearer, nearer to my heart,
Giving it now and then a loving kiss;
And in dark days and sad, I think that this
Will be my life's best comfort. If some day
Right at the very heart I wounded lay,
With one last effort I would try to hide
My mother's portrait in my wounded side,
So it might gently bear my soul away
Out of this world. And so, there I shall stay;
They'll bury me upon the self-same day.
But after some short while, around, around,
Flowers will spring up and cover all the ground,
And some among those flowers will tell a story
And speak to you of Victory, Freedom, Glory.

And after—when you seek me up and down
Through all our quarter (there's, in all the town,
Not one that's better—not the Cardinal's),
You'll hear a voice which from some window calls:
"Who's missing?" Only Guido! Then you'll sit
All in our little house and talk of it,
All of you left, sad that I had to die.
But when you're getting calmer, by and by,
Consider Garibaldi! Did not he
Fight gloriously to make his country free?

* "*Papa mio bello.*"

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Let's hope it's all a dream! Father, that's why
I am not sending you a last goodbye.
Perhaps you'll hear me knocking at the door
And I'm back, clasped in your arms once more;
'And all the dangers 'scaped, forgot the fears,
We shall live on for many happy years
And say that I have won! And wars will cease,
Europe and Italy in the bonds of peace.

(The writer of these lines, Guido Vati, Corporal in the 13th Regiment of Artillery, was born at Velletri in the Roman province, in the dialect of which the lines are written. The morning after writing them he volunteered for a particularly dangerous duty. On the officer in charge being killed, he assumed the command and succeeded in fixing the locality of a machine-gun which was giving trouble, and in destroying it. He then offered to complete the operation of cutting the enemy's wire entanglement: this was accomplished, and he was leading his men through the breach to the cry of "Savoia!" when a ball hit him fatally. In the following night two of his men recovered his body, on which the verses were found).—*Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco.*

Home Rule is Ireland's Opportunity

By Austin Harrison

IF war is inherently uncreative, it is a crucible which cleans and clears as nothing else, and infallibly it finds men out. And this for the simple reason that in times of reality and national stress such as exist in war, the country and the individual are presented with the grand opportunity which never returns and may never be forgotten. It was on our failure to understand the opportunity that the Germans went to war. War is always a venture, and risk is essential to success. Counting on lightning invasion, the Germans hoped to have crumpled up the French defence before we definitely made up our minds to prepare and fight on Continental lines, and but for the unexpected readiness and onslaught of the Russians in East Prussia the German plan might well have succeeded, and even as it was would almost of a certainty have succeeded had the German military authorities realised the gigantic gun power and expenditure of munitions necessary to blast a way through instead, as they did, of relying upon man as the blasting agent according to the accepted rules of war as hitherto known.

But Britain grasped her opportunity, however late, however tardily and disputatiously. Gradually she realised the nature of the task undertaken. In spite of politics and politicians, and objection professional, religious, or political, in spite of party shibboleth, trade selfishness, insular ignorance and prejudice, Britain looked to the trenches rather than to Sir John Simon; the spirit of sport saved us and galvanised the people; almost, as it were, by a miracle we accepted conscription; in a word, Great Britain showed herself worthy of her opportunity and will now decide the war in consequence.

Great and Greater Britain—the loyalty of the Overseas Dominions has been one of the discoveries of the war, contrary to preconceived opinion. That Scotland would pro-

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Socialist anarchism of Larkin and his followers, the traditional and implacable hatred against England. Yet it is precisely because I am a Home Ruler that I feel so deeply the mistake made by the Irish Party when they induced Mr. Asquith to place Ireland outside the pale of British and Imperial responsibility. Mr. Asquith's weakness has been exposed in this REVIEW again and again. After Mr. Birrell, Mr. Duke—no more need be said. The Prime Minister underrated the war, and no doubt thought he had done a clever political thing in exempting Ireland and thereby placating the only solid and responsible body of men who sit in Parliament. It was a job, nothing more. That the Irish were themselves too short-sighted to see the results of it is only another proof how arrogant they have grown in their rôle of Cabinet directors, or how cock-sure they were at the time of being able to keep the Prime Minister in office under the Irish Satrapy regardless of all consequences. Perhaps they also underrated the war?

Why they acted so unwisely I do not know, nor does it matter. The problem before them and before us is this: Is Ireland to remain outside military responsibility, or is she to be called upon to take her due share in the war as part of the United Kingdom?

This is the Irish question, Mr. Asquith in reality hardly counting, for he will do what the Irish tell him to do, neither more nor less. Equally idle is it to expect the Coalition or Parliament to face the Irish problem. Both are under the heels of the Irish phalanx. Neither has any initiative without the other, and as the Irish control the two, and what remains of Liberalism exists solely by reason of the Irish support or *bloc*, we may make up our minds that, however much men talk or swear in the trenches or at home, Mr. Asquith will follow the lead of his leader, Mr. Redmond, in this as in all other Irish matters. I repeat: This is the Irish question. I venture to say: It is Ireland's opportunity.

The sheer scandal of Ireland's position is only now being realised. But to-day and every day the intensity of the feeling in the ranks is growing; soon it will be a national question, and when it becomes that, what chance is there of Home Rule in Ireland in this or the next generation?

Do the Irish think that the new England, which will be

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Do the Irish think that the new England, which will be

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fashioned by the men now at the Front, will forget? Do the Irish Party imagine that the soldiers who have been torn from their own regiments to fill up Irish regiments will permit—I use the word deliberately—Home Rule to be granted to the only member of the Empire which refused to fight? Does Mr. Redmond seriously believe that all will be as before, perhaps in a couple of years' time, when those who fought for Britain return to her? Does he contemplate a return to "easy all," under the Irish *bloc*, a return to the old sloppy political cries and values, a return to lawyers' politics and the insular conditions of the squire *versus* democratic plutocracy? Is it possible he sincerely credits Englishmen with learning nothing, with the incapacity to learn? If so, I can advise him most earnestly to take a trip to France and hear what the soldiers are talking about; and what men are talking about here too.

The time may yet come when the men of forty will have to go, when thousands of married men will leave their wives and children in the service of country. Can any thoughtful Irish politician lack the imagination to see that every man of that category who returns will fight against Home Rule to the death; that when the men come back they will be in no mood to listen to the request of a people who in war left them in the lurch; that, indeed, it is humanly unthinkable that the soldier voters of new England will reward Ireland for holding aloof or think of her other than in accents of bitterness? And this is rapidly becoming the tragedy of Ireland's position. For a political motive she has flung away her sovereign opportunity; the next opportunity men have will be England's.

War united Germany in 1870; it threatens to disunite England and Ireland more than ever. Every father who goes will curse the young Irishman who stays behind. There will be a legacy of blood as bitter here as exists for bygone historical reasons there. If Ireland refuses responsibility, Home Rule may be considered a dead letter. That is the plain truth, and it is time Irish politicians understood it. In this great European struggle for existence the plea that Ireland is to remain unconcerned as a State is alone the most damning argument against her existence as such under any form of self-government.

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Next summer we shall need every man we can raise. Is Ireland to look on while British homes are literally depleted of men? It is an incredible supposition. The Irish may take it from one who before all desires to see a happy Ireland, self-governing and self-creative, that Home Rule will never be an accomplished fact unless Ireland seizes the unique opportunity which presents itself to-day by war.

The whole future of Ireland depends upon the decision which now shortly must be taken one way or the other. No political trickery will acquit the Irish of the duty to the whole which alone protects the parts. To-day we have need of the Irish. If they fail, thereby showing they have no need of us, assuredly we shall have little use for them hereafter.

War is a nation's supreme test. It makes or unmakes men and nations. It will be so with Germany, and so with Ireland. Ireland has the opportunity now to make or mar her destiny.

That is the English side of the question, hardened by the enormity of the claim that Sinn Féin, so to speak, does not matter, and that even in war, in a world crisis such as this, the Irish must be left to form their own opinions about fighting, or they must not be blamed for wanting to fight us.

The Irish side has been recently explained by Mr. Redmond. He has learnt his lessons since the Dublin rising, and his Waterford declaration must have astonished the Cabinet; for behold Mr. Redmond, once more, leader of an insurrectionary Ireland—a spiritual Sinn Féiner.

Rightly he attributed Sinn Féin to the weakness of Mr. Asquith's Government, or, rather, system of non-Government. He accused the Prime Minister of "colossal ineptitude." He anathematised the restoration of Dublin Castle; he blamed the Government for practically all that had occurred. Conscription, therefore, for Ireland would be "fatal." It would be resisted. *That way lies "madness, ruin, and disaster."*

This is a new Mr. Redmond. As has been pointed out in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, alone among the entire British Press, not only was Mr. Asquith's Government and his nominee, Mr. Birrell, fantastically ignorant about Ireland, but Mr. Redmond was *also ignorant*, so ignorant, in fact,

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that when Sinn Féin came, he was taken by surprise, so out of touch was he with the subterranean conspiracies, eddies, and poetics of Irish feeling at home. His Waterford speech supplies the corrective, and the Government will be well advised to meditate carefully upon his words.

From private information I have, I am convinced Mr. Redmond spoke the truth when he said that conscription in Ireland would be resisted. Contrary to the general sloppy view held, Ireland since Sinn Féin has slipped further and further away from us and is to-day rapidly becoming Sinn Féin-ised up dale and down dale and over the mountains and across the valleys. Almost inevitably the Irish reason nationally. They saw what a little revolution could accomplish; they saw how ridiculously weak Mr. Asquith's Government was. Instead of shaming the Irish, the Dublin rebellion has rather convinced them. The shooting of civilians, the natural bad feeling caused by English troops potting at Irishmen, yes, and Casement (no matter what his morals were)—these things have immensely strengthened Sinn Féin and not in the least discredited it, as we here fondly imagine.

Mr. Redmond declared he had "warned" the Government of the consequences of conscription—I trust he has. Ireland, at this hour, is a cauldron of Sinn Féin, seething with hatred of English methods, so strong that Irish soldiers on leave from the Front become immediately infected with the old insurrectionary virus and go back to the trenches Sinn Féin to the bones. It is not the least good pretending the condition of Ireland is otherwise. The situation in Ireland is one of rage and hate, and for every man who was a Sinn Féiner before the rising to-day there are sixty, as we can see, if we can possibly bring ourselves to face facts, from the speeches of the Irish politicians: who at last know what Ireland, on the island, is after thinking and conspiring.

The Irish attitude is characteristic. They say they have been betrayed, Home Rule being on the Statute Book and the only thing they get being "Wait and see," martial law, and another K.C.

Of course, it is a Hibernian tragedy, utterly horrible and discreditable in war. When Mr. Redmond declares that the demand for conscription is "not a genuine mili-

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tary demand at all, but is intended to stir up bad blood in Ireland," he talks like a politician, for he must know that such an assertion is false. It shows to what a pass he is reduced, to maintain his position as leader, that is all. And the truth is that Mr. Redmond has to talk Devlin-ism or he will himself be devilled. The Irish won't stand for an Asquithian Party talker any more. The recess has taught the Irish politicians that they have got to take their coats off or get out. Between Sinn Féin and Mr. Redmond *now* there is very little to choose. Mr. Asquith's weakness has completely alienated Ireland; to-day we stand before a dangerous deadlock which may yet prove of immense significance in the war.*

The deadlock is this: We must have men, and from the English point of view it is almost unthinkable that Britain should bleed white while young Ireland looks on. On the other hand, the Irish maintain they have been betrayed by Mr. Asquith's feebleness and therefore refuse to accept conscription, and are now getting more and more hostile as the result of the abortive violence which necessitated superior violence to suppress it.

Is it a deadlock?

Not unless we wish to make it so. There is one solution only. It is that we should try to see Ireland in the light of the whole, to acquire, that is, a little statesmanship. Home Rule is on the Statute Book—enforce it. Give Ireland her freedom, her Government, her Parliament or Diet, her right of self-rule; in a word, let us fulfil our pledge and place the Irish on their honour.

I believe this to be the only way. We have tried coercion—it has failed. Mr. Asquith has tried "Wait and see" and the wiles of the spirit of compromise—it led to Sinn Féin, which in turn has led to the fierce revival of hatred which to-day animates Irishmen. If we try coercion again it will fail again. If we try more lawyers' parley it will lead inevitably to a still deeper resentment and a second and far bigger rising. In war words are futile. It is clear from Mr. Redmond's speech that he has got to follow Sinn Féin or go. What are we going to do?

* I say this deliberately, though it would perhaps be undesirable to give reasons in print. Suffice it to point to the immense power wielded by Irishmen in America, who, since the rising, have gone "Banco" on Ireland's "opportunity."

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Ulster—well, there is Sir E. Carson, who is an Irishman. Let us leave Sir E. Carson to settle Ulster with Mr. Redmond, and give Ireland her opportunity. No doubt, to present Ireland with Home Rule after Sinn Féin is a paradox, on paper looks bad, offends our English sense, perhaps makes us look rather weak. Yet not so in reality. After devastating South Africa we handed it over to the Generals who had fought us so well and trusted to their honour. Has that policy proved a failure? Quite the contrary. It has proved a signal success. As for the argument of weakness, has Mr. Asquith's Government or the Coalition shown anything but weakness since August, 1914? All that part of the argument is humbug. We have such a weak Government that we no longer recognise strength when we see it. If it is weak to give Ireland Home Rule, why, then, it is only one more weak thing, in keeping with the Coalition policy. But if it is a strong thing, then let us see if we cannot prod up the Coalition to take the one step which can save Ireland and them.

To think politically about this is mere waste of time. To talk of British rights and the "confounded Irish" won't help one whit. The Irish are to-day "sick" of our procrastinations, our flabby lawyers' devices, our insular woodenness, our Governmental incompetence. There is not a dog's chance of placating them now. No witchcraft of Mr. Lloyd George, no dinner at Downing Street, no promise or Parliamentary dodge will win them over to acceptance of the old political game, as played between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith. That game is played out. If the Coalition are too dense to understand the situation and grasp the opportunity that presents itself, then things will go from bad to worse, and Ireland will drift into the inevitable tragedy.

For the sake of Ireland we cannot allow Ireland thus to destroy herself. All attempts to Anglicise Ireland will fail, as will now all attempts to solve the problem by the usual patent medicines of vote-catching politicians. We have got to make up our minds; either to let the Irish run Ireland or to see what will happen. The latter policy must surely bring about the fall of Mr. Asquith's Coalition. For the weakness which led to this *impasse* cannot now deliver us from it. Indirectly, Mr. Asquith made Sinn

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Féin; he has thus got to let the Irish try their hands at muddling through or admit his own bankruptcy. The Irish hold him in their power. Without them he can do nothing. Their price is Ireland; now compared with the price we shall have to pay to win the war, it is insignificant.

Otherwise there is nothing but disaster ahead of Ireland. Failure to raise men in Ireland will embitter England for a century, as failure to give the Irish what they want will embitter the Irish for a century. The lawyers' golden mean has no meaning in such a blood question. Formula no longer finds credence. Parnell has arisen from his grave. We have arrived absolutely before the parting of the ways.

I am convinced that, placed upon their honour under their own self-government, released of the fiddlesticks of Castle and the ignominy of military rule, the Irish would rediscover themselves in the unity of the British Empire, as ready to fight for it to the last man as they are to-day ready to fight against it. In conditions of autonomy the Irish would raise new Irish armies to join us at the Front, and in the new birth of Ireland reason, patriotism, and Imperialism would find a common citizenship. Otherwise there will be no Irish reason, or patriotism, or Imperialism, but rather a growing discord and severance from the parent seat. Nor can we afford to delay, because the war admits of no delay. Every day will increase the bitterness felt, here and there. Every day will render the solution more complex.

It is idle to expect the Irish to see things as we see them, they will not. Equally futile will be the attempt to persuade them to accept our view, or, failing that, to coerce them. There is only one thing to do, and that is to remember that our *enemy is Germany, not Ireland*, and so to trust her. To free her, as we gave freedom to the Boers, as we intend to free Belgium, Serbia, and Poland.

I know, of course, there is the law; that the Home Rule Act specifically excludes the Irish Government from all right of intervention in Imperial or military affairs; *ergo*, that even under Home Rule the question of conscription in war would not be within the province of Irish dialectics or jurisdiction; and, as lawyers, this "case" seems to us unanswerable. No doubt in law; but life is not law. The

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argument is merely an argument in war, which is the negation of law, as we have seen to our stupefaction under the seas and in the air under the gentle demonstrations of Kultur. To our talk of law the Irishman says blarney. The Irishman is a fighter; he likes fighting; he hates the authority behind the policeman, except with a truncheon over New York liquor politics; and I have sufficient Irish blood in my veins to sympathise with him in this healthy idiosyncrasy. To continue argufying from the wig is to show just that unimaginativeness or constipated mentality that so rouses the Irishman's bile; it is to get nowhere.

A big man might succeed, but where is he? In the actual conditions of Irish temper and sentiment the Coalition is non-creative. At the same time, we must take a decision, if we want to win the war, and men will do well to reflect that the Irish alone retain the Government in office and so actually control England. Also this. We cannot do without our Irish. If we can't run them, they run us everywhere—in the Army, in art, in literature, and in politics. What would we be without "Old Ireland"? * Soused with the gravy of lawyers and shopkeepers, we should have to put all the rich naturalised and British-born Moses and Aarons in the Privy Council, baptised and unbaptised!

Home Rule is our and Ireland's opportunity. I say, settle the paradox of Ireland by paradox. Shake the Irishman by the hand, as we shook the Boer by the hand. Let him have Cromwell's hatchet, if he wants a plaything. Give him his Chamber, his bauble, and his little green leaf, and he will not fail us. Sooner or later we shall have to do it. The big, the essential thing is *to do it, and do it now.*

* Picture England without her Wellesleys, Wolseleys, Northcliffes, Beresfords, Roberts, Kitcheners, Bernard Shaws, George Moores, Orpens; our Generals to the secret police—the dare-devil, fascinating, plausible Irishman who governs England and largely America. Picture Westminster minus the Irish! Who runs the Army Medical, the Intelligence Departments, the intellectual departments? Where should we have been without the Hibernian *Daily Mail*? Take "Peg o' my Heart" from our stage, and what have we? Nothing but Synge, Lady Gregory, Yeats—all Irish. Blimpy, the Irish are our intellectual aristocracy.

The Servant Problem

By Josephine Knowles

I.—Our Houses

THE domestic servant maid is vanishing, soon she will have vanished altogether; but we shall continue to live in houses, we shall continue to eat, and dust and dirt will still have to be coped with. How, then, is this problem to be solved? It is already attracting notice, for we now read advertisements of "Flats which can be run without servants."

I have in my mind the type of London house standing in a "terrace"—in other words a street—which now usually employs three maids, cook, parlourmaid and housemaid; *and I shall try to prove that, if the builder and architect are willing, it will be possible in the future to run houses of this size without any servants.*

The most important of the servants is the cook. I propose to do away with her and to substitute for the twenty cooks in the twenty houses a common dining-room and common kitchen managed by a competent staff under the control of the houses in question. The dining-room would be built in this fashion: where you now have at the back of town houses a morning-room or conservatory generally dark and small, in place of these rooms would extend a long narrow room the whole length of the houses, and where each house would have the space corresponding to the width of the house and to which access would be gained by a door like any other front door opening from the inside and furnished with bell and knocker. Each division of this room would be screened off by (movable) partitions of wood worked in grooves so as to make a privacy if wished. The meals would be served from the group of kitchen, pantry and offices built at one end, the dishes, etc., carried on small rolling buffets along the space between the tables and the outside wall with windows.

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This scheme would have the following result: the kitchen staff would be far superior in skill to any individual cook employed by the twenty houses, and the kitchen large, well lighted, with every modern convenience, and with large cooking ranges in the centre of the room, and not built into the wall in a dark alcove—such a kitchen controlled by a *diplômé* cook and a capable staff would turn out the same variety of meals as we now get in the best restaurants.

It is also possible to cater with greater variety for many than for few; it is a very paying business, that of catering, as we know by the large fortunes made by the caterers, but this scheme would be co-operative, each house would be rated by the number of the inmates and the yearly turnover divided among the tenants. The housekeeper paid by the tenants would be responsible to them, and her books and accounts checked by an accountant; no one would be *making* out of this: if there were no middleman or caterer the profits or turnover would return to the tenants and be a substantial sum. The housekeeper would not be allowed to contract with any one firm or shop, she would have to buy in the ordinary market and so ensure variety; there is no doubt with this system the tenants would be fed in a very superior way. There is at present in some blocks of flats a common dining-room, but the catering is expensive because the turnover goes to the management; but in any case flats can never be a substitute for houses for families with children; there are many drawbacks to flats—lack of privacy, a common staircase, and one or two good rooms, and the others just holes.

This plan that I have outlined of having the dining-room extending along the backs of the houses does not encroach on the best rooms; the house retains its usual features. There would be some such plan as this: An early breakfast for workers and children going to school and then a later breakfast; luncheon or children's dinner at the usual hour and dinner also at the usual hour. It may at once be objected that meals vary in hour in different homes; but, after all, not so very much; and people on a visit or travelling are quite willing to take their meals at stated hours in company with others; moreover, and here is a great point, this ensures punctuality, and in many houses it seems impossible to make the cook punctual.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

Of course, there would still be the children's nurses, but nurses are a class apart and are not reckoned among the servants, because the nurses take their meals with the children and sleep in the nursery. The china, table-linen, and cutlery would be uniform and belong to the tenants in the same way as a club owns its dinner-service. It would never do for each individual house to use separate table-service, there would be the difficulty of washing-up and counting the pieces.

Although the cook in small houses seems to have vanished into the munition factory—and after the war will certainly not return to domestic work—yet the skilled *diplômé* cook can always be had; she is of superior class and intelligence and will not become extinct like the hand-to-mouth servant. This is what takes place now between nine and ten a.m. in town houses where three or four maids are kept. The lady sits in the kitchen with the slate in her hand:

"Can't you suggest anything new, Emily?"

Far better look for orchids at the North Pole. Emily has cooked for twenty years, but her horizon has not widened.

"Well, then," says the mistress, "we will have so-and-so and so-and-so." And she writes it down. Emily, with a pinched air, asks:

"What are we servants to eat?"

"Oh!" says the lady in surprise. "The same, of course."

"We servants can't eat that." There is only one way of having nice meals: the person who does the cooking must be a gourmet, must have taste literally, and must have experience. Telling is no good; you may tell the average cook the mysteries of the stock-pot, but that will not produce soup.

And here for a moment let me digress; think of the ease and peace of mind for the wife and housekeeper of the future to have what has become the great burden of ordering the food taken off her shoulders. It is no longer true that a good mistress makes good servants. It used to be so, but now we have to face the fact that those servants of moderate wages who are still in the market are, so to speak, uncertain about their sobriety, their

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capacity, their health, and their age. Imagine, therefore, what it would mean for the lady of the house no longer to square to the circle of pleasing her husband by giving him a nice dinner when he comes home tired, but cooked by a person who has been picked up anywhere ("and thankful to get her, my dear!"), who can slip up the area steps to the handy public when you think your sole is being fried, and who will not scruple to pack her tin-box and walk off on any trivial pretext. The lady of the house—who is perhaps tired herself—does not know that the nice dinner which she was at pains to arrange that morning on the slate is being spoiled because Emily's sister and young man have come to see her and the kitchen has become a babel of voices, the food is burnt, or the oven cold, or the new sauce, hunted up in the recipe book, forgotten. When the dinner is served the parlourmaid repeats to the cook what "Master said about you, Emily," to which Emily replies. "He'd better cook his own dinner," and gives notice the next morning. The servants we now employ are not worth the expense they cost, and yet we *must* have them.

The long and short of it is we are living in the same type of house as in the past when domestic service was efficient, faithful, and less costly; but now the economic conditions have acted like a sieve, all that is brisk and good and efficient in domestic service passes through the sieve to more interesting work, leaving the tired mother and housekeeper with the merest dregs to choose from. The day will surely come when it will be recognised that even a married woman and mother desires some outside interests or real relaxation; but as matters now stand the woman with moderate means and a household to provide for is exhausted in coaxing those servants she has to do their work or in vainly hunting for others to take their place.

The second point to be grappled with in the home is the heating problem; I suppose we are the only wealthy country which heats its private homes by open fires alone; all other countries that I am familiar with use radiators or central heating. So we have to meet one of two things during the winter: either to have coal fires in every room, which means such endless carrying of coal from the basement up the stairs that the maids give notice, or else have only a fire in two rooms, putting a premium on two rooms

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in the house and on the small space immediately around the fire. A uniform heating warms the whole house evenly, making the house really larger because livable everywhere. Heating and warmth are just as essential as water; in the past water had to be fetched from pumps and wells, now the builders are compelled by law to lay water on; the day will surely come when our builders will be equally compelled to lay on pipes for heating; our winter can be as cold as any other winter and far more damp—six months of cold weather is worth reckoning with. Imagine the squandering of effort and money and time on heating twenty houses by twenty separate means, instead of a furnace stoked and managed by a man from outside; but in these new-planned houses there would, of course, be provided coal-cellars and fireplaces for those who enjoy a fire and have it in one room for the sake of the appearance and cosiness.

My third point is the floors: these new houses should have hard wood floors. One great item of domestic work is sweeping carpets—we spread carpets and felt everywhere because of the rough common planks of the floor, but if these were in hard and polished wood, then it becomes quite simple and more hygienic to have rugs, which can be taken up and shaken by anyone, a charwoman once a week to polish the parquet and shake the rugs would suffice.

Another important item is the windows: maids will not wash our sash windows, they say it is dangerous, so you have to get a man in to do it, and there are no men now.

I will now anticipate the objections to my scheme, namely, the expense. "Think of the rent," you will say. But how does it work out? Assuming three servants in each house, each servant roughly reckoned at £50 a year. Three servants, then, at £150 a year, add to that all that servants break and spoil and waste, all the lights and firing they consume in the basement, and the extra help they continually need; with the rise in prices three servants will more likely cost £200 a year.

If, then, an extra sum be added to the rent for the modern improvements, the householder will still have a good bit to the credit side, and co-operative housekeeping is bound to be cheaper than individual catering. Without

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resident maids the house would be larger; three maids will now occupy two bedrooms, a kitchen, and servants' hall—four rooms. It is as if the house had become enlarged by four rooms.

All that I have touched on have been structural improvements—a matter for the builder when the house is being built, and too costly and complicated to add by the tenant. One reason why comforts of this kind have tarried so long is because the builder and architect are always men, and it is women who work the home and, generally speaking, live more in the house than the men do. If some system could be tried of consulting practical women who are also ladies of taste before building the houses, it would astonish the average builder what a lot there would seem to be in his trade that he had not yet fathomed.

We are now living under quite new conditions (and these conditions will remain), but in the same old type of house, and even when the house is new it is built and plumbed on the same old lines. One reason why the modern woman is shy of marriage on a small income is just on account of the servant and cooking problem; and a life which is spent in keeping the servants in a good humour and living in dread lest they should leave is a life of ceaseless care; if, therefore, there are to be more marriages on small means, the first thing is to make domestic life easier for the woman. As regards the common dining-room, to some families it would be a pleasure and relief to dine in a room with others, it would mean some friendly talking, and more reason for dressing, and then we should no more hear the old wail of the housekeeper about the meals: "I wish I didn't know what was coming."

I have outlined the possibilities of a new type of house of greater comforts, it is now for the builder and architect to reply.

Man-Power

By Major Stuart-Stephens

BETTER a country of barracks than what the shirkers would make it—a country of cemeteries.

If we aspire to regulate the balance of European power in a sense favourable to ourselves, which in brutal truth means our continued existence as a World Empire, it is as a Nation-in-Arms we must pursue the fight to a finish. To-day it is men, not money or armaments, that our nearest Ally lacks, and it is man-power that we must contribute if a premature and inconclusive peace is not to be forced upon our valiant friends under conditions which they would regard as detestable. For unless Britain can maintain for another two years or thereabouts an uninterrupted flow of man-power to the Western and Southern fronts our valiant neighbour across the silver streak will find it humanly impossible to maintain the struggle which has in the last two terrible years involved the depletion of the flower of her manhood.

This was whispered many months past, now it is being openly discussed wherever thinking men get together, whether in dug-out facing the unspeakable Hun, or snatching a few hours' leave in the bosom of their families.

"Men, more men," "England must send more soldiers," are the common expressions of opinion in the fair land where already so many of our khaki-clad heroes sleep.

Mr. Lloyd George appreciates and understands the sore strait that will of a surety face one of our Allies if England fails to balance in the Western theatre of war the stupendous losses in man-power sustained by our Gallic comrades in arms.

And he has been driven to the making of the pathetic confession that, while with our Allies exemptions have not exceeded "hundreds of thousands, with us it has run into millions."

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This is a tremendous indictment of the system that has produced so deplorable a result, yet our new civilian Minister of War in making so mournful a statement perhaps fails to realise that the cause of such a state of things is due to the fact that he and his Ministerial colleagues failed to realise that war is an act of Government. For the higher direction of war is in the hands of statesmen, and there is not one of the arts of Empire that requires longer study and more diligent apprenticeship. Military history emphasises this fundamental truth in many tragic wars where neglect or ignorance of it has carried a freight of national disaster in its train. On the other hand, in comparison, few are the instances where brilliant success has not been directly attributable to its previous recognition combined with study and foresight regarding its practical application. In these cases, however, victory has been decisive and overwhelming, as Prussia exemplified to mankind at Königgrätz and Sedan.

With the gradual growth of constitutional and democratic administration in Great Britain the tendency has been for the statesman and the soldier to drift further and further away from each other, both in their mutual unity of ideals and their point of view on national affairs. The military or naval authority gradually came to regard politics or statesmanship as altogether outside his province, and, as we have seen in certain notorious instances during the last generation, he was penalised if he attempted to bridge over the wide gap that exists in this country between national defence and national administration. In like manner, the statesman has been held up to regard war with abhorrence and to consider its study as the duty of the professional fighting man alone.

The natural result of this mutual position of aloofness has been that the harmony that should have existed between national policy and greater strategy, which is the *first essential* to success in war, has in this country been invariably conspicuous by its absence.

Our Government, whose foreign policy was framed to uphold the Treaties providing for the integrity of Belgium, and the ultimate maintenance of which inevitably entailed war with Germany, took no steps to prepare for such a contingency from a strategic point of view.

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And so for these last two fateful years we have been witnessing the dire results of a national policy directed by States ignorant of war and all that it means, culminating in the piteous complaint that even now millions of our citizens had been able to shirk their responsibility to their Motherland.

What a different picture is presented when we regard an occasion when a proper comprehension of the main strategical principles of war combined with foresight and *sufficient* preparation were displayed by the directors of the State. This was when we waged the most successful war that England ever fought, the war which made the British Empire what it is, that which began in 1756, and ended at the Peace of Paris in 1763. During those seven long years the diplomatic, naval, military, and financial forces at the disposal of this country were directed by the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the greatest exponent of Statecraft directing British arms that ever lived.

His first act on assuming office was to prevent the army employed on the Continent from being weakened by providing for the defence of these Isles. Thus he passed a Bill to reorganise thoroughly the Militia for home defence, and the Bill was sufficiently drastic in its provisions to avoid his having to confess to the country that after two years there were still to be found millions of men who had contrived by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to evade the burden of the defence of their shores. After a year of the war he demanded for himself the conduct of the entire correspondence with naval and military commanders. For this tremendous task the Prime Minister was far from ill-prepared. Sir Robert Walpole's "terrible cornet of horse" had been for four years in the Army, and had read every military book he could lay hold of. He had never followed any other profession but that of arms, but his brother officers looked upon him with cold disapproval as a strange sort of fellow, who was always devouring histories of battles and sieges. If his genius was for great affairs of State, it was for those of war above all others. His previous official appointments had brought him into contact with realities and had given him unusual opportunities for learning the details of military administration, and of those he had fully availed himself.

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Policy and strategy were thus in perfect harmony. Every representative of England in neutral countries was supplied with the means, through both public and *secret funds*, of sustaining the prestige of England.

At home every lord-lieutenant felt that the eyes of Pitt were on him and his county, and he saw to it that the ranks of the "old constitutional force" were kept closely filled. Writing to his generals and admirals Pitt stated with the utmost lucidity the politico-strategic object to be attained, and left the manner of attaining it to the discretion of Commanders.

Such a Minister is well served. At the conclusion of the Seven Years' War—we, too, are complaining that we have to endure the prospect of a war for four years—the foundations of our World-Empire were well and truly laid in India, Canada, and the West Indies. Such were the results of the policy of a Minister who had fully studied and thoroughly understood the principles of war and fully recognised that war is, as I stated at the commencement of this article, an act of Government. And, be it noted, the first measure of Pitt at the very commencement of the war was to provide, through the Militia, for the supply of reinforcements for the port and the sure defence of the homeland. With unerring eye he saw that the first problem to be solved was the "combing out" of young men who were "too proud to fight." Preparation for war and its direction by the statesman are difficult enough in every country, but in none more difficult than in our England of the present day. A politician should gain, like Dilke or Curzon, *personal knowledge* of the daughter States, of their systems of government, their needs, their resources, and especially of all that concerns their defence. Also, he should have periodically visited foreign countries and realised by mixing at close quarters with the official and social elements the motives and ideals which sway their rulers and inhabitants. But he should not, like Lord Haldane, conceal from his colleagues such knowledge when it was of vital interest to the national security. Also our travelling public man should do discreet intelligence work off his own bat—he should have a knowledge of the probable strength of every potential enemy. This is all a difficult enough task for a highly-

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educated man with wealth and social position to carry out, such as many of our budding statesmen were until the last few years. It is an almost impossible one now when so many of our politicians and even Ministers are evolutions of comparatively uneducated—and travel is the supreme finish of education—democracy. Trade unionist officials, miners, mechanical engineers, and even shop assistants are being elected to the membership of what used to be called the "First Club in London."

Is it reasonable to expect that a man who, after picking up a smattering of book knowledge at a board school and has had to work hard for his bread and beer, gradually raises himself by his ability and strength of lung-power to be a leader of his fellow-workers, and after fighting his way into the possession of affluence, represented by the Parliamentary £400 a year, can possibly possess, when he rises to Cabinet rank, the same wide knowledge of the world outside his restricted outlook as the former type of statesman who adopted politics as his born duty and most generally was penalised in pocket for acting up to that conception?

Such individuals as our new masters, the fruit of our undemocratic democracy, can be still less expected to have any knowledge of the teachings of war.

Such men either become like lambs among wolves or else develop into truculent braggarts. Either they are in their ignorance hypnotised by the highly-educated leaders of foreign democracies (as the German Socialists who, on the word "Mobilise," followed, despite all their promises to their English "comrades," the Colours on a career of unprovoked invasion), or they promenade the platform telling the country that we were never nearer victory.

But what of Mr. Lloyd George's millions who have shirked carrying a rifle under the stimulating influence of German machine-gun fire? To what do we owe their absence from the ranks in this crisis of our national existence? I say frankly, because their cases are considered by tribunals from which every shadow and shade of favouritism has not been banished. And I say, from a personal knowledge of these tribunals, that it is idle to expect from their constitution the dispensation of full and equal justice. Composed of local men, local interest is sure

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to tell; and this local interest is almost invariably exercised, not by the old-time local magnate, but by our new-time despot—the dictator of Demos, whose name appears at the bottom of the board, but whose personality sways from the top. Let us look at the typical *dramatis personæ* of one of these tribunals—a fantastic designation which somehow or other seems to suggest a stern, rigid committee of earnest legal functionaries whose decisions are enforced by the presence in the background of a masked headsman. First in point of influence, if not in order of precedence, is Thomas Twofluid, Esquire—a Welsh emigrant—who has captured the milk industry of a Metropolitan district; then comes the Rev. Mr. Richard Righteous, in whose Radical rectory the *Nation* and *Labour Leader* still hold a dangerous vogue; lastly, there is Sir Harry Halfmargin, K.C.M.G., who, prior to his retirement on pension, sat in the chair of permanent officialdom in the Colonial Office for forty strenuous years initialling documents written in a faultless Civil Service hand by a poor wretch of a second-class clerk. While not pretending to see it, the merry farce of “Scratch-my-back,” etc,” is played by these eminent personages as a matter of *quid pro quo*, just mutual courtesy, you know; very pleasing to the feelings in these brutal times of wholesale slaughter. Quoth the milk-and-water expert to the Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Two Militant Saints: “If my young foreman can-cleaner, Evan Ap Lloyd Jones, is called up, my ‘rounds’ will be circumscribed by half, and then just think of the babies.” The argument is, of course, unanswerable, and so, of course, Sir Harry Halfmargin “sees” Captain Cicero Chumley, the military adviser to the triumvirate, and the thing is done. Now, Captain Cicero Chumley, who before the war for five days a week in a wholesale cloth merchants’ wielded the cheating measuring yard and on half-holidays a Territorial officer’s sword, is only too glad to meet with Sir Harry’s views when that official’s cousin of her ladyship comes before the board for the hearing of his exemption claim, for it is, of course, patent to anyone that it would be an unpardonable mistake to send the First Division Clerk to paddle in trenches instead of allowing him to wait in Downing Street while interest is being worked to obtain for him the approaching vacancy

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of the Assistant Colonial Secretaryship of that important outpost of Empire, the Cannibal Isles. And so, after a brilliant and most unmilitary oratorical display by the military adviser, the K.C.M.G.'s wife's relation is given the opportunity, it is to be hoped, of tacking on to his name in the remote future a bewildering procession of capital letters. Further, as a sequel to those interesting events, Captain Chumley's dearest chum's chum is transferred from the 150th Hoxton Hussars to a staff billet in the Constitutional Club. But to balance the scales the tribunal packs off to the parade-ground some friendless widow's son or a poor devil of a man whose wife and quartet of young children will have to be farmed out on their unwilling relations if papa has to exchange his pen for the handling in Ballinasloe or the Balkans of a rifle against Sinn Féiners or Bulgarians, and to all these doings the parson agrees with Demos triumphant. This may seem all mere persiflage. Well, then, let me give an example of the working of the farcical tribunal administration, which is even more fantastic than any of the typical cases above outlined. Last March in this REVIEW, under the heading of "Concerning Secret Agents," I, under a transparent disguise, presented a pen-and-ink sketch of a curious—a very curious—individual who has deluged the Radical Press with letters in which he not alone denounced conscription, but even advocated the *cutting down* of our new army. Why he was permitted thus to distil column after column of blatant high treason is a matter which will, in my estimation, for ever afterwards seriously reflect upon the loyalty of the conductors of those journals in which his letters saw the light of day. Yet this man possesses at least one virtue, he has shown a noble consistency, he has at any rate endeavoured to persuade his fellow-countrymen to abstain from participating in bloodshed, and he has himself refused to shed human gore. He is about thirty years of age and unmarried, he is possessed of the thews and muscles of the Farnese Hercules, he carries himself with the air of one of Dumas' *mousquetaires*, yet when he was haled before his local tribunal he evaded "fighting for the ashes of his fathers or the temples of his gods" because, forsooth, he was, as he cheerfully explained, engaged in important literary work for a member of his Majesty's Government

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—name unspecified. Needless to add, so important a servant of the State was forthwith excused meddling with gunpowder.

Another scandal, which borders on the serio-comic, is that of the bogus farmer and his employees. Scores of thousands of lusty young drill-dodgers have suddenly realised the joys and opportunities of Arcadia since conscription came into being. A town man who is too proud to fight buys a bit of land with a barn on it. Lo! he is a farmer. Then he purchases half-a-dozen cows and gets exemption for a couple of sons.

Yet the desperate, urgent need increases for more men. How is it to be met? First, by at once abolishing the tribunal mockery and substituting for these discredited bodies a new set of "combing out" boards. Lord Palmerston once said that an ideal committee was one of three members, two of which stayed away. Well, let us have committees of two—a revising barrister who would be affected by local interests and favouritism just as little as he was when, before the War, he adjudicated upon franchise qualifications of the Unionist or Liberal voter; the other member should be a retired *regular* officer of superior rank, who would take the place of the military adviser or authority who, under the existing system, is too often a mere amateur in military affairs. Secondly, all men under forty to be at once withdrawn from guarding munition works and dockyards, lines of inland communication at home, and the looking after prisoners of war and interned enemies. There are quite sufficient assets provided by the eldest group of conscripts to provide for the execution of these duties. Lastly, the Volunteers furnish enough efficiently-trained men to meet the problem of home defence. They can do it, as Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., has more than once publicly asserted. Thus the half million or more "call ups," who "pad the hoof" on the highways of Merrie England, would be relieved from route-marching in Great Britain in favour of practising that hardening exercise within sound of the cannons' roar.

As to Ireland, if it be found impossible to enforce conscription in the Sister Isle without leading to a universal breaking of skulls, why not give the opportunity to the Sinn Féin extremists to break Boche craniums as

Women and War *

By Margaret Sackville

THE task of the present-day reformer is comparatively easy. If the mass of men do not think, he at any rate is permitted to do so, and the only risk he runs is of reputation, not of body. He will be misrepresented and maligned as a matter of course; but he will not be burned. He may even find tentative feelers stretched out unexpectedly towards his conclusions. Few now believe that conditions quite obviously productive of evil have been unalterably so ordained by Providence. And the possibility of change once seriously realised, it becomes but a matter of time before means are sought for and at length discovered by which such change can be best accomplished.

For instance, at the close of this war men may, unless too tired, be ready to listen attentively to any scheme which shall lead to the abolition of war altogether, or at least to its severe limitation. Even the most determined militarist may, after such glut of slaughter, be ready to listen. And the average man, who does not want war at all, will be still more ready. The militarist argument that because men possess the fighting instinct *therefore* opportunities should be created in order that they may exercise it, will, it is possible, before long miss its appeal. He, the average man, knows that it is a sleeping instinct, and he would, on reflection, prefer it to remain asleep. He knows that he can pass from youth to old age quite happily untroubled by any irresistible impulse to attack his neighbour, and that to refrain from bloodshed involves no feeling of self-sacrifice. He is beginning to realise what enormous trouble, expense, and subtlety are required on the part of the militarist Press to awake in him even the mildest dislike towards the inhabitants of other countries. If he sides with the professed militarist, that is because he is used to the

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* The statistics and details regarding women's labour in the body of the article were supplied to me by the kindness of a friend.

WOMEN AND WAR

idea of war and unused to that of disarmament. But his actual arguments grow more diaphanous every day. He can with less and less confidence point to the unchangeability of human nature, seeing how obviously, as exemplified in himself for instance, human nature *has* changed. He will hardly claim that the revival of witch-burning, of torture, of the press-gang, &c., &c., might conceivably be attended with any success. He will admit that as far as he personally is concerned, the burning of a heretic would give him but little pleasure and that duelling could not easily be revived among the placid old gentlemen at his club. He admits, he cannot help admitting, that certain bad habits have been outgrown, and that war, though the worst and most obstinate habit of mankind, may conceivably be outgrown likewise. Moreover, being on the whole generous-hearted and sincerely anxious that those everywhere who are least able to take care of themselves should be spared unnecessary suffering, he is led by slow degrees and almost in spite of himself to the consideration of those who form the background of war, for the most part forgotten and inarticulate, whose pitiful tragedies and heroisms remain unacknowledged and whose shadows fall across the battlefield so lightly that few have sight to notice them.

These are, of course, the women, the children, and the workers on whom the cost of this extravagant game presses with such weight. The workers have, at least, the technical satisfaction of enfranchisement, which must give them the comforting illusion that the matter is, after all, in their own hands. But to women even this consolation of nominal responsibility is denied. And to pay a desperate price for an unwanted thing which causes you unmeasured suffering and is forced upon you without your consent, surely justifies resentment.

A short time ago the average man, his attention directed towards this point, would have cheerfully brushed it aside with the remark that wars are not women's business, and that the less they concerned themselves with affairs outside the home the better. He would have said, moreover, that to women belonged the glorious task of helping to clear up the mess men had made. I doubt if he would say so now, seeing how very emphatically many women are protesting against, in the first place, such a mess being made at all.

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To them it seems in the last degree unreasonable that they should bear sons in agony and love in order that these same sons should subsequently destroy themselves over questions which in the last resort *can* only be settled by reason and not by killing. Women have been so long accustomed to being called unreasonable, irresponsible and illogical, that it requires something of an effort on their part to realise with what supreme unreason and irresponsibility men, left to their own devices, have conducted certain of the world's affairs. If women are open to the charge of sentimentality, they have even greater justice on their side when they protest against the murderous sentimentalities of men. They themselves being, as circumstances have made them, rarely imaginative in the larger sense, but essentially practical, long to use their awakened feelings of responsibility in bringing a little order out of all this welter and in putting something like common sense into the mad irrationality of it all.

Let no one imagine that I claim for women a clearer vision, a keener moral sense, than that possessed by men. My only contention is that a world governed almost exclusively from the masculine point of view is as dangerous nearly as a world would be governed solely by women. Never at any time has wisdom or virtue been the monopoly of one class or sex. Yet each class, each sex has its peculiar wisdom. And this being so, the State which expresses the masculine point of view alone is bound to be unstable and lopsided, and is, moreover, doomed to certain disaster. One of these characteristic disasters is war. War is to a large extent the result of affairs being conducted practically from the masculine standpoint alone. We can compare other countries. We can see how accurately, automatically almost, the militarist and anti-feminist spirit work side by side. One, indeed, may be said to be the measure of the other. In America the militarist's influence is ebbing. He no longer forms a very serious factor in national life; in Germany, where women are ignored, he predominates. For instance, assume that everything said about Pan-Germanism is true, is it not the mind of a purely masculine State, which could not survive if women had any kind of political influence? England is in this respect several degrees better than Germany, for here women are treated,

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if not with notable understanding, at least without contempt. And if we went further and admitted an equal expression of women's point of view fully and ungrudgingly into public affairs, it is possible that the last shred of militarism would disappear altogether. The instinct of the State would then be against it.

For there is something in the peculiar temperament and humour of the normal woman which is instinctively antagonistic to the mingled pomposity and conceit, the heavy stupidity and dulness which go to the making of the fully-developed militarist. He could not survive the quiet ridicule she would bring to bear on him in public any more than certain forms of masculine conceit can survive the same treatment in private. If I may be permitted a frivolous illustration, I would say that my meaning is to some degree exemplified by Barry Pain's *Eliza*. One can see a microscopic but perfect reflection in the general character of Eliza's husband of the solemn stupidity which inspires the makers of most wars. Eliza's calm common sense saves her from all extravagance. And it is the spirit of Eliza, born as it is from almost daily contact with minute practical difficulties, that one would like to see introduced into public life.

I hope the average man, on whose perception of certain truths—and be it said in his favour that having once *perceived* a truth he usually acts upon it—so much of the future well-being of Europe rests, will not fall into the error of thinking that women are against war because, being for the most part lookers-on, they are unable to grasp its true significance. It is because they are better lookers-on than men that they are able to grasp its significance so well. And it will be found, moreover, that nearly all the finest, most careful thought of the world is on their side. On the side of militarism is much assertion, but little argument. Militarism has of late years grown increasingly shame-faced and apologetic. Few of its supporters would venture to follow their loosely-held "Might is Right" cry to its logical conclusion. We have to thank Germany for doing this, at any rate, and for showing the inevitable result of a belief in the value of war and the necessary subjection of women. For in this matter there can be no compromise. The militarist spirit cannot be kept in check for long.

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Where it exists it will one day predominate. And those who try—as the majority do—to be militarist and pacifist at the same time, to combine the maxims of Napoleon with the teachings of Christ, will find themselves in an uncomfortable and dangerous state of muddle-headedness. The time has come for the world to choose one side or the other—it must either be frankly Pagan or frankly Christian. It is the mixture of the two traditions which forms the very unstable and unsatisfactory foundation upon which rests so much of our present-day conduct.

But women in their relations to war are by no means only lookers-on. It presses upon them in a peculiar and intimate manner. All sorts of women's trades and professions suffer. And loss in this respect weighs more heavily on women than on men, because as a rule a man is not so closely tied to one particular profession and has a wider range than woman, and, despite Labour Exchanges, unemployed men find it easier to follow work, to knock about till they get it, to live anywhere and anyhow, than women. But even were it granted that in respect of unemployment the man suffers as much, the reduction in his wages reacts on the comfort of his wife and children. Where a man's wages are a family income, woman shares the worry and the loss of their reduction and stoppage. In fact, her trials are then greater than his, for as a rule she is the family Chancellor of the Exchequer. Moreover, the woman's suffering must always be aggravated by the fact, as we have said before, that in the making of wars she is not even thought about.

There is the case of the poor widow also, who generally loses her husband and her home at the same time; and of the woman whose husband returns to her crippled or mentally disabled.

That these evils are no imaginary things is proved by what took place when the war broke out. Within a week thousands of women whose husbands had been called to fight were on the steps of the workhouse. So many of them were in need that the machinery of the War Office and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Organisations completely broke down. Charity had to relieve them, and a fussy State, ill advised and inexperienced in its dealings with women, caused great pain to masses of worthy women

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whilst it was trying to do its best to safeguard the interests of its soldiers and their children.

When the industrial crisis came women's unemployment was worse than men's.* The Lancashire cotton industry was hit worst of all, and in this industry there are 371,797 women employed to 233,380 men. When the Central Women's Employment Committee was formed the distress amongst women was found to be severe, and later on, when the Professional Classes Sub-Committee of the Government Relief Committee was appointed, it discovered that women were specially hard hit. Factories using sugar provide employment for great numbers of women, and they were almost closed; dressmaking and millinery were badly affected; lodging-houses and apartments were deserted; from business houses hundreds of women were turned away; type-writing offices were closed; governesses, music teachers, companions found their occupation gone; the arts failed woefully to give their usual employment. Although figures never can tell what all this means to women, they enable us to understand something about it. Therefore, I give those published by the Board of Trade, showing week by week from the beginning of the war till the end of January the number of unemployed women on the registers of Labour Exchanges:—

August 14th	28,162	November 6th	34,110
„ 21st	33,844	„ 13th	33,888
„ 28th	34,812	„ 20th	33,369
September 4th	33,397	„ 27th	32,683
„ 11th	35,668	December 4th	30,271
„ 18th	36,496	„ 11th	28,983
„ 25th	36,611	„ 18th	25,370
October 2nd	35,612	„ 25th	19,926
„ 9th	35,207	January 1st	21,182
„ 16th	34,779	„ 8th	27,829
„ 23rd	35,275	„ 15th	30,017
„ 30th	34,485	„ 22nd	31,057
				„ 29th	31,344

Since then these figures have gone up pretty steadily, and they are now, and have been since June 4th, over 40,000.

* This is admitted officially. The *Labour Gazette* on January, 1915, states (p. 8) "the effects of the war on employment have been more severely felt in the case of women than in the case of men." And though it may be argued that recent industrial developments have made large demands on women's labour, such demands are for the most part temporary, and the artificial situation thus created will only add enormously to the complications later on.

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It must be noted, in passing, that these figures do not merely mean privation and worry, but to many the horrible temptation to resort to the most ruinous way of making an income. They have a moral significance which similar figures for men have not, and are all the more dreadful as an indication of what war means to women.

If it is said that these things are details merely compared with the larger issues at stake, and hence unworthy of consideration, one may reply that it is precisely because these details are ignored so completely that public affairs are not synonymous with human affairs. The State becomes a body with the heart left out, and it is with the idea of making it a living organism that women are anxious to have their share in the guiding of it.

No! women think, these things cannot for ever remain so. National honour must be raised from the level of wild beasts, and must include fair dealing, generosity, truth—honour, in fact, as understood in the daily sense. No Englishman believes now that his personal honour can be satisfactorily healed by drawing the blood of another who has outraged it. The eye-for-an-eye doctrine held consistently can end only in whole nations having their eyes removed. It is, besides, an impossible doctrine for any person possessing a sense of humour. But the militarist has no sense of humour; he cannot laugh at himself; it remains for the women to do it for him.

Of course, any such change in the relation of women to the State will in the last resort be opposed by the average man as possible and reasonable enough in theory, but at present impracticable, human nature being what it is, and, therefore, sentimental, idealistic, and Utopian. He forgets that it is only because idealists suffered in the past that he stands in his present position of comparative comfort and safety, and that all he values most is the result of *ideas* once new and almost always opposed. Every change which he now recognises as beneficial and inevitable is the work of those to whom, save in the probably wholesome rôle of critic and persecutor, he gave no assistance in any way whatsoever. Those who condemned religious intolerance, torture, duelling, slavery, the treatment of lunatics and all forms of brutality, folly, and exploitation, were scoffed at as idealists and often paid for their persistence with their

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lives. Yet to no form of past wrong inflicted on others would the most conservative among us willingly return. The average man only objects to the abolition of that injustice to which he is accustomed. Nevertheless, the years are against him. Lord Shaftesbury, Elizabeth Fry, Josephine Butler were all idealists. Does anyone imagine for a moment the world they were anxious to help was equally anxious to be helped by them, or did much save to thwart and discourage them to the best of its power? For it is a characteristic of the world to show the deepest distrust, dislike, and fear towards anyone who attempts to put some of the points of the religion it professes into practice. It dares not criticise God directly, but it does so in an indirect manner by perpetrating blasphemies against human nature for which God is presumably responsible. And this it does without the least idea of disrespect or incongruity. In fact, it often characterises those who do believe that the ultimate justice which is behind the universe must and does express itself increasingly in the deeds of men by opprobrious epithets. And, being confused in thought, and yet having a certain idealism which it is unwilling to discard altogether, it has drifted into the conviction that the only practical way of living is to keep your beliefs on one hand and your actions on the other.

One reason why the millennium is so long in coming is because, on the whole, so few people want it. Physical force becomes yearly less and less a solution to any problem of the modern mind. It is an external thing, like size and number, which are crude standards by which none save the crude can be influenced. So as the doctrine of physical force loses its hold will those delicate and intimate qualities for which women have heretofore stood in private alone extend their sway. Those who are fitted for the task will modify public life, as they have in some degree begun to do already, in ways hitherto unthought of. The days of national brawling, bad manners, and self-assertion are gradually passing. Soon will the still, small voice be heard, not in the home alone, but in the market. Men and women have still to discover and to act upon that natural wisdom which all possess, which is the inheritance of humanity, and which is overlaid by false methods of thought and inherited error.

Our Need of Military Statesmanship

By the Editor

IN the February issue of this REVIEW I published an article by Mr. Seton Watson on "The Failure of Sir Edward Grey," which I would advise all serious men to refer to—at this juncture. They will read there the most astonishing indictment of our Foreign Office direction, based on facts, and they will understand the present situation, both as regards Greece and Roumania. Needless to say, the article in question had no effect. The Coalition is still our Coalition. Sir Edward has become Viscount Grey. The man who (September 28th) assured the House of Commons that in the event of Bulgarian aggression against Greece, "we are *prepared* to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner that would be most welcome to them, in concert with our Allies, *without reserve and without qualification*," presides to-day over our foreign policy in the House of Lords, to which Chamber he was introduced by his friend and adviser, Lord Haldane of Cloan.

Viscount Grey's record since August, 1914, is astounding, whether it be the Order in Council permitting German reservists to return through our Navy to fight against us, or the Order in Council (August, 1914) "adopting the Declaration of London as if the same had been ratified by his Majesty" (Mr. Gibson Bowles has revealed the terrible significance of this German contrivance which, if adhered to, would have prevented us from declaring the Blockade); or his attitude concerning cotton as contraband, and that which appointed men of German origin to posts connected with the blockade—thus Mr. Holtzapfel; or the incredible performances of our Foreign Office in the Balkans. Twice General Joffre has had to come over to London to force us

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literally to fulfil our pledges. On the first occasion Viscount Grey urged our complete withdrawal from Salonica, to which General Joffre replied: "Vous nous lâchez sur le champ de bataille!" with the result, as Sir Edward Carson phrased it at the time, that the Government "decided that what was too late three weeks before was in time three weeks later."

But it was not in time. Beyond offering Cyprus to Greece, we did nothing but tell one another stories of German failing man-power, and Serbia was overrun; gathered by force into the German hegemony. In Paris M. Delcassé fell in consequence, but here the Foreign Office remained sacrosanct, and men said it was wrong to criticise in war; and when the commercial experts burnished up some more yarns about the starving Germans and their 3,000,000 permanent losses, the tragedy of one more country hardly seemed to matter.

The excuse at the time was that we had misjudged Bulgaria and relied on Greece, which was true. We did misjudge Bulgaria; we have relied on Greece ever since, though with what reason I defy any man cognisant with European affairs to substantiate. After the Balkan War I wrote in this REVIEW that Bulgaria must now become our inveterate foe and the friend of Germany, if only to avenge herself upon the Roumanian attack on her back. As for King Constantine, every man on the Continent knows he is pro-German, as surely as every serious student of South European conditions knew that the Bulgars since the Balkan War had only one desire in their minds, and that was to have their revenge on Serbia.

From the first the question was one of two things: either we decided on a Salonica campaign, or we did not, coupled with the corollary of Greece, which again resolved itself into one of two things: either we obtained the full neutrality of Greece by diplomacy or we secured it (Prussian-like) by force. As in war all middle courses fail, this was the only policy open to the Allies, yet what did we do? For a year the temporising, the vacillations, the half-measure, the "Wait and see" attitude have prevailed, until

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a dangerous situation has arisen in Greece, who is now subjected to all kinds of indignities the object of which, I confess, I do not understand. If our purpose is to force Greece to fight for us, that, in my opinion, is a mistake; but if our object is to secure neutrality and facilities for the Salonica expedition, then obviously we ought to have done that certainly six months ago, not now when the Salonica thrust should be in full movement, which clearly is not the case.

It is difficult to write about this—for it is a military matter and military reasons dictate. But unless we have made up our minds to “muddle through” anyhow, no matter what mistakes our Ministers may commit and no matter what the *consequences* may be, it is clearly the duty of the Press to point out the danger of our indecision and weakness, and to insist either upon a change in the management of our foreign affairs, or upon the enforcement of a clear-cut, intelligible policy which shall be enforced.

Now, the truth is, that there has been a kind of running difference of opinion concerning the Salonica expedition and its repercussion upon Greece. For some strange reason the policy of Viscount Grey, which, four days after the Bulgarian mobilisation (September 23rd, 1915), practically forbade Serbia to forestall the attack and so lost her the priceless opportunity of securing the offensive, still continues muddling in Greece, retarding the offensive from Salonica, almost as if our idea of making war in those parts was to annoy everybody first and then adopt the negative offensive, or do nothing unless obliged to. The Balkan story, if told, would flabbergast the world. Yet no one seems to realise that in war only action decides, and that our inactivity, our indecision, our *politicising in Greece* instead of fighting the Bulgarians is telling against us all the time and, as we see, has frustrated the assumption of that big offensive which the newspapers announced three months ago as the decisive *coup de grâce* to be delivered against Germany's vulnerable spot, which, as every man knows, lies in the railway which links up Belgrade with Constantinople, the goal of Pan-German, or Austro-German, ambition.

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The military results of this procrastination are now being realised. At the very moment when the Roumanian intervention might have been of determining importance, we are engaged in making up our minds whether to trust Tino or not, or how far to trust him; in short, whether our back lines of communications are secure, and, if not, how then to make them secure, with the result that the Salonica expedition is no more able to help Roumania in her hour of need than we were able to help Serbia in her hour of need, and this with the winter threatening to hold up the offensive, even if we had the force there sufficient to embark upon the task—the question vexing us being apparently Greece, who has shown her unwillingness to fight for us, and even if she did fight for us in the small numbers likely to be got together under what is called the “revolutionary” army, will not be of much assistance and may prove an embarrassment leading Heaven knows where and to God knows what.

Why is this? What is the explanation of this fresh Coalition muddle? The answer is simple. It is first and foremost due to the total lack of responsibility among our Ministers who, under the cloak of military expediency, exercise autocratic power in complete secrecy, supported by the ignorance of the public which has not the smallest idea of what happens here or there, and thinks it right not to inquire. For ten years no one has cared a button about foreign politics. The Balkans were spoken of as a Chinese puzzle, and so on. And so it came to pass that men who knew and wrote about Germany's war intentions were called “firebrands” or “cranks,” and nobody paid any attention, not even to Lord Roberts, who was admitted to know something about war. When war “took us unawares,” as they say in the servants' hall, the consequences of this neglect showed themselves instantaneously. Authors, poets were hailed as “experts,” and have been our experts ever since, to the “scream” of all Europe and America. In this REVIEW, as men know who have read it, the war has always been treated *non-commercially*, and, though what we said a year ago was ridiculed as “pessimism,” and I was bombarded with letters protesting against my assertion that the

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war would be a matter of years, and that the only way to win it was to introduce conscription and organise nationally from end to end of the Empire, reference to our files to-day will show that everything we have said has been justified, all that we have fought for has been vindicated, and that our prophecies have proved only too true.

A year ago I wrote about this Balkan matter and said that if we did not remove Viscount Grey we should fail again. Now, once more, I say the gentlemen directing our affairs are ignorant of European affairs. Pray don't think this is a reckless statement. I have known personally not a few of our present Ministers, talked to them about Germany, even argued with them about the peril. I was, only a year or so before the war, roundly abused by our present Minister of War for daring to say that Germany was preparing for the World-War. Some of them tried to get me "chucked off" the REVIEW for my opinions. I repeat: men who have failed as they have must fail again, for their judgments are based on false premises and they are all ignorant about Germany and her potentialities—except Lord Haldane, who never told them.

We owe to General Smith-Dorrien an example of our Ministerial incapacity, which in any country but ours would lead to that implicated gentleman's fall. It was in 1911, at Aldershot, and when the General pointed out the smallness of our Army and the need of machine-guns, the Cabinet Minister retorted that "he was afraid of the Germans. Believe me; I know the Germans intimately, and the first time they are engaged in war you will see the most *monumental example of crass cowardice that the world has ever seen.*"

So spoke our Minister. Who was this donkey? Could it have been Lord Haldane? We ought to know, because he may be in office to-day. It is the public's right to have the name of this director of our destinies. He claimed to know Germany intimately. Was it Sir John or "honest" John? After that, what can we expect?

From the beginning of the war we have sought to con-

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tinue with the old methods, and when the Coalition was formed men seemed to think that was the most we need do, the underlying idea being the purely political one that if the front benches were "pooled" things would right themselves of themselves. Little did men understand that Germany was no ordinary foe, and that this war was a struggle of life and death between two irreconcilable groups of civilisations. Our astonishing ignorance of war and of European conditions led us to look on the struggle as another "mad Mullah" affair on a big scale, a campaign which the Russians would automatically settle with their vast hordes, whatever we did or did not do. That is still the opinion of the majority. Always the talk has been "next spring." To-day it is again "next spring," though in July of this year I doubt whether two per cent. of the population had the smallest notion that the winter would find us again in the trenches, still in France, with the German strategic front unbroken. We know what Mr. Churchill told us about Gallipoli; we know that Mr. Asquith stated the Mesopotamian expedition to be the best equipped in the war. Recently we have had a rather flamboyant utterance of what we are going to do from Mr. Lloyd George. Yet still the map shows utterly to our disadvantage. The summer is over. The Germans are in France. They *have not been broken or beaten in the strategic sense*. So energetic, in fact, are their one-armed, one-legged armies that as I write the interest of the world is focussed on Roumania,* and the problem is whether yet another crushing disaster can be averted. While she fights for her life, we are engaged in seizing Athens (October 18th).

Another point on which much might be said is America. Here, again, the public knows nothing. Our ignorance of

* One cannot, of course, say anything about Roumania, but clearly the German aim must be to secure and hold the line running from the Carpathians to the Danube, not only because of the fat prize Roumania economically offers, but because of the military advantages resulting from so great a shortening of the line, thus freeing Bulgaria to utilise her full forces either in Macedonia or elsewhere. Roumania must therefore be Germany's test. If Hindenburg fails there it will be because he no longer has the power—in short, because he can't. But if he succeeds, then once more the disaster will have been due to our Balkan policy and the habit of thinking Germany is "done" on no better ground than that it pleases us so to think. Yet we have talked of Roumania's intervention for the last 14 months!

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American thought and conditions is colossal. Our Press gives us practically no information, though on the eve of the Presidential Election this is the time for "twisting the lion's tail" and sundry confusions and combustions may be expected. They have already begun over there. The danger is that our weak and unimaginative Foreign Office will commit some ghastly blunder which may lead to a Presidential Election entanglement. Owing to this ignorance and secrecy of ours the average man here thinks America is hostile, and he goes about abusing the Americans for their non-intervention, in delirious ignorance of the fact that but for America's aid *we should have lost the war*.* We owe all to America and South America, but what we don't always understand is that America is a free country, and that any attempt on our part to teach her international law, whether about submarines or Sinn Féin, will inevitably meet with the kind of rebuff administered to us recently in that connection.

The truth is that America is far better informed about the war than we are. It is well known *now* that the Sinn Féin rising was a newspaper-boy secret in large parts of America months before it took place, though not an editor † here had the remotest idea of it. But what we utterly fail to grasp is the great power exercised by Irishmen in America, who there, as in England, rapidly climb into prominent positions and by their alertness, readiness, and intellectual superiority rule almost as successfully as they manage to *run us in London*, though for the most part we are quite unaware of it. But that is so, and at this moment Irishmen in America are pulling the lion's tail all they know how, whereas we, as usual, have walked into the trap and got rather "baity," as the schoolboy puts it. Our Foreign Office has no humour. It is a dead-sea institution, but if Greece can change her Ministry, why cannot we?

I wrote in a recent number that the weakness of our direction was a danger, and that instead of presiding at the board, as should be our right as holder of the seas and

* See the recent statement by M. Thomas on America's help.

† Except THE ENGLISH REVIEW: *vide* Major Stuart Stephen's article in the May issue.

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banker-in-chief to the Allies, we had forfeited that right and were dragged along in tow, as it were, our counsels no longer determining. Several people asked me at the time what I meant? Surely I did not think the Asquith Coalition ought to direct, "for that would be fatal." Of course, no such madness was implied. Militarily, the French have proved their right to direct the operations of the Allies and their decisions should be final, though not in the sense of "pooling" forces and materials, etc., for the most obvious psychological reasons, which in war play a great part. And just as each army of the Allies must fight under its own generals and be led and inspired by its own genius and idiosyncrasies, so should each nation preserve its own healthy interest, and in a quite particular sense does this apply to Britain. For these reasons. We are absolutely the determining force: because we hold the seas, and because our vast Imperial credit is able to support the credit of all the Allies, and if we fail, inevitably the whole Allied cause fails.

That is our military, and because it is the military, our political importance. The *expression of that is the British Navy*. Were our Navy to suffer a decisive defeat, the effect would be automatically disastrous. The enemy would have no need to invade us—that is why incidentally a home defensive force of more than a hundred thousand men or so is unnecessary—for in the event of a naval defeat the Germans could in great part cut us off. There is no disputing this truth. Were our Navy to be so destroyed that the Germans could venture out on the high seas, our credit would instantaneously collapse, and with it the credit of our Allies. We, of course, know that. Our Navy is all. Our ships are our life and, in this war, the life also of Western Europe. Could the Germans smash them, the power and credit of Britain would go.

Most Englishmen will admit this, and to me it is passing strange that we fail, therefore, to realise the stupendous importance at this stage in the war—I recommend men to study the stern, laconic, military language recently used by Sir William Robertson on the subject of when the war will end—of a commanding and prescient statesmanship.

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It is, alas! only too true that the ignorance, weakness, and dilatoriness displayed by the direction of our affairs before the war and during the war have made it difficult for our Allies to believe in us, for our proposals can always be met with the objection that as we have so often been proved to be wrong we are hardly likely now to be right. Under the present *régime*, under the Grey-Haldane direction, that argument will hold. The latest Balkan muddle has once more emphasised the point. It is precisely this *enforced subordinate position of ours* which constitutes a danger, all the more so as it is contrary to the physical position we occupy in the war and towards the Allied cause.

I submit that this is a wrong, a false, a dangerous position for Britain to hold in the third year of a war which must alter the face of Europe and change all pre-existing ideas—national, dynastic, social, economic, and military. In war, next to the commanding generals, the man who stands at the wheel of affairs is the most important personage, and should be the most responsible. Now Viscount Grey cannot be styled responsible. When he chattered pleasantly of the “freedom of the seas,” he did so without consultation with our admirals, certainly without the assent of England. When he signed on to the Declaration of London he acted in direct defiance of the protest of all British admirals, and he thereby showed his inability not only to understand the foe, but the very spirit and meaning of Empire. Such a man can speak with no authority either for England or in the war councils of our Allies. Do Englishmen realise this fact?

We think because there is plenty of money knocking about, and because of our artillery and, as yet, only tactical victories on the Somme, that the clearing-up of the enemy will proceed automatically next spring with the certainty of a crushed Germany squealing to be parcelled up and dismembered about midsummer of next year. It may be so, it may not be. In any case, only an ignoramus would venture to prophesy. But we do know this: that all military reasons speak for a still greater preparation, a yet more intense organisation, a yet vaster application of our Imperial power, a yet deeper concentration of our resources.

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And let us remember this. In all wars and crises there comes a time which is fateful, when mistakes of judgment in the command, in military statesmanship let loose the floodgates and determine. No thoughtful man can fail to note the irresolution of our foreign direction. Even as it is, the blunders committed in the Balkans may lead to a military situation in those parts gravely to our military disadvantage: we shall shortly know. But even if the soldiers rectify the politicians' mistakes there, to leave the direction of affairs under the guidance of a man who no longer can command the national authority which is our right here or abroad seems to me little short of lunacy. From Tribich to Holtzapfel—the record is the same, and it persists under the *ægis* of Lord Haldane. If men think this is the right way to win the war, and can see even in the Balkan handling of affairs no cause for anxiety, no need of a change in the direction of our policy, good; I can only record my protest and my deliberate conviction that we are running our chances instead of assuring them.

The Memorial Urging the Recall of Mr. Hughes.

THE Memorial urging the recall of Mr. Hughes to this country has grown into a testification of light and leading, which amounts to a demonstration. In spite of the unwillingness of men who occupy an official position to sign a public petition, the list as it now stands of over 200 names can already claim to be representative of much of the intelligence, judgment, and creative thought of the country. It has no sort of Party bias. Almost all classes are represented. Its significant variety is symptomatic.

There are admirals, V.C.'s, soldiers, peers, M P.'s, J.P.'s, K.C.'s, editors, business men, writers, thinkers, scientists, doctors, members of the Church, of the Baltic, of the Stock Exchange, Labour leaders, professors, dramatists, actors, also men so illustrious in their different creative spheres as Augustus John and William Watson.

Certain objections have been raised; one, that Mr. Hughes is not strong enough to undertake the job, another, that his work lies in Australia; and, again, that such a summons is "unconstitutional." The first and last of these reasons are invalid. Mr. Hughes knows best what his health permits him to undertake, or his doctor; in any case it is not for us to pose as his physician. As for the "unconstitutional" objection, the answer to that is war; which is the negation of law, as we ought by this time to understand.

The second objection rises from a misunderstanding. None of the signatories have the smallest desire to recall Mr. Hughes until he has done his work in Australia, nor is there any question of spiriting him to London unless he is ready and willing to come. There is no desire to deprive Australia of her Prime Minister, or to transplant him from the soil of his "life's work."

But these are fateful times. Mr. Hughes has himself said: "*If I am sent for, I shall go.*" "*If I am called to sit on a Peace Council, I shall go.*"

Surely no more need be said, therefore, about Mr. Hughes' health. After he has fulfilled his task in regard to conscription his energy and directive ability will be more useful in London than in the Antipodes, and by the end of November his chief work there will have been accomplished.

So much is clear. Equally clear is it that much remains to be done in this country in the coming winter.

Still more, in the work of reconstruction—social, economic, and Imperial—which must ensue as the result of the present European upheaval, a work which should be initiated now if it is to be fruitful, are the imagination, courage, impersonal and constructive Imperialism

THE RECALL OF MR. HUGHES

of Mr. Hughes desirable and needful here. Indeed, it should be his right, as Prime Minister of Australia, to sit on the Inner War Council. We ask, therefore, for his recall by all reason of Imperial unity, that we may have the freshness and strength of will that we know to be his, and the fulness of his Imperial sense and responsibility.

In war the finest work of the soldiers may be undone by poor statesmanship, for war is only the continuation or physical argument of policy, and if the policy is wanting, physical victory will not give fulfilment. Now by unstinted testimony Mr. Hughes has proved his statesmanship. It was Hughes who showed us how to make short shrift of Teutonic infiltration. It was Hughes who taught us how very possible is the "impossible" by showing us how to give the soldiers the vote. He will come if we ask him. The object of this Memorial is to place that demand as the expression of a very representative national will on the tablets and records of the hour. And we hereby state it to be the deliberate desire of the signatories of this Memorial that in due course, and in such constitutional manner as the Government may see fit, Mr. Hughes be invited to return to this country to take his seat in the Inner War Council of the Empire, to our common utility and inspiration.

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Only descriptive honours are given here

Financing the War

By Raymond Radclyffe

WHEN Great Britain began the war she had the reputation on the Continent of being the most unmilitary nation, but the most businesslike. There was never any question about her financial ability. London had always been the money market of the world, the centre of finance. But war brings surprises. Our contemptible little Army turned out to be a tremendous fighting machine. On the other hand, our methods of financing the war have astonished everybody, not by their ingenuity, but by their stupidity. No one amongst the neutrals has a good word to say for our Treasury, if, indeed, it be the Treasury which is responsible. Technically, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the responsible person. But Mr. McKenna is not a practical financier; he is only a supple politician. The City wonders who advises him or whether he changes his advisers every few months. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan, of which £350,000,000 was issued in November, 1914, contained the extraordinary privilege which allowed holders to borrow from the Bank of England for three years until March 1st, 1918, at issue price of 95 without margin at 1 per cent. above current bank-rate. Now, it is quite clear that this condition was completely unworkable. The Bank of England could not possibly have loaned out £350,000,000, and would, indeed, have been hard put to have lent half the amount. Consequently, when the new loan was issued in June, 1915, bearing interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., holders of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan were given excellent terms in order to force them to convert, and as a result there is now only £62,744,400 of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan outstanding. The total of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan is something under £900,000,000, but this includes conversion of Consols and annuities. The present price of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan, in spite of its being an admirable security on which to borrow money, is only 85. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ per

FINANCING THE WAR

cent. loan, although issued at par, now stands at a discount of about 5 per cent. The new money obtainable under these two loans was not, of course, sufficient to carry on the war. Consequently, the Government financed in many other ways. It issued Exchequer Bonds payable at varying dates, and there are now outstanding nearly £335,000,000 of 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds which are repayable in 1919, 1920, and 1921. There are also about £31,500,000 of 3 per cent. Exchequer Bonds repayable in 1920. Another system of finance was the offer of a War Savings Certificate suitable for poor people and free of income-tax, the certificates being sold at 15s. 6d., and being repayable in five years at 20s. Of these there are about £30,500,000 issued to date. War Expenditure Certificates running over two years have been issued to the tune of a little over £25,000,000. Two loans have been made in the United States bearing nominal interest at the rate of 5 per cent. and totalling in all £61,314,000. But the main source upon which the Chancellor has relied for revenue has been the Treasury Bill. Rates on these have varied according to the market, but, presumably, the bulk of them has been issued at from $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 6 per cent. Of these Treasury Bills, at the time of writing, perhaps £1,100,000,000 have been issued. Everybody in the City and many members of Parliament have warned the Chancellor of the danger that attaches to such a huge floating debt. Everyone in the City has pointed out that there is no more expensive way of financing the war than by the issue of short-dated Treasury Bills. Nevertheless, this debt has been piled up until it has reached the above stupendous figure. Then, just on the eve of the issue of the French loan, Mr. McKenna announced that the rate of interest on the Treasury Bill would be reduced to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. all round, but that he was prepared to sell 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds repayable in 1920. This was equivalent to putting the credit of the British Empire on a 6 per cent. basis. It was neither wise nor polite to have made the announcement just as the French Government were offering their loan in this country. It was not wise, because it is to the interest of the British Government to get as large a subscription as possible in Great Britain for the French loan. It was not polite, because we might just as well have waited until the French

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had secured their money. It was not good business, because, during the three weeks in which the French loan was on offer, only about £36,500,000 of these 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds were taken up by investors. This small amount must be considered rather disappointing, and the poor response is a hint to the Chancellor that the investor did not like either the security or the occasion of its offering. At the time of writing this article the Chancellor has borrowed £2,221,837,000.

The yield to investors on the above offerings varies considerably. The Treasury Bills are only subject to income-tax in the ordinary way. That is to say, the profit made by an investor on the purchase of bills is included in his ordinary income-tax return. The two-year War Expenditure Certificates, at the time of writing, yield just under 6 per cent. The War Savings Certificates give a yield of 5 per cent. compound interest, but they are free of income-tax. The only drawback to these is that up to the present no one has been allowed to invest more than £387 10s. But it is open to anyone to lend this sum to the Government, and the interest upon it is not subject to taxation. This is an important matter. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. war loan yields nearly $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan just under 5 per cent. Clearly, the privileges attaching to these two loans are not appreciated by the investor.

The question now arises how the war is to be financed in the future. The Germans have a very simple method. They issue a 5 per cent. loan at a small discount once every quarter, and in this way sweep up all the accumulated savings that can be found in the Empire. The loans are long-dated, and although it is the fashion over here to sneer at the methods adopted by the Reichsbank, there is no doubt that they are quite effective. Germany is piling pig upon pork. She knows it as well as we do. But in war time purity in finance is impossible, and her methods are certainly preferable to our own.

The Chancellor appears to be now conscious that his floating debt has reached a dangerous height, otherwise he would not have made the offer of the 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds. He has also declared that he is only waiting for a favourable opportunity to issue a long-dated war loan. It is unlikely that he will make this issue before Christmas.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

BROUGHT FORWARD. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
Duckworth and Co. 6s.

Though Mr. Cunninghame Graham indicates in a preface that perhaps, or, it may be, this is his last volume, we at least may say, "for what we have let us be truly thankful." The war has cast its gloom upon this last volume, but the horses are there and that astonishing colatura of perception and expression which stamp the author as the artist. We find the old Scottish roots mingled with that Arabic or Nomadic love of the wilds, of horsemanship, of expanse, and all this harmonised with a modern attitude in itself in curious disaccord with an almost perfection of style. Also there is this apparent paradox. The author's emotions are not very deep, not felt, as it were. War has only tinged the picture. In the story, "Brought Forward," which deals directly with the war, the emotion is rather that of the artist than of the man, and this, no doubt, is the Scot in Mr. Graham. But soon war wearies him. Again we are in Uruguay, selecting horses, riding, and here we have the Arab. These are the things that will become part of our literature, these things no man has ever done so well. As usual, Mr. Graham's volume stands out far above the welter of "book-making" for its beauty and romantic grace. He is a great word painter. His range of sensitiveness is curiously wide, and though he writes more romantically and more beautifully than a novelist, his eyes are always on the earth and the joys and wonders of reality, not fiction. As the Spaniards say: "He has many graces."

RUSSIAN CHAPS. By M. C. LETHBRIDGE. John Lane.
1s. net.

One of a series, and one of the best. It was no easy matter to touch off the spirit of so great a people as the Russians in a few descriptive chapters, to get into the soul

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BOOKS

of Russia and the moujik; but this the author has managed to do most happily. The book should be read together with "Kitchener Chaps" by that exquisite writer, Neil Lyons. A bigger contrast it would be difficult to find. Both these books have a real interest, for they are of the soil, and the work in both cases is profound and honest. And even out of these few pages the religion, the Oriental fatalism, the simplicity, the tenderness, the mystery and charm of Russia appear, and we are able to understand something of the soul of our Ally.

FICTION

THE LION'S SHARE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 6s.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's "card" has now turned into a woman—a dear girl, quite in the spirit of the times, which is to say that she wants the vote. She wants much more. She wants the "Lion's share." It is a bright, amusing, tripping tale spun with the author's customary cunning. Mr. Bennett's method may be said to be that of the old French playwrights, applied to fiction: a question of situation and dilemma. Always the unexpected situation, the thrill of the serial detective story is upon it. Mr. Bennett delights to trip up his reader. Not till the end do we know who is the hero, or who she will marry. What with French technique and the canniness of the Potteries, Mr. Bennett is able to beat us all the time, and the result is "some girl." No, the war has not affected the book, though here and there subtle criticisms remind us of reality. The novel ought to have been dedicated to the Pankhurst family. It is good fun, quaintly humorous, full of rippling things. Just one piece of criticism. Mr. Bennett's German is weak. No German would say *Meiner Frack*—dress-coat being masculine. *Mein Frack* is the German for my dinner-jacket. Otherwise the feminine "card" is O.K.

APRIL FOLLY. By ST. JOHN LUCAS. London: Methuen and Co. 5s. net.

Mr. St. John Lucas, both as poet and novelist, has already a long list of volumes to his credit. The present is a continuation of, rather than a sequel to, the story that

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was started in "The First Round." It may be remembered that the former book (in which Mr. Lucas seemed for the first time to find himself master of a characteristic and highly attractive style) ended with the renunciation of the life of artistic liberty by its hero, Denis Yorke, who gives up his prospects in order to return home and companion his ailing father. Perhaps Mr. Lucas found the idea of such a permanent sacrifice intolerable. Anyhow, the new volume opens with the funeral of the inconvenient parent; and goes on to show us Denis rejoining his jolly companions, and setting out upon the arduous but delightful task of making up for lost time as a professional musician. Really, perhaps, one may consider "April Folly" as the history of an episode: the episode of Yvonne. Hers is certainly among the most skilful feminine portraits of modern fiction; sinister, haunting, and extraordinarily full of a sadness that never degenerates into sentimentality. How she touches the career of Denis and all but wrecks it is the matter of a book that lingers unusually in the memory, and leaves one curiously expectant of the further continuation that must obviously be preparing.

THE GREEN ALLEYS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. London: Heinemann. 6s. net.

The phrases that it is usual to apply to Mr. Phillpotts' work are growing somewhat stale, yet one has no choice but to use them again over a story that is very characteristic of his manner at its best. This time, however, the scene is not Devonshire, but Kentish hop-fields. Indeed, the whole concern is hops; so much so that the book seems full of the scent of them. For the rest, the chief situation is one that has been handled many times before—the contrasted lot of two sons, born in and out of wedlock. But (as usual) it is the characters that make the book, and amongst them none is more striking than old Mrs. Crowns, the mother of the rival sons. Her treatment of sentiment and love quarrels in war time is refreshingly vigorous. "While Germany's trying to knock in the door, my sons are falling-out about a twopenny-halfpenny wife. . . . Soon enough to talk about nonsense like wives when your homes and mothers and sisters are safe, and these mad bloodhounds knocked on the head, or driven back into their kennels.

BOOKS

... Give me a glass of beer. I shan't have gout till the war's over—not if my sons are at their posts!" We may congratulate Mr. Phillpotts upon Mrs. Crowns. As an embodiment of the old Kentish fire she is one of those women who are helping to win the war.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH. By H. G. WELLS.
Cassell and Co. 6s.

Mr. Britling is obviously Mr. Wells himself, turned turtle, the journalist, chronicler, and recorder of the times. The novelist is forced to earth, the dreamer becomes a reporter, and the result is an extraordinary vital medley of fact and fiction: Mr. Wells with his analytical fingers measuring the "bumps" of "old Fritz." Let us say at once it is awfully readable, a sort of "special" which half irritates and half convinces. Mr. Wells has the literary honesty of the artist. He makes Mr. Britling confess his insular ignorance of Germany, of Europe, before the war. He shows us Mr. Britling in the early stages struggling with the politician's shibboleth that conscription is accursed and that one volunteer is the equal of four conscripts. All that kind of smug British twaddle which gave us our Haldanes and Simons, our German "spiritualism," our cant and humbug, our false gods and wrong values. Mr. Britling is indeed the British Philistine soused in the gravity of lawyers' politics and the genteel commonness of Oxford Street.

All Mr. Britling's insularity is aroused at the idea of "aerial activity" over sacred London. One by one his idols, the tin gods of Manchesterdom, of drawing-room Fabianism, of Britain "never, never shall be slaves," whereas Britain is the complete example of the servile State, as Belloc, Shaw, and THE ENGLISH REVIEW have explained over and over again—these Penates of middle-class Suburbia fall from their pedestals one by one until gradually the sheer tragedy of the war awakes and arouses the man. It is here that Mr. Britling becomes interesting. His humanity asserts itself. His sense and sensibility are extended. He suffers. He understands at last what war is. He loses a son.

This part of the book is beautiful and memorable. The

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latter part reaches heights of genuine nobility. In his letter to Heinrich's father Mr. Wells is the true creative artist, and when the curtain falls we know he has found himself again, has found God, has found England.

WAR

SOLDIER AND DRAMATIST : BEING THE LETTERS OF HAROLD CHAPLIN. John Lane. 5s. net.

Once on a time, and a very good time it was, before some twenty million whites, blacks, and *café-au-lait* coloured peoples set, with extreme good will, to mutual slaughter, there flourished in that most inartistic city of Glasgow a stock company of artists, most of whom had written a play—a great play—and were on the point of writing the greatest one of all time.

One of them was the youngster whose life went out at Loos last year, when he had arrived at the patriarchal age of just a century's quarter. Before a German bullet took him he had written five powerful dramas, successfully produced in London and the provinces; written strong, sane, melodious verse; and was engaged in concocting a "man-of-action" novel to the order of an eminent firm of publishers, when, on the declaration of war, he, a husband and a father, and, furthermore, an American, without delay or indecision—what a scathing example for our "millions" of Lloyd George's war-dodgers—enlisted in the "First Hundred Thousand," and in due time found his way to France and a hero's death when removing wounded under a *feu d'enfer* of German shell-fire. This is a war-book to read, and not only once.

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